

DENISE BERGMAN

Detonated

Deeded sand underfoot, in hand
Packed and patted
Cold stone grit specks and dust familiar as our first

Shaped and shadowed hands.
Hands. Old old ages of hands, hand and hand-
Prints, before gust or breeze.

Handfuls handstamps pails. Sand-
Scapes: abalone moonsnail razorshell and calloused heel flakes.
A particle's fragments' fragments.

Used to be outer layers of packed sand trickled
Scattering the end of day
Blurring the background like a mirror.

Muscle under the sand sculpture's windblown skin
A new
Skin until it too the weather crumbled.

Used to be weather
Happened when we didn't make it happen, happened
Despite.

Used to be tides
And craft and chance and homemade calendars with penned
Numbered days.

My expectation was time-exhausted
Smithereens
On a beach of slow erosion.

But this
Explosion on trial in a court of explosion.
Someone can't wait—

In a wink our mothers' maiden names.
In a blink the cuneiform tablet, Mesopotamian comb
Carved tender ewe.

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The current charged.
Ancient earth's fierce fire through filament-thin
Detonator wire.