

## “The Really Long Ride”

Kenji Takezo does not have the gift of vision  
Except that in whatever he does see  
He sees a wave. So when he walks  
His way to school, he is surfing.

The row of houses surge into a wall of water.  
He dodges the eaves crashing behind him,  
Then ducks under the overhang of a tree,  
The falling crest of a Pipeline breaker.

He stands beneath the shade where he hears  
The hollow music inside the tube,  
The green leaves shimmying like the ocean  
Turning itself around him.

He exists the ceiling of foliage to outrun  
The whitewash of cars chasing him.  
Morning commuters showing all teeth and eyes.  
Their blaring horns, fellow surfers cheering him on.

In this way, he surfs always.  
His whole life, the longest ride,  
The perfect wave in the ocean for which  
He searches endlessly and never finds.