

DARREN HIGGINS

Tideline

You brought me to the inland
Shores and we lay on the gravel
Beaches, pale and dry, and waited
For the tides to lift the quarry
Water. Soon heat slipped from
The crushed stones. The moon
Rose and arced over the ochre
Tamaracks and was gone. Still
Our skin cracked in the cold. No
Relief, not even when you turned
And put your palm—scabbed,
Scatched—on my thigh and slid
It up my thigh, your rough skin
Raising goose bumps, and wished
Aloud for the water to reach this far.