

The Edge of the Ocean

Suppose I told you that the person you think
of when you're standing at the water's edge
is the person you love most in the world.
Would you be able to picture their eyes
in the winking rays of the sunset,
warm against yours? Could you feel their touch
in the cool salty breeze as it gently smooths
your hair back from your face,
like the soft embrace of your lover's
fingers wrapped in the strands
of your hair? Can you listen
to the twin drum beats of your hearts
and align them with the crash
of the ocean's fists on the sand –

thud ump
boom
thud ump
boom

If I asked you to think of the ocean,
would you remember the way it kissed
your toes when you were old enough to stand
alone and gaze at the clouds,
but young enough to think the horizon
was a tangible place on the edge of the world
where those beautiful cerulean
and turquoise colors melted into the orange
heat of the sun, trickling back towards the
yellow sand, gently crusted in-between your toes?

When I stand at the edge of the ocean,
I let the foam run between my toes
while the sea retreats towards the world
at the center of the horizon. When water
meets sky and colors intertwine,
I see myself reflected in your oceanic eyes.
I look at you, and in those eyes I see *my* ocean;
When I stand at the edge of the ocean,
the depths of my past dissolve
and I see you...

thud ump
boom
thud ump
boom