

Covenant

We gathered in the sun
On the bluffs above the cove.
Arranged the paper tablecloth
Like a mantle
Over the rough picnic table.
Set out the toasting glasses
Beside the sherry and the wine.
Met the local surfer
Who would ferry you
Out beyond the cresting waves.
Became unexpected voyeurs
Of a private ritual,
As the ferryman
Rhythmically lofted salt beads
Into the sky.
Watched the pillow
Melt into the sea.
Made small talk—
Unsure of the protocol.
Throughout,
I played my role.
Kept the secret.
Interred the memories
Of your aroused caresses.
Ever the dutiful daughter.