

Benjamin Shalva

Hunger

My hunger
for you is an ocean
sometimes, other times
a tantrum. I wait

for the weather
to settle, like the cloud
that swallowed the Israelites:
wretched, sun peeled, saved. In Miami,

today, it is overcast. I walk
to the sea, dip my toes
in fury and froth, asking:
Will today be the day we split?