

SAM ROSS

Black's Beach

Stripped to swim in the cindered morning,
we go slack in whitecaps.

Then swept far from our clothes,
we lose them. *Who-will-help-us-and-how*

comes after *have-we-lost-the-plot*.
No more wanting what we thought.

We hike up a switchback naked.
Bluffs break past silver rows of fog

burning between cars. It is no dream
we know, the sea—never still or safe

or finished with us. Just this once—
seconds merely—when the breakers mute:

the sky is clear, the water is clear.