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To The Sea

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To The Sea
Rylee Betchkal

We rode hard down the pavement
On bikes with high handlebars,
pedaling with no hands.
Octopus branches hung over us
as we raced to a rough seashore.
We're headed for the surf of the sea
The west and the sinking sun.
The hammock hung between
the birch trees was loose
but held our sunken
bodies in its net like
clouds fill the sky.
Our bodies close we
watched the horizon
fill with fire and disappear
into the sea.