

MIKE NAYLOR

Water's Edge, by Mike Naylor

I walk along the water's edge like many times before, Counting each and every step along this rocky shore.
I keep my paces steady as I play this quiet game, And each and every time I find my count is just the same.
But on Saturday instead of going straight along the beach, I walked a little closer to the stones that I could reach.
I counted out the measure as I stepped 'round every stone, And when I reached the end I found my measure it had grown.
On Sunday I took off my shoes so they would not get wet, And walked along the water's edge as close as I could get, Up and down the riverlets
that wind along the shore, And found the measure now was so much greater than before. Today I stand at water's edge and look down at my toes,
And wonder what this edge is and exactly where it goes. How many little hooks and crooks and curves there really are. That if I followed nearer still I'd travel oh so far,
Now peering even closer I can see there is no bound, With every tiny grain of sand and water fit and bound, I see there is no answer to the question I'd set for me, For the measure of the water's edge is as endless as the sea...

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