

M. TRAVIS LANE

THE FAR END

We are at the far end of the island,
so far we can see nothing but sand, gravel,
and brittle grass, plover perhaps,
or killdeer on mud flats.

The gravel's sprigged with pinpoint flowers,
dark as the sea on horizon's edge.
a purple brown, not blue—
a sombre amethyst.

There are almost no shells, and little wrack.
The sea birds we had come to see
(torn paper fluttering on tide fringe)
wade further out, are soon obscured
in the low shadows of the waves.

There is nothing here left
to look at, much, the restrooms locked,
the parking lot empty. The birds have gone.
The sand heaps on the boardwalk and seeps through.