

# Saltborn

a poem by

**Ck Ledesma**

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We splashed through the tender hammock of her womb,  
stretching our molasses skin to the shore's edge.  
The wake of this arrival drew an infinite map,  
absent of borders or boundaries.  
Within the confines of a conch,  
an everlasting ocean.  
Limitless.

A home.  
Mirror-glazed dunes  
cascade through silver arches.  
Bioluminescent winds hummed her tune,  
swimming between sweet land and salted nectar.  
Fertile drops of Eden rose beneath the feet of mangroves,  
seeping our sandy lips, carving their way toward the perpetual beach.

**~ We ~ are ~ Saltborn ~**

Only trust the water.  
Always speak to the shells.  
Never ignore the rising tides.

If you put your ear to it,  
you might  
hear the waves.

Ck Ledesma:

IF YOU PUT  
YOUR EAR TO  
IT, YOU CAN  
HEAR THE  
WAVES

EXHIBITION PRESENTED BY:



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