

fragments



there's a beach on an island

where I walk when the sand is pock-marked by rain drops
when the sun strikes sparks off mica
when the full moon floods the shore

at low tide

tripping over ropes that tether boats

collecting fragments of broken china

blue flowers willow-patterns makers' marks

half-words – broken sentences

telling stories

glazed memories

chipped

by time

tide

salt-tear-marked

teapot lids

cup handles

bottle stoppers

nuggets of green glass

dulled by buffing waves

curse lost on the wind

as plates were smashed

in anger or sorrow

I hold these fragments – hear their stories