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At Jasper Beach

Carolyn Locke

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AT JASPER BEACH

Somewhere in this quiet night
fish are drifting with the currents,
and black volcanic stones
gleam along the water's edge.

And here behind the dunes
where marsh and forest meet
is where the sweetgrass grows,
where once we stood, are standing still.

It was summer then, and pulling
strand after strand, fingers pressed
against the flesh, we gathered in the way
gathering has always been done.

And somewhere in this quiet night,
beneath ancient constellations,
ghosts of what we left behind
rustle in the autumn wind, hold firm.

And stars in distant galaxies are being born,
exploding into death, their prolonged
ecstatic light pulsing
toward this fickle seam of land and ocean's edge.