

CAPE CODE:

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I went to your home. Year after year,
in summer and winter during the target
zones of spray and feathering erosion, especially
on vacation, on break, at rest I come to see more clearly
my place in the priorities of such a strip of a spit.
A slip of a shape, constantly evolving under pressure
of *being* landscape, *being* weather, living
the life of a true outsider. Outside of land,
on the margins of a plan drawn by a disinterested
cartographer. I grew up on a road.
The road has an odor, to this day, of wet sand and caterpillars
in blackberry bushes, of ruts and favorite spots
to squat and urinate. A clipped impetus
for taking a walk starting there, going one of several ways,
relinquishing its quality more and more every day
of being memory.