

THE  
SPOON  
RIVER Poetry Review

*Karen An-Hwei Lee*

Mist

On our drive along the Monterey coast  
where the mist rarely lifts, even at noon,  
Oread is what we name the lone cypress.  
It grows upon a heap of stones a little ways off  
from shore. It's alone except for the stones.

I didn't hear the sound of waves lapping,  
breaking awash the isle of stones,  
or the whispering salt grains in the sea needles.  
The ocean's mutable hills seemed too far away,  
stillier than a photograph I couldn't see.

The mist rarely lifts, but I am still waiting  
for it to lift. It's so cold inside that  
I hear nothing except my own breath  
roaring inside my heart. Oread.  
The name of an invisible sun.