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Anniversary At Edisto

L. L. Harper

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L.L. Harper
Anniversary At Edisto

On the beach our bodies cannot ignore each other.
Like boulders on this Carolina shore,
we give ourselves up to air and water
which returns to us, time after time
as a lover with no place else to go.
We are slick and salty as driftwood;
our bottoms sink as deep in sand
as the weight of our mutual resolution
that today is where we should stop to look
at what we have become in our mutual
resignation to survive each other.
What we find calms us like good weed,
and tide ruffles around our ankles like
the cuffs of white socks you take off
and give up to me because
you know my feet are always cold.
Air moves like a waltz over the water.
Our faces, unreadable as stone to joggers
who race by chasing health, open to the sun
and each other like shamrock does to light.
We speak some words which settle
in as comfortably as gulls do
on the glittering swells.

Our hearts drift in with the moon.