

Swimming

Anne Clark

Your body is the shoreline
Sometimes I am the sea
Clinging desperately
Feeling all the contours
Ebbing away
Pulled by the tides
The moon
And digital clocks
Sensitive to nothing

Your body is the shoreline
Sometimes I am the sea
Clinging almost desperately
Feeling all the contours
Ebbing away
Pulled by the tides
The moon
And digital clocks
Sensitive to nothing

Parting hours
Time falls through our fingers
Like sand.