

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.

