

remembering and forgetting

the tide is like an open bottle  
The hand to the heart  
and the finger across her lips.  
Shhhh.

the waves roll in.  
life surges forward to the lost place, claims new territory.  
Inhabits.

rolling back, a thunder of emptiness,  
leaving reminders of life lived  
occupants

A degrading message of loneliness  
a fortune of wet sand and dark stones  
the shadow of the sea  
peers like eyes from them.

The carapaces and the shells the longwashed glass and detrius of plastic.

Some things remain and cannot be washed away

the fading light records  
the echo

She turns to me  
whispers  
do you hear?