

The Edge

Ricardo Means-Ybarra

His legs looked short off the surfboard
where they jagged into water from the fracture line
among fish and kelp bumping in the shadow
He let a good wave go by
not moving, the cliffs calm
wind flecking the skin
resting in their dense shade.

He surfs here catching a lot of waves
every day,
we know his moves
sit in low folding chairs
the sand roughly tracked
our boundaries set
we unwrap sandwiches of tuna or peanut butter on wheat and rye
easily seen through plastic.

On the surface he was staring
the water heavy with oxygen and light
clear to where the surge leaves the reef.

I've heard stories of men jumping in
after mermaids or the swaying sea grass that reminds them
of their Irish fields,
the limp sails, the large white birds that never land

I watched him slide off
slip into water, so full.