

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?

