

**STEVE WILSON**

**Coumeenole Beach / Cancer Journal 6**

—*Slea Head Grotto, Ireland, August 2010*

From hurt the heart unwords itself.  
Goes down to dark. Sits silent.

No breaks, I'd thought, were working  
there. Then roar. Then seafoam blast:

a wound was waiting. Feeds to grow.  
Now alters, rends. That one long strand,

like faith, curves out uncalmed, thinned  
to a breath—just so at once I'm done,

I'm lost. Yes, white the waves that scar  
the shore. Yes, cold the roiling deep.