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# TSUNAMI

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Sandra Gustin

On one beach where the ocean unhinged,  
where it left bricks, wood shutters, bent metal, shards

of plaster and cement instead of shells or starfish,  
someone has gathered a shrine from the offerings,

balanced the grouping on cinderblocks: a Buddha,  
orange robe in need of new glaze; two smaller ones,

the green headless, the white without legs; before them,  
a porcelain pitcher, inexplicably intact, and a metal cup,

as if the holy act of giving a drink were the most normal  
thing in the world, maybe especially the shattered world.

Months from now, all debris gone, outsiders will walk  
clean-swept sand, pick up trinkets left by the tide,

look close and find some to be bits of polished bone,  
this white piece a vertebra, this a phalanx from a hand.

They'll stand torn, not knowing whether to take  
them to some authority, or return them to the sea.