



Broken Sonnet for K

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we had decided the ocean was a good,
solid symbol of death or the unknown

but when it rushed to lap at our bare heels,
we squealed and leapt like children deep in play.

we walked north toward Haystack Rock, watched it
dissolve into fog, into dark, and it

meant something. we stopped at a tiny stream
and turned back to the south, and it meant something.

i pointed out a star i thought was Venus,
and somehow you absorbed my mythic meaning

so we stumbled over stony words until
we arrived at the vital, glowing truth –

where we touched hands and we touched lips and nothing
was a symbol anymore.