

## Diving & Soaring

Tiny Ruins

I woke to a batter of blue powder  
Across the sky  
Streaks all separated  
Scrambled, yellow, high  
It was plain and still a dusting  
Eyelids adjusting  
Arms heavy with dribs and drabs

My heart was diving and soaring  
With the seabirds flashing by

I walked down little muddy creek  
Along the rocky shore  
Once in the bay, liberated  
I ate an apple to its core  
The sea in her daily routine, gone to meet the moon  
She left the clam and oyster pops to pop  
Right through the afternoon

Cicadas rallied  
Pools glistened all too bright  
And I thought of you  
And the following day  
And the following night

My heart was diving and soaring  
With the seabirds flashing by  
My heart was diving and soaring  
With the seabirds flashing by