

DANIEL TOBIN

## The Still Point at Craigville Beach

High above the coast and flashing ocean  
where the bathers gather to stipple their feet  
with licks of surf, or take the dive,  
and two boys fling their Frisbee (its motion  
something between skeet  
and a hovercraft's withering glide)

someone—it's you—leans over the  
wooden porch rail of a lodge like the bow  
of that tanker churning along  
the edge where sky comes down to water.  
Someone right now  
could be looking back from their own sing-

-ular perch, eyeing on shore the outline  
of a bluff where they picture someone  
else scanning the horizon.  
And if each of them were able to mine  
something of the other one  
in themselves, perhaps the next bright wind

would carry hints of these elsewhere across  
the glittering distance—the vacationer,  
arms folded like a genii  
against his chest, and the one who passes,  
head cast like a coin on  
the portal—you, you again, in reverie.

Meanwhile, presiding over its salt marsh,  
fabulous as some outsized jungle bloom,  
the great blue heron turns  
downward, inward, looking past its image  
in an undulant room.  
Then wings lift, rushes—unremarked and gone.