

On the Jetty

Valerie Griggs

I want to be out there
on the jetty
far enough out
to feel I'm in the middle of the ocean.
Caressed by sun
surprised by intermittent sea spray
with arms around me
that sing and hold me steady.
Hands ready to touch
a mouth ready
to read my body
listening for my desire
under the sun now setting
on the jetty.
Gulls soar over
the rainbow around your heart
and around my waiting
to catch your breath in mine.
Tracing with fingertips
an invisible configuration
of pleasure swirling
with the surf, in and out.
How the moon rises
and rides the waves
over you, over me,
a silky weight sliding
sweeping away the broken places
on the jetty.