

Adrift

with eyes closed
the sand of Buckroe Beach:

its black boulders
drifting gulls
and shells
glow white
 with the movement
 of bodies
 murmur
 of voices

through memory's
narrowing cipher
I see you there
 adrift from me
 awash with anger
 and fear
 looking to the sea
 for answers

wisdom of waves
whispers of
a clamorous god

frustration of years
indecipherable speech

taunted by the ease of
oceanic forgetting