Tidal Eyes

She dreamed of impossible dreams
and held the ocean in the palms of her hands,
her eyes like the moon,
pulling the tides
moving sailboats from coast to fingertip
with the ease of a blink.
She watched the tidal pools that collected
under the tips of her nails,
harboured rainbow fish
and sea stars,
let the waves take them back out
when the moon so beckoned.
And when the milky way stretched the horizon,
and the ocean was drenched in navy
it was the soft hum of her wind
that rocked lonely seabirds to sleep.