

Water's Edge, Benicia

Walking along its edge
I see posts, old pilings, parts of piers
Little houses on the water
History gathers here

Not only mine
Drawn from a dry Idaho
An irrigated desert
Those who earlier lived on this edge
Fished, grew babies, brothels, and bars
Churches, too, schools

The water's edge
Has always pulled humans
Like the moon's tidal tug
For food or fish or possibilities
Of what connects and what separates us

The sun and moon rise
Sometimes the moon sends its beams
Sashaying orange across the water

Walking along, I'm part
Of now and the past
I spot a ship on the horizon
Sails billowing my imagination
With what will be after
Along this edge