not these words

that edge of soft foam

that rides the crest of wavelets

on a sandy shoreline

of a serene ocean

is where you find the chronicles

of all that will ever matter.

there is nothing to distinguish

one wave from another

they come and go in memory

and leave no conscious trace

but they are more unique than

fingerprints, and as the tide

rolls back out,

you will find my name

written in the traces

along with every word

that has ever passed through

my hands.

whether there is a real difference

between one wave and another

or between one high tide

and the next

is a matter for

you and your psychologist

to decide.

when you bend to pick up

the whirling carapace

of some anhistoric invertebrate

know that it was me

who left it there

and marked his beach

with the pen of new time.