

## ON THE EDGE

This day, this shaper of air  
to fit a skin of salt marsh scent  
This sound falling through a treble staff  
to merge with dark bass my soles can feel

This deep width I can't see around  
or across and could wander weeks  
without arriving  
This text, my tongue tasting of pewter font  
below antique welkins

No more magnetic north, no roads  
Miles turned inside out  
leaving no tracks where they went

These grains, part sea salt, part drift  
of forgotten continents, no line between  
solid and light from this fallen lunar ghost  
refusing time's rule, a role in its play

This spiral galaxy colonized by spartina grass  
This hand of mine reaching down to neap tide  
to sift out my grandfathers' footprints  
running before the always wind