

## Beachwalk

I place my feet, one  
after the other  
over soft dark sand

she brushes my toes  
icy salt wash admonishing,

You cannot change the tides.

I slow my steps and  
wait, allow her to  
wrap round my ankles

I begin to numb  
water cools the heat of my shame

You fear it was your fault?

she pauses, pulls back  
sighs and then returns  
higher now, the cuffs of my pants are wet

neither kind nor harsh  
reminds, some change is beyond my control

You are not so central.

She lets go,  
I do too

I begin to walk again

I am not so central

It is easier to breathe.