Cuyahoga County **Public** Library

By Kelly Hambly

SEVEN OF SEICHE

I can't stop saying the word *seiche*. It looks like saytch but sounds like saysh like the *shhh hush* of distant night traffic.

Lake Erie seiched earlier this summer, waves merged as great apexes and nodes pushing the water far beyond one shore as if its bowl had tilted and then slowly over seven hours, like ocean tide, turned.

My life seiche was a seven-year itch, a disturbance of the skin like mosquito bites a surface tension, a constant irritation of unmet needs creating waves that caused my marriage container to tilt and spill us out.

Seven minutes in heaven, two bodies nervous in the laundry room while the rest of the party sits in a circle counting on a Micky Mouse Swatch with a damp yellow jelly wrist band. Seven Times the Sun a Waldorf book of seasonal prayers and rituals for families unsure of how tides work and seven is an optimal prime number that can't be expressed as the product of two smaller natural numbers.

Is a wife, a husband, natural – is a family, in the end, only that which stays together.

Seven times the habits of highly effective people seven days in the week, colors in the rainbow notes on the diatonic scale, continents, chakras.

The average human mind retains, at most, seven things at once, but how many phone numbers do any of us really know by heart.

The series 697-8737 can't spin seven digits through time to ring that hard-wired line, attached to my mother's yellow kitchen wall and warn me of the tides I must learn to ride.

Seven stages of grief, spots on Ladybug's wings seven neck bones in more mammals than not, and celestial bodies visible to our naked eye.

I'm scanning the day's surface for wave patterns that push against me as I move through his town feel my container, my bowl, tilting, tilting, tilting.

If I'm in the cold water when the seiche begins and watch the tide recede from some other shore I wonder if it will it be by chance or by design.