LENEA GRACE

THE BRASH TIDES

I stripped the Atlantic bare,
gnashed my tail on Chignecto
rocks, your bearded cliffs
collapsing, the tufts
of fossil sands strewn
over water, strained
through baleen
lips, oh the exposed things,
they do not press
such sediments
forth, but back
up through mouthcombs,
the shy needles
etching initials
into the crags,
the rugged cheeks
of man dissolving,
the temper of breath.

There.