

Beach

My body lay unmoving,
My head resting in the cradle of the sand.
A wave licked gently at one out-stretched hand.
A lover's kiss.

I opened my eyes
To gaze mournfully at the fog-shrouded moon.
It wavered, that orb of sundance and dreaming.
See me as I am.

Tender, my darling.
Don't look at my cold and restless image.
My face is the mirror of my dark visions.
Turn away.

The moonbeams scar me.
I turn over to taste the sea and the brine like my heart.
On my elbows, the world is still as glass,
And as fragile.

My pain is of unknowing.
My kisses fall on a wasteland of cotton and down.
My bright eyes are the shadows of oxidation.
You cannot know them.

Now, stand with me here.
Touch on the loneliness of the soul; magic:
It is the unknowable gleam of future sentience.
My beach is washing away.