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

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.

Some run so far and straight you lose sight of the end.

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

the

The smaller marks hide

closer to

water.

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.

The glass moves in pieces,

Unry^THm_iC

like the heaving of an asthmatic chest.

I watch it push and pull,
edges catching light,
b r e a k i n g into thin ribbons
that twist over the seashore.

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.