

What Isn't Anchored

MARK BRAZAITIS

I confessed I was drifting from you.
Days later, your hand in mine,
you reminded me, in hopeful mockery,
of what I'd said.
Each time your voice became less sure,
like the light of a lighthouse
viewed from a ship
gliding deep onto the ocean.
I sailed so far I couldn't see you,
even forgot your light.
But what isn't anchored can return,
wash onto shore like a shell
smoothed by hard waters.
If you walk here again,
lift me from the sand,
dust me off,
keep me.