

'Beach Breakfast'
Sharon Larkin

It's been a long night, a difficult week.
We meet on the sand
where you've set up an impromptu barbecue –
and, of course, it's fish you're grilling,
freshly caught and gutted by the guys
hovering around the boat, looking over at us,
no doubt wondering about the conversation
that is just beginning.

I blurt out how sorry I am.
I was unfaithful. I still love you.
But you don't seem to accept
my apology, my profession of love.
I have to repeat it, over and over.

You are more concerned about food,
intent on the prospect of sharing it around,
even though in my eyes, right here,
right now, there are just the two of us.

Then I realize that is my perspective.
I've squeezed you into my narrow field of view,
where you rightly have the proportions of a giant,
but you're not mine alone,
you're theirs over by the boat,
you're everybody's.