

Sunkers
by Nicholas Ruddock

I'm writing this
late at night when it's easy

no one remembers it but us

even the gibbous moon
which in that rare sky
blew down the path
and turned it into string
lit it up the way we felt
forgot it

so did the owl who turned away

something small and dark
swerved over
the wind-ripped black water
of Soldier's Pond

so high above the city
so high we were
the line of surf
laced all the way to Cappahayden
grass laid-out horizontal by
our breathing like that

no night for foghorns
everything plain as day
coast scarified
sunkers
shoals

count the wrecks.