

JACQUELINE LUCAS HOOVER

Margin In Time

The littoral space, the horizon, says
to tell you she will not be forgiving:
you must
trust the maze of waves,
staying back on land
where you belong,
where it is clear.

Do not lie back on the white-capped waves—
there are no clouds here — only sky,
and you.
There are no conversations but the click
of washed-out shells that meet the washed-out rock —
soft sand bars, curious, rippled sea floor.
Stay rigid
against each swerving sea roll — you
belong on land — you
have not forgotten how to swim or walk.

Your time, then, is marginal,
drifting and floating with you.
Feel the center of the moon
pull the water higher than her mark at noon.

If you are not as strong as she,
the sea,
the maze will not be conquered,
nor yourself.
You must
trust the maze of waves,
staying back on land where you belong,
where it is clear.