

Low Tide

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Its naked bed stretches for miles,
pocked with murky, stray pools
and lives left behind.

The sea of you,
once warm and so near,
is barely visible in the horizon of my mind.
Unlike the tide,
you'll never return to my shores
where murky memories of you puddle.
Unmoored and adrift I ride
the eddies and whirlpools of life,
reach for you, long for your warm presence.
You recede eternally into uncharted depths.