

**On the Edge**

Here we lie  
on the warm caramel sand  
waiting for the inevitable.

We've seen it before  
from higher up on the shore—  
many times.

The rising tide  
will have its way  
as a fury of waves  
envelops us  
and sweeps us away.

She couldn't resist  
as the shimmering, translucent  
waves of the Gulf  
beckoned her.

She slipped out of us  
without a care  
and ran wildly  
into the turquoise deep.

Here we lie on the edge.  
We can only hope  
we are caught up together  
in the calamity.

For as pretty as we may be,  
what is one without the other?

