You saw Iceland in an oil slick.
I saw lifeguards slipping, feet-first, into the sea.
You remembered the Band-Aid in the geothermal bath,
the smell of sulfur.
I remembered the floods of my youth,
the roads turning into rivers.

You say
the cuisine of Iceland is notable for its existence.
The people there scrape a life off a mossy rock.
They bury a shark in the sand.

I say
I am grateful to ancient fish
for the ground beneath me.
To people who built my city in a swamp.
To their mosquito dead.

They built a town that could withstand the tide.
They laced their churches into the coral bed.
They built a town that could forgive a girl
for leaving.