

From my window
I can see the ridges after a storm:
Tall enough to climb,
cool under my palms,
leaning into each other like shoulders.

Up high,
My skin feels different—
like it wants to say goodbye to my body and warp itself around the rocky spires.

Hairline ripples in smooth, grey stones
and soft dimples in the sand.
A moth's wing could do that,
or an acorn falling from the pier.
Sometimes I kneel down and
trace my fingernails along the grooves,
pretend they're mine.

I think my favorite color is orange, that's the color of the sky when the glass starts letting things out.

A deep one first tonight—
I can hear it pushing up a hill
halfway down the beach. Closer in,
something softer leaves a little bowl in the sand.
It's like that most evenings,

the **BIG** and the small
showing up side by side.

I don't really choose anymore,
I just move around the beach
and let them both have me.