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Sea Songs

I.

The shoreline was feetful minutes ago to lighted homes they have receded carrying their chatter love quarrels, hunger sand in folds of pants salt on lips.

Froth-edged waves curl in calmer with no one to tease and scare no shrieking-with-joy, running-away kids no men pulling coy mammas just a little further.

Our fears are not of the sea without we walk to the cadence of the waves within

till distance diminishes the growing dark glows clasped hands repose sand sifts familiar between toes.

The withdrawing waves suggest restraint.
But a last crimson ray turns around to look into the sea mirror setting off on purpose our tinder hearts aflame.
There is nothing else to do. Sand under, a glow-worm sky above.

II.

One day I will walk into it.

Cannot wait for
this body to be sated
mind to be a fuzzy powder puff
for adieus sans the rider of hope
for this heart to stop
rising to eye
at the sound of a voice.

One day I will stop walking this endless shoreline this safe boundary where the waves wilt and curl I will walk into the surging sea past where it rises to my waist and lays a hand heavy on my shoulder then without preface leaps into the air curling like a blessing over my head. One last time I shall feel your hand over me then, the waters will blind gag, leave no choice. Once when I was little Father's arms held me against the current,

again, not too long ago
was pulled back
for another love.
There will be no reaching-out arms
no pulling away
I will walk into the sea
one day.

III.

Sometimes standing on the shore my reflection mixes with more and in a dream-surprise on a wave you rise
I don't try catching you like the elusive shell its lustrous inside holding the ocean's heartbeat now within reach now lost.
Rippling, you glide away into the high.
You
Or a likeness of you.

IV.

When the breathing begins to falter words die to end in ellipsis but meanings lucid linger wishes dash in fluorescent lines across a screen like how love blips in hearts secret laden take me to the sea.

END