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## Sea Diamonds

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## SEA DIAMONDS

He came here either  
because the fishing was good  
or this late at night in late summer  
no one else did.  
It was two months  
since the crib death of his daughter,  
and he came here  
because he could not imagine coming here,  
with the same thoughts, for years.  
Or he came because  
he had read about people  
finding in the rocks of the jetty  
natural diamonds, polished by the sea.  
Most nights he stood on the jetty's end  
and cast out, far,  
his body twisting like a gesture of denial.  
When he couldn't tell the waves  
from the sweat on his collar  
he withdrew to the beach and cast again.  
But this night he stayed on the jetty.  
He thought he saw,  
in a rock's cemented crevice,  
a sparkling.  
Legs heavy with high water,  
he climbed out to sea,  
and when he came to the spot  
a wave bucked him, then revealed the rock.  
He grabbed not loose diamonds but fast quartz.  
Now he came to the reason for his coming:  
he remembered his wife's cry,  
the room, the mobile above the crib,  
but for all he wished to forget,  
he could not remember  
trying to revive his daughter.  
At this moment if the waves had not  
knocked him off balance he would have  
fallen to his knees anyway.