

High Tide

by Chloe Gorman

In the sea breeze, I feel his fingers untangling my hair.

And in the warm sand, I feel his face brush against my cheek.

And in the salt, I taste his kiss on my lips.

And he is here.

His presence as tangible as the waves that froth around my ankles.

His absence as vast as the outstretched ocean.

I will walk with him

to where the sunset kisses the sea.

And I will hold his hand

as sure as I hold this cool, smooth pebble in my palm.

And I will feel him surround me

where the tears will no longer fall.

And he is here.

He is here.

He is here.