

How to Live
for Jen Stevens

How to live a full life when there is not enough time? Probably, it has something to do with bare feet in salt water, that devoted tide tugging your ankles, shafts of sunlight patterning your skin, and the scuff of falling pine needles. Probably, it has something to do with diving naked off a boat into the sea, sinking weightless towards the dark, reaching for submersion, for seagrass and barnacles and mermaids, until buoyancy forces you back to float. Probably, it has something to do with birthing children, naming them after the things you love — earth elements, the blessing of light, buried roots and tangled green. Or music: the way it strokes your eardrums like a secret, and the way, when you open your mouth to sing, the world rushes in — islands, paintings, dancing; schoolyards, surgeons, orphans — and rushes out, through the windows of your cabin. Probably, there is never enough time and maybe, there is never a full life, but still you add your voice to the song. Still you gather your friends and say ‘Come, listen.’