



*Because We  
Are Water*

*Out on the horizon you can see the waves.  
They play with one another as brother and sister  
conceived from the same watery womb.  
Once at shore they close their eyes and fall  
leaving passion and foam behind for the others -  
those running in polka-dot suits  
blue shovels in hand  
knees and toes in mud  
running at the waves and their rhythm  
their coming and going  
going and coming  
at their feet beyond their feet  
then back again.*

*Standing knee deep in its clammy calm  
with their polka dots and blue shovels  
they seem to understand the ocean's ardent returns  
for they themselves are water  
because they too feel the pull of the tides -  
they too shall be forever caught  
between the seduction of the horizon  
and a strange devotion to shore.*

*Poem by Brian Michael  
Tracy*