

The Spit
By Michael Kleiza

We pick our way over this concrete tongue
of jack-hammered sidewalks and rusted rebar
where the children imagine exposed ribs
of a Tyrannosaur, and screech
in chorus with the gulls.

I sit and watch them comb
the rolling waves with a glee that kicks my memory,
the jetsam of scattered glass
washing coloured suns on a gravel shore.
Desperate to please, they run at me --
fill my cupped hand
with ruby, emerald, lapis.

I plunder their wide-eyed age. Somewhere behind
me loosely tied garbage bags jammed
in the rocks snap premonitions
in a wind that breathes
cold on my neck.