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Hidden Bay

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Hidden Bay

JENNIFER L. VANDERMEER

I am facing towards the Pacific,
away from you both. We had driven
all night, all over each other's nerves,
to this blue-gray sky morning,
along Hwy 101.
Our senses awoken by smell
of sea in nostrils, kelp leaves, wet sand.
Hiking along cliffs, waves breaking
Against exposed rock, crabs scurrying
into mossy crevices.
Emerald sea palms, barnacles
stand rigid to their posts,
between land and water.
We squatted like excited kids over
rocky tidepools, peering at purple sea stars,
prickly urchins, neighboring
lime green anemones their rubber like tentacles
lie outstretched, till curious fingers touch.
Across tranquil blue, a gull glides, cries.
A sea lion barks, beckoning companions.
Time to go—
Lingering,
We were caught up in a world
Much wilder than ourselves.
Broken pieces of shell, stone,
Debris, being rounded at the edges.