

## A MAN ON THE BEACH

A woman's voice has carried over water,  
it has come from that small island  
with the lone house among the thick pines.  
Something moved in him when he heard it.  
But where he stands, who can be sure  
what's hysteria, what's joy?

The voice was high, far off. It didn't call  
his name. And yet he imagines a motorboat,  
a rescue not without violence.  
Then turns away, the modern hero,  
deciding it is joy, always.