

Night Swimming

All night the Atlantic washes up warnings:
suitcases from the famed plane wreck,
gun-metal clouds that mean approaching storms.
Time to step into this territory
black as the places we touch.
Time to cram bitter metallic berries
in our mouths. Time to excite the argument
with the undertow latched around our ankles.
Time to strip without threat of sunburn,
vandalize the dunes with our limbs
then walk apart among the wet bladed edges
which break us again into separate beings,
pour salt into wherever we bleed.