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

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