Today in a meadow beside the sea
I knelt among sea rocket and lupine
as a deer I’d startled flipped heels up
and bounded into the spruce grove.
Prebbles Cove, the beach of stones
glistening and smooth from the pummel of waves.
And I, who understand pounding,
wanted to walk into the sea, to rock there.

At the far edge of my life
on an island four hundred miles
from home, I lean against
an uncurtained window, and all my grief
for what is already lost,
for what it may be too late to find,
jostles up against how much
I continue anyway to love the world.

I am tired of wanting to sleep beyond waking—
tired of the numbing that is no better than death.
But here on the sill, stones oval as eggs—
blue, gray, black, a whole row of them—
glow in the afternoon light
and here, across the meadow,
light enfolds even the least
small running creature.

And here. And here. And here.
More light, great sheets of saving light
surge and flash—green, coral, cerulean—
off the turbulent
white-capped waters.