

The Bell Buoys
Barbara Daniels

Waves slap yachts, rebuke the rich,
tease the oystermen. Rain splashes
waves, marries water to water,

gentle as breathing, expanding
In arcs and fluorescences. Waves
mean to be combers—long

curling crests, slow, magnificent,
gently plumbing gradations
of shadows, lightly lifting

the sea-blown air. Rain beats waves
back down to the sea. Listen. Waves
ring bell buoys with great bellies

of water, leap chasms, scale walls,
hurtle to shore where they shock
themselves open in fountains of foam.

Barbara Daniels's *Talk to the Lioness* was published by Casa de Cinco Hermanas Press in 2020. Her poetry has appeared in *Prairie Schooner*, *Mid-American Review*, and elsewhere. Barbara Daniels received a 2020 fellowship from the New Jersey State Council on the Arts.