

LENEA GRACE

## THE BRASH TIDES

I stripped the Atlantic bare,  
gnashed my tail on Chignecto  
rocks, your bearded cliffs

collapsing, the tufts  
of fossil sands strewn  
over water, strained

through baleen  
lips, oh the exposed things,  
they do not press

such sediments  
forth, but back  
up through mouthcombs,

the shy needles  
etching initials  
into the crags,

the rugged cheeks  
of man dissolving,  
the temper of breath.

There.