

Beyond (on the Beach)

Brian Brown

Somewhere beyond our fire's glow,
beyond the pops and hisses of the wood,

somewhere beyond the cool sand
covering my feet as I curl and uncurl my toes,

somewhere beyond my grandfather's arms
encircling me as I stand, elbows on his knees,

somewhere beyond my mother's laughter,
beyond my father's voice

another voice rolls and rolls with deafening
softness, rolling from the mouth of a body

lying spread in starless blackness beyond
our small circle, calling, beckoning

with long-reaching arms, inviting us, as it has
for millennia, for however long circles like ours

have gathered on this shoulder of earth,
backs to the dark created by our kindled sparks,

ignoring the infinite waves, turning instead
to one another.