

I SPIN TOO MANY SCENARIOS

TONI SCORSESE

I imagine standing on the shore
water shoes omitted
squishing the sand between my toes

I'm there without you this time
surf may be cold
cramping the bones in my feet

As the rough waters churn
calves break whitecaps
smacking attention to the solemn occasion

I dodder along the waves' ripple
sobs donate brine to the sea
does it fall for your demise or ours?

2/27/2023
[I Know Who I Am]