

ALEX GREENBERG

Aubade

Today the sky is thick with fog.
The water makes an oil painting
out of the sycamore's reflection
which we tease with stones.
Hard-pressed against the sea's shell lining,
our knees begin to bleed autumn.
Here, the ocean is ruthlessly still.
There is no tide to carry the medicine to you,
only your will to go out into the water and be stung.
Wade in up to your ankles,
then your thighs, your waist,
and if the little bird in your chest doesn't have
too many cuts, submerge yourself.
If the stars are out tonight,
will you shine amongst them?
If I gaze deep enough into the fog
and feel as though I'm looking
into the beginning of our creation story,
can I re-create you?



ABOUT ALEX GREENBERG

Alex Greenberg's poems have appeared in *Grist*, *The Cortland Review*, and *Spinning Jenny*. He lives in Manhattan, New York, and is a student at the Ethical Culture Fieldston School in the Bronx. He taught a poetry workshop for middle-school students at the Little Sisters of the Assumption Family Health Service in Harlem this summer, and he will be hosting a poetry program for patients with dementia in Brooklyn in the coming year. He can be visited online at www.alexgreenberg.net.

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