

Where Are We?

You, on that other beach
in plucky New England—
I, by the voluminous Pacific
warming my feet from the wind
burying them deep in sand

the wind rippling over the grey water
gusting unbounded from those other waves
bypassing the long mileages of summer

how is that reeds, hardy and weathered
in their pale green and straw yellow,
grow tall in such tenuous soil?

hidden by these afternoon companions,
doubly hidden by an undefined horizon,
suspended in its endless pocket,
I lean back on my shoe
untied in abandon like a boy's.

A warm wind rises suddenly
strengthening me
in some unknown location

strengthening us and all other beings
in unknown, unexplained locations
whispering in deep vocabularies

in between the robust
and delicate gearages of my flesh
and my bones
in between the long mileages of what I know
and what you know

the wind whispering over the blue water
rippling and singing its colors
over the waves of the sea

its wordless essays on the subtle
and fantastic miracle of no ending
and no beginning

Limantour Beach, Point Reyes