

Waves

Pressure like this makes her want to run

Or swim

Or jump off the Black Rocks, plunging into Superior

The moon beckons, the lake sighs

Tide crashing, beams from overhead, vibrations in her skin

All of these waves have her stumbling over herself

Footprints barely leaving a mark in the sand, and then they're gone.

She's an escapist, ephemeral

Like the prints she leaves behind

She's here and then gone