

ON THIS 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
and still be on the outmost dimension
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 lunar ghost
never walked on, this chilled eclipse

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