

## Fogblind

Grey has a heft  
on north coast days  
of lyric blankness  
as we forge  
into the blur, walking  
its bluffs, melting into each new  
moment with an animal  
trust, not knowing  
what's coming. The grey  
could be anything.  
Tsunamis might hulk  
on its muslin-sheet  
horizon, vast bed  
on which no visible  
figures toss,  
only the faintest crease  
denoting the grade  
of element to element.  
The mist connects us in  
its web of infinite droplets  
divides us too sometimes  
as we fumble  
for the path around slick points  
that rear through it the way  
a whale's steel slices  
the surface of the water  
its breath waving a  
truce flag at the monochrome,  
and your familiar back  
the lone shape by which I might guide  
my steps. I wonder if I might  
palm the sun  
enfeebled and pearl-like in its cotton  
casing. There is a sense  
of infinite in the limited,  
an unexpected universe  
revealed by veils.  
And you keep winking in  
and out of it, ahead  
on your own way,  
and I'm reminded of walking

the labyrinth at Sibley  
when we kept brushing  
past each other, separately  
wending its clefts until, bogged  
in a muddy section,  
we both stepped briefly on the rim,  
touched each other's shoulders once  
for balance,  
then kept walking.

The sea drives its grey fist into the rocks.  
The tearstained landscape holds its  
gauzy compress. We round the next  
bluff and I've lost sight of you again,  
the head of a seal, slate among  
the dove and opal,  
submerged again, the landscape  
nothing but that shifting  
opacity, and we have been walking  
for hours, and I didn't realize  
you had turned back  
until we were almost touching.

The moment fishtails.  
The new real is always  
around the corner, and we sink  
into it, the wind gives up its steam  
to concrete, ember, cinereal,  
the color of the brain.  
We tread in hypotheticals.  
I've had to learn that curiosity  
may be opposite of doubt,  
so that a promise  
can be made in all of its uncertainty  
with eyes open.

Meanwhile this grey Salome  
baptizes us in veils,  
flying gauze in our faces  
as the skirt of the break  
sweeps the cloudline, and we walk  
into a changed world  
of oyster  
and pearl.