

SARAH AT THE SEA

Martin S. Dworkin

At an edge (taste fire, touch air,
sniff earth, sneeze oceans, standing here).
Oh, there is an edge!—if not this edge,
foaming up to flow away the imprints
of the funny fingers of our feet—
an edge of questioning,
an edge of voices dwindling,
of mortal moments murmuring.
At this edge of land, of daily edges:
lawns, fences, hedges, streets and ways and walls;
the worlds of houses where the others are,
alone, themselves, persons of histories,
eras and territories,
faces of the games we do not play.
At an edge of oceans, where the heart
is clasped by a hand, and love is a wave,
and another wave, and another wave.
At an end of edges, when we have come
from all the edges
where we walk and run and stand,
waiting to be drawn beyond the sand.