

# I Waited Too Long to Remember

*by* Bill Yarrow

We're in a sedate forest next to  
a boisterous beach. The sky is sea green  
above the trees and forest green above  
Sinexent Bay. Chaste squirrels are  
keeping a lookout for bad-boy gulls.  
Kids on circus bikes ride out of the woods  
into their bathing suits. The breathy sweat  
of exercise is indistinguishable from sandy  
passion's sweat. We hear the shouts of bathers  
all bubbly in the surf. A cloud the shape of  
a manta ray terrorizes an empty sky. A group  
of hikers sees us kissing in the open path.  
All is as it ever was except you're still alive.

