Edward Baugh

BLACK SAND

If the poem could open itself out and be wide as this beach of black sand, could absorb like black sand the sun’s heat, and respond to bright sunlight with refractions of tone, nuances that glamour would miss, if this could happen, if the poem could yield like black sand, if you looked patiently, polished stones that fit in the palm of a woman’s hand, could be cool as the sand where the waves splash gleefully over her feet, if the poem could be open like this beach to the breeze, like these trees that have known great winds, if the poem could be wide and open, like a love that is larger than desire, larger than fear, if the poem could be patient and wide as this evening, this beach of black sand expecting the night without fear, the moon lifting over the sea, the largo of sunset spreading over the city as the jagged, wounding edges of our unworthiness are worn down by forgiveness, wave after untiring wave…