

Prospecting

living too long beyond the sound of sea
do pulses drown in the language of traffic

does the brain still hold the rhythm of song
in the suck of waves from a childhood shore

does a mourning sea recreate itself
or sink with the tides an inconsolable bell

what do we hold in head and in hands
drifting on this raft of letters and ink

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no blind here two panes of sky
clouds come and go stars on occasion

street lamps persist and a luminous clock
darkness is moving over the high tree tops

a corner of roof mattress and books
music and man within arms reach

muscle and bones the shape of together
mouth tasting salt the answer to want

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sunlight radiates the blind mind hits the wall
the body floats with no name no need apparent

open to question the end of directions
embarked on a journey an island interior

beyond the soft edges of skin and sensation
time captures the minutes in a hard embrace

sketching an image the shape of desire
wanting only arrival arrival arrival

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