

# Cleft-Split Rock

*by* Ed Higgins

1.           Walking here  
              with you  
              on these narrow  
              strands  
  
              of clean air  
              & imagination  
              only.
2.           Delight entering  
              despite sorrows  
              that already  
              call us  
              away.
3.           Eased by  
              this rising moon,  
              the tide's darkening  
              stain surges  
  
              onto wet  
              waiting sand  
              thrust inward  
              toward the yielding  
              reluctant shore.
4.           Tentative, at first,  
              this receding  
              inflowing discourse  
              of wave and  
              cleft-split rock:

5.           The ambiguous edge  
              barely perceptible  
              now against  
              the sea's  
              widening urge.

The surf out there  
like a pulse quickened  
to the heart.

