

**water**

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# The Man with Wings

*A poem by Lauren Elrick  
Photography by Hannah Devereux*

And then, slow burn of flame water,  
whiskey singe on throat, ember electricity,  
a lake full  
of one thousand suns.

Who knew a sol sea could hurt this  
beautifully, almost casually so.  
Red sky at night, so it's all something to  
fold in carefully and tuck under one arm, you tell me,  
after I'm alarmed.

But I know from how your eyes look past  
the water, past the hull of human that I am,  
this is something for the greater beings:

a hallowing for the ungodly night  
we're protecting against.

While your wings unfurl, gilded feathers rustling,  
I look back at the water which is  
all swell sway and ink, fading black in a heavy  
broadcast of orbs, light-push from Zion

or the rift in spirit,  
darkening brine from the space above,  
below the water, below the land, above the firmament

where fear goes translucent  
and the night grows bold with the hearts of men  
who hold the sea in their souls.





# Tint of Sound

*A poem by Lauren Elrick  
Photography by Hannah Devereux*

Thunder, iron-hued,  
while a collection of dancing turns  
in field clearings. Alabaster breath,  
leaves pull west and fill.

A look, melic. Morning billowing like sea smoke,  
the universe reflected in your bearing. I see  
who I will become by the way you favor  
talking with your eyes. By the heaving of bark and twig.

We tear hue over electric strain, depth dripping  
silver, while I cradle my spirit, among other things,  
brush thudding  
around us.

And rain, clinking as it blues across  
my cheek.





# Muse

*A poem by Lauren Elrick  
Photography by Hannah Devereux*

What do you hear?  
Thick, static surface of water,  
palm down, tiny lanterns in air,  
steady gloaming over the shallows.

Siren call, vine sprawl of hair,  
beauties the color of dark hinterland.  
This is the roaring of past hours,  
quintessential pull to immerse in play-by- play

of phosphorescence,  
of extinct solace: chroma  
of water and sleep and a warm porch  
with the blush glow of a lamp inside.

That hour, when those last ten doors of soul  
had yet to groan open,  
locked by tide and tempo.  
Fate, they say. Fury, I chide.

So what now, with storms in our grip?  
A fistful of what's unraveled,  
the things gentle in coming,  
vital signs from the deep.

Sonorous epoch for what's known,  
or unknown, brave and gentle  
billow of nerve from underneath.  
where the aquatic condition

is all but axiomatic.  
And I, violently soft, this gentle creature,  
with ears that twitch like the  
velvet turn of a doe

hear the comings and goings of imminence  
in the din of curling mist.







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