at the beach on the great divide

1

fragments

glimpses (of lives)

snatches (of conversation)

bits & pieces

of the moving montage

all of us breathing the common air at this

moment

here together

separately

seeing selecting noting examining

sighting sorting noticing dis-
sensing assimilating perceiving criminating

catching

hold of the

floating twigs &

branches around us as we

are carried downstream

eventually out
to sea

2

I speak to you (you) wanting
to tell you of my overwhelming

trueness and cannot

thru lines or wires

you speak to me of tides destroying

sandcastles trying to make light

of a length of disconnection
later (now)

I respond
with some prescriptions for preservation

(work quickly)
make the form in the negative/reverse it
start with a fortress-hole
in the sand and fill full
with liquid bronze

see - a shining edifice
  a durable keepsake
  a shallow totem

another way
surround it with a huge hot fire
melt it into a glass house
or spray it
with cement fondue
although that leaves
a hollow core

there are ways
to keep them around
if they are worth keeping

you are a maker of promise
  not of promises

  you could
  leave that to me

but then
who was speaking of sandcastles
and why

  (speak to me
  instead
of waves)

by Sylvie-anne DeLaLune