

from LandSkip
[Cumberland Island, GA in August, 2008]

The oyster pit reveals the mansion's parties

while the quercus still shade the sandy

drags connecting dune fields

Marshes connect the islands when tides can't

Horses tell stories of riders in a collective past

Dungeness is steel tycoon for retreats

seasonally held for plutocrats before space

X and seashores in red suns and
white

shells and blue green waters trawl

Rusty staggerbush leads us all the way to sea camp

Anniversaries appear like lifetimes never expected

We once lived a short distance apart minutes walking

But now it's too far

and fleshy lips
ajar absorb
mantles

and gills, gonads, and adductors

Each one in its own time