The beach bristles with dead
and beautiful things:
slipper shells washed
full of sand,
broken blue mussels,
dried rockweed and kelp;
the sand itself, not the color
I think of when I say sand,
but specks: white finer
than salt, mica-shine,
dark brown,
pepper specks of black.

Beach plums line
the grassy path to the sea,
fuchsia and white,
full of show and radiance.

I’ve set a clam shell
on my writing table,
by the window
that looks over John’s Bay.

In slow-time here,
I am learning to look closely.

The shell has a tiny hole in it,
is limed white as bone.

When someone dies,
where does all
that energy go?

Where does thought go
and attention?

Where does radiance go?

Three sailboats, anchored,
are rocking.

One fishing skiff, white, far off,
motors away from me.