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Dreaming

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DREAMING

What she likes to imagine is the sea,
its constant lick of foam, intrushing current, turning tide.

What she likes to imagine is the island appearing
from the magic sleeve of the Atlantic,
a mere scallop of wet sand packed tight with shells.

What she likes to imagine is a man
wading through knee-deep surf, dogs porpoising
at his side, flashes of red, chestnut, black,
tails flagging off water.

What she likes to imagine is him kneeling
to carve messages there, secret messages meant for her
and the merpeople and the dogs.
He smiles his sly dog smile as he licks sand from his finger,
tastes the lovely grit of memory. What she

likes to imagine is him rinsing his mouth
with salt water, slanting sun warm on his back,
aware of the coming squall, towering purple anvils
of a storm limned by persistent sun. What she knows is
the young heart and the landscape, dangerous
but permanent, reborn each tide,
something one can count on after all.