1990

The Rock

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Cover Page Footnote
Appeared in the issue: 1990.

This poem is available in The Angle: http://fisherpub.sjfc.edu/angle/vol1990/iss1/28
Tiny pebbles pierce my feet and
cold salty water bites sharply as it curls
over my toes --
March is too early for the Long Island shore.

But the sun is coaxing long-forgotten freckles
out of hiding on my nose and shoulders,
and the rock is only a few steps away.

I take the ankle-deep plunge and scramble
to the top of the rock,
out of reach of the icy spray.

The waves lap at the side of the rock,
but they can't reach me
and I'm alone, at peace.

The sky is slightly bluer than the sea
and it's hard to tell where air stops
and water begins,
And no visible land disturbs their union.

And I wonder,
and picture in my mind
someone on his rock in the sea,
maybe on the coast of France,
alone, peaceful, but also wondering ...

I've lost track of time
but the sun reminds me
that the freckles will turn to blisters
if I stay too long.

So I step into the water
(colder now than before)
and leap back to the rocky shore.

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