

Nehwareven

by Carl Santoro

In the switched-off
time
of day's blackest
rest-
so many
unaware
of others
and of
each-
know nothing
of two-
alone on a beach
their arms
are all
tangled-
in a web
of permanent love
their ears
hearing only
the crying
seagull above.
a navaho's blanket
from some faded memory
hides their
warm love-
from the
cold night's
blow.
chilled
bottles of wine
embraced by
the sand-

age quietly now
awaiting a
thirsty hand.
the traffic
of waves-
a background symphony..
lulls the
human cocoon
to childlike
sleep.
their small
crackling fire
nourished by pines
glances at them-
taps them, nudges
like a new baby born
but waits in silence
for
the day's brightest yawn.

