

And Then

The early evening cliffs had grown
moss, in a little time, howling
while the textures of the sand
still warm, became known.

I saw her separate from the shadows
and turn to the water noises
She wore no shoes, and but
a soft robe elsewhere.

And then she was naked, taut
in pushed toes, stretching stretching
motionless, but tendons leaping inwardly
breasts sampling the wind!

And then she lay wide on a dune
fingers tracing hidden veins
and pleasure buttons
growling softly on the warm sand.

And then her hands were full
of the stuff, trickling up and down
her body like hourglasses
and smiling.

And then she writhed, rolled over
the hard granules scraped harshly
her belly, inner thighs
nipped thrust, and arching against the grains.

And then I left. It seemed
her sightless eyes and soundless ears
had given her a sand and body union I could never have.
I was, for a moment, a beach.