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Lunacy

The moon's got its juju, compels
sea water to rise. Absurdly it swells,
roars in like a god until it hits
land and collapses, tosses its glitter.

No chance for fluid bodies like ours—
we're just so much drift. Too exposed,
even daylight's slight sickle-moon
can tow me to you, fourteen hours

from this beach where I'm close
to the edge. A quiet afternoon,
you think you're safe. But you dream
ocean as I write *ocean*. You see

dazzle, the onrush, hear breakage. You
understand, we could be ruined.

Beverly Burch
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Beverly Burch's recent work appears in *New England Review*, *Poetry Northwest*, *Willow Springs*, *Southern Poetry Review*, and *Southern Humanities Review*. Her first book, *Sweet to Burn*, won the Gival Poetry Prize and a Lambda Literary Award. She is a psychotherapist in Berkeley, CA.