

CORY LAVENDER

OFF AND ON AT BAYERS ISLAND

At ebb tide, this is no island, a stony strip
fastens the sometime-island to the shore
easily forded dry-footed. Liquid circuit
surrounds an island: broken. Tide reverses;
the tombolo submerges. Land-tied isle
wakes up cut off, a seclusive pupil
trained on the sky. High water, the eye's
the moon come full circle. Tide's turn
unveils the island's bond. It closes.