

## 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.