

SARAH BURKE

Open Letter to the Ever Given

—*March 31, 2021 (two days after container ship freed from Suez Canal)*

Driving home from the vaccine clinic I remember how the full moon
lifted you how high spring tides joined tugboats and dredgers
to wrench your bow from the clay I feel the rush of water the immense
push and pull planets of sand scraped from your hull so you could float
again Through farmsteads and strip malls magnolias flushed
with color I stretch my pale bandaged arm out the window Last day
of March wet pollen in every ditch live bait signs on every corner
broken trees radio static in the space between towns Behind me
the lost year creaks A hundred boats linger in the canal Heavy
with bed frames and bolts of silk with coffee and livestock enormous
vessels that have carried so much for so long whatever was asked
whatever was needed begin at last to stir and shift to inch toward elsewhere