

Shorelines

And the sky
not knowing itself
buckles emptily
over its own white breast, drinking

forgetfulness, face-down
like the back of a hand.

And the sea, also not knowing itself,
washes itself
as if it were washing
another's body.

Lovelessly but intently
it spreads out its paraphernalia,
then hesitates to touch what
might be itself, after all.

Along the stiffening line of it
runs a whitish lace
caught in the detritus.

And there am I,
so far off,
coming aimlessly into view.