

## Namesake

I am growing out of a rock in the North Atlantic,  
in the crosshairs  
of two currents  
that show no mercy.

Weaned on acid soil  
and brine,  
defying sense and logic,  
standing into the wind.

But I live a name—  
And the northeaster that cuts my lungs  
once filled his sails,  
as he bore down.

Close to the wind  
spokes steady under his master touch,  
slicing white sea walls,  
surviving—