

## Loosing

Everything  
this place can offer  
in my goodbye, or theirs.

Slipping off fingers  
the white sand  
on the graveyard of the Atlantic

leaving palms,  
gritty with memory  
and even that,

eventually washed clean.  
Toes and fingers deep  
in the seaboard,

while I still can,  
reminding mind, as it slides  
it will be lost.

Tis why I leave the shore  
daily, even if for a moment  
to swim deep in the one thing

I will not loose,  
in hope, at the end this life  
to drown in it.