



Early

The quiet has its breath and the sea breathes me.
Today the strange sun, sunken in fog, its fuscia
held still by violet haze. Solitary

circle, smooth and solid as a pocket
stone. I come early to the public beach
before the quiet collapses in the crowd

of voices. The sun breathes me
too. I am kept living by their living, sea and sun.
I'm kept alive by constancy. I count

on the sea's counting, its
syncopations. I am danced by exhalations
in white crests. Wandering soul, I come on the scrim

by way of the sea's surface, starry reflections
where my recesses are lit from within. I am surprised
to find my feet, lost in last night's dream.

I splash my applause for the sea and sun, plough
my feet in sand. Too soon I will be sand
myself, kept alive by damp creatures

since sand breathes water, so life
is there also. Then even death is life, death
dreamed by sun and sea, who also dream me

in the early scrim of light.
in the mornings
when I come.