

## 2

It's the new moon, he tells us as we haul  
our gear down to his boat. Spring tides they're called  
even though it's August and some leaves  
are already turning. Add to that the perigee

and the highs, he says, will shove you up  
into the bush. The lows will show you things  
not on the chart, its undulating lines  
a sketch of water's dance around the land.

We look at the scenery. He watches  
for water rippling around hidden rocks  
and stitches an erratic route, his boat  
the needle, our wake a floating thread.  
An empty clam shell twirls as we pass.  
An eagle watches from a Sitka spruce.

## 3

The rising tide eats up the sand on Island  
42. It nudges our gear up and up  
until even our boats are moored among the trees.  
Cedar and hemlock block the midday sun.

An old spool table and dry kindling signal  
salvage and the hard slog of winter storms.  
He's raised his anchor and left us here, nesting  
in the gloom. Deep moss cushions our tents.

Sunlight lures us, blinking, out. The beach  
has vanished under twenty feet of tide.  
We hover in a line of longing—the moon  
tugs at every kind of liquid. I untie  
my boat and slip into the water to become  
one more island floating in a broken line.