

Mattapoissett Neck Beach Spring Equinox Morning



Hexagram 51

Zhen

Taking Action

Thunder above

Thunder below

we walked to the end
of the beach
by this inland sea
with the wind
blowing hard
on our backs
we made
our way
beside the wet
seaweeds
to taste this spring
equinox morning
after a night
of thunder
and rain

you tightened
the drawstring
on my hood
to keep the chill
off my ears your hands
were so small

it is still
winter I said
and gave
you my pair
of black
mittens to wear
over your unmatched
gloves

boot prints marked
the path ahead on the
edge of the salt
marsh

the sea was coming
in with the cold breeze in gusts
across the breakers

a silent seagull
surveyed the cove from above
gray profile on gray

the dark cormorants
were not at their island rock
waiting not this time

there was no bell ringing no
fisherman's dinghy bobbing
beside the buoy

the sand bar where
we were nearly trapped
by the rising tide
last autumn
was just a
silhouette beneath
the waves and
the random rocks
we stepped on to get
to it were hardly jutting
above the water

this wasn't what
we wanted but we
braved the winter
weather to reach
the far end

as we did
many times
before

near the end
of the beach the sand
had been washed
away leaving
a bed
of sharp rocks
on the high watermark

a stream was flowing now
where a dry bed was
stained dark green and black
at its source were
stumps of trees in the distance

we couldn't sit
on the last
outcropping where
we used to soak
up the summer sun
we were freezing
from the wind
stirring farther
somewhere
in the mainland

walking back I noticed
how far
we had gone

with the wind
on our faces
the distance
seemed
greater
this time

- for MS

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