Inside the Bright

wall
of the stalled
    wave, two children float, ambered insects:
    the little's one's knees flexed,
        eyes goggled, cheeks inflated, a
monk's
pose, unsunk
    by meditation; the taller one
    gathering all the sun
        to herself, holding on to her
wee
bikini
    top and lungfuls of pent laughter; both
    unburnt for now, afloat
        and unchastened, before a rogue
surge
comes to turn
    them around, followed by another,
    another, another,
        till they can’t remember where air
is.
Then she’ll fizz
up the beach, refusing the ocean’s
unending assault, since
she has more worries than hands. That’s
her
way to surf.
It’s over once it hurts. Not the boy.
*It’s fine, I’m fine*, he’ll say,
and dive back into the churning
grit,
resolute.
The future bears down but it feels good
to concentrate seaward.
One beautiful threat at a time.