

joanne burns

SOFT

we didn't expect
the beach to be
so soft death
is full of surprises
we left the towels
to their own comas
in the body bags
and slid into the sea
with no rehearsal
as if we'd done it
all our lives,
we talked under
water with all
the ease of radio
stars then we went
to float on the water's
surface like twelve
string guitars at a
chimera's holiday
camp amused at our
own survival

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