

Linda King

## below the tide line

the salt  
from the sea erodes  
your silver spoon wind chimes

the night sky  
travels around you  
like weather

yesterday's little girl dreams  
still linger they survived  
that ragamuffin childhood

gold stars pasted on a page  
hopscotch squares of yellow and grey  
crystal gazers at the local fair

=those moments so small  
have become just notes in the margins  
your life no longer under construction

...2

2,

the debris has collected  
in the pools  
below the tide line

nothing you can hold  
will ever be the same  
as it was

## **in wild currents**

boats slip from their moorage  
things will not hold

open waters will not offer  
their sheltered bays

you dodge old floats  
and wayward logs

tread water somewhere between  
absence and chance

the wild currents  
are like a new language

en route  
to somewhere calmer

perhaps that place of small phrases  
and the whispers of children

who still believe  
in all possible things