

Washed ashore

These rocks have sat
for endless tides and endless feet
for a thousand thousand picnics and cold splashings.

Every time we stand upon them
they toughen our soles a little.
And every time
we smooth them just a touch.

I will disappear here
into the clear northern water.
I will die icily with dolphins
and slide away
with the wind and the weed and the waves.

In time I will come back
washed to and fro
among the splashing and laughing.
Carried home I'll be
in ears and hair
and in the foots of small boys' pockets.