

THIS NEW ENGLAND, THIS EDGE

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

This deep width I can't see around or over
and could wander weeks and still be centered

where the mapmakers quit
No more magnetic north
no roads, miles turned inside out
leaving no tracks where they went

These grains, part sea, part drift
of forgotten continents, no line between

solid and light from this lunar ghost
never walked on, this chilled eclipse
Dead beach rose cheeks puff to blow
a polar trumpet, its flared bell holding

antique welkins above a parenthesis of sails
This text, my tongue tasting of pewter font

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