



endless

would that the slow breaking swells  
the crashing deep inside us waves  
that rewrite the tidemarks  
    melt castled walls  
deliver the telling driftwood, tiny feathers,  
    abandoned shells, bones, pebbles  
leave the wished for unforgotten  
words scrawled in darkened sands

none more quiet footsteps  
edge this spangled swirl  
than those you left last night