

Knute Skinner

SAND AND WATER

"Maybe it's nothing," he said,
and he turned aside.
I followed his weary eyes down the beach
to where both sand and water
dissolved in grey.
It was the edge of the world.

He moved away from me, slowly,
and slowly I followed,
suspended hands assisting each slow step.
Then he eased himself down on a sea-weathered log,
and I sat beside him.
"Maybe it's nothing," he said.