

Wet-faced
for Danielle

Phrases from her stories stowaway and
sprinkle my day like late raindrops
that float on the scent of receding weather,
that urge you to roll down the windows,
and chase-down the storm, wet-faced.

Irvine, California
Winter, 2011

Loves2RunTrails

for Danielle

All I know is she writes while running
along the sandy boundary between land and sea.
And she knits her words in cadence with her pace.
She clambers along hidden tracks exposed at low tide,
scratches her way around sharp, seaward-sloped rocks.
If she plummets, she will be injured, bleeding, unheard,
decanting her crimson essence into the frothy ocean.
Danger magnifies her presence, countermines her tempo.
She speculates from one to the next risk-fraught fingerhold.
Meditative geology almost encapsulates her like an amber ant,
freed from eternity by the crabwalk of her scratching digits.
Her path an indifferent, deaf, microcosm.
Cackling gulls above eye her—wet protein.
Faster stretches of beach consume fewer words.
The cadence, a staccato wet slap, abrades adjectives,
disrupts delicate exposition, s-s-sonicates soliliquys.
Battered patellas shake contemplations into flat declaratives,
Spattering jilted prose into each sunken footprint.
By the Rocky Bight, nothing excessive survives.
Sand burrows under her nails to be admired later,
for patiently traveling millenia to hold her hand.
Impulsive herself, she welcomes the doggedness of grit
which moistly fastens to her loins then flakes-away, dessicated.

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