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Inside Out

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INSIDE OUT

for Maud and Fergus

Look at the evening sea
scalloped with moths
cooling after a day of fire.

Look how they're right,
the ones who said "Look,
look where you least expect it."

And always, it would be there
disguised as part of yourself;
eyeglasses woven through hair,
keys jutting like knuckles
under a hip pocket.

Tricking it didn't work.
If you looked first in the wrong place
only the right things would be there.

Where is this misarrangement written?
Not on the sea
which won't stand still enough
to keep our faces whole.

There is no name
for the night carried within.
We know it when the child screams
as the light goes out,
when, losing even ourselves
we grope through the same dark,

as if pillows could locate our hands.

At daybreak, we walk through brambleweed,
kelp, beaches sparkling like shelves
of dime-store jewelry. We say
we are searching for shells.
Look for us
where ocean ends the sand
where shore begins the water.