

at the beach on the great divide

1

fragments
glimpses (of lives)
snatches (of conversation)
bits & pieces
of the moving montage
all of us breathing the common air at this
moment
here together

separately

seeing selecting noting examining
sighting sorting noticing dis-
sensing assimilating perceiving criminating
catching
hold of the
floating twigs &
branches around us as we
are carried downstream
eventually out
to sea

2

I speak to you (you) wanting
to tell you of my overwhelming
trueness and cannot
thru lines
or wires

you speak to me of tides destroying
sandcastles trying to make light
of a length of disconnection

later (now)

I respond
with some precriptions for preservation

(work quickly)
make the form in the negative/reverse it
start with a fortress-hole
in the sand and fill full
with liquid bronze

see - a shining edifice
a durable keepsake
a shallow totem

another way
surround it with a huge hot fire
melt it into a glass house
or spray it
with cement fondue
although that leaves
a hollow core

there are ways
to keep them around
if they are worth keeping

you are a maker of promise
not of promises

you could
leave that to me

but then
who was speaking of sandcastles
and why

(speak to me
instead
of waves)

by Sylvie-anne DeLaLune