

Part II

I awoke on an isle by myself

Careening forward, unaccustomed to the sting of the salty breeze, the unfamiliar squish of sand between my toes

I would splash in the sapphire surf, probe at shells already shed, and chase streamlined shoals, leaving deep imprints in my wake

Streaking down the shore until the sun slipped beneath the horizon, when my sprint slowed into a somnambulant stroll

The salmon and sunglow of the sunset settling into taupe of twilight

Shallow footfalls stippling the strand

The lap of water at my calves now sends me reeling, skirting the shoreline surround

Studying the sea's retreat after it's latest swill, greeted by a stark strip of sand

I spare a solemn glimpse, of wanton waves that churn ominously

I'm worried about the steps the slate surf siphons up

And the ones it leaves behind