

## The Berm After the Storm

She's still walking the shoreline. I shift diagonally on the beach chair and stretch my leg out so I can frame her between my toes. She settles perfectly in the little dip between the big and the long, just the dome of her sun hat bulging past the tips of my nails. I close my right eye, and she's in this space. I close my left eye, and she shifts to well past my pinky. I should be able to estimate her distance from me. Multiply by ten, I think? Wouldn't matter. She's a million miles away.

summer waves

the waiter to and fro

wiping away our drink rings