

Bends and Ebbs

Jacob Tapp

Like how the waves ebb,
 swaying herds of dark
 kelp above slushed sand,
 the wind sings in harsh yells,
 mixed with soft moments of stillness,
 the wind bends the young aspen trees
 so they lean towards us to hear
 our secrets and so they can retreat
 when they've heard enough.

Everything's a secret until
 they hear about it.

Breathe.
 And when I close my eyes, I don't
 see him.
 I see black.
 Nothing.
 Wind.
 Breathe again.

I bend
 and ebb.
 And when I open my eyes, I turn
 to see another man. The shade looks
 good on him. His voice makes me
 smile. And I don't care who's listening.