

Exile

Volume 34 | Number 1

Article 6

1987

Passage

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Recommended Citation

Walsh, Rosemary (1987) "Passage," *Exile*: Vol. 34 : No. 1 , Article 6.
Available at: <https://digitalcommons.denison.edu/exile/vol34/iss1/6>

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Passage

And beneath her now rough feet
Are one hundred thousand shards —
Relics of a few broken promises —
That mix with albino sand
And cut her soul until she bleeds like a torn rose pedal.

And above her looms a vengeful sun
That beats down upon her naked back so
Fiercely she can sense the wavering lines
That cower on the horizon like palm boughs,
Shaking as the eye passes over.

And behind her are a half a dozen miles afoot
With a month's supply of full moons spent alone
And a year's worth of living to ride a wave.

And beside every footprint she has made
Lies a small piece of her that she conceded
She could no longer afford to carry.

But ahead of her dances the water
And the sea foam makes lacework against her breasts.

And she runs to it like a long-forgotten child.

Rosemary Walsh