

Edward Baugh

BLACK SAND



If the poem could open itself out and be wide
as this beach of black sand, could absorb
like black sand the sun's heat, and respond
to bright sunlight with refractions of tone,
nuances that glamour would miss, if this
could happen, if the poem could yield
like black sand, if you looked patiently,
polished stones that fit in the palm
of a woman's hand, could be cool as the sand
where the waves splash gleefully over her feet,
if the poem could be open like this beach to the breeze,
like these trees that have known great winds,
if the poem could be wide and open, like a love
that is larger than desire, larger than fear,
if the poem could be patient and wide as this evening,
this beach of black sand expecting the night
without fear, the moon lifting over the sea,
the largo of sunset spreading over the city
as the jagged, wounding edges of our unworthiness
are worn down by forgiveness, wave after untiring wave...

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