

James Miller

Martha's Vineyard

Here your voice calls back to me
as each next wave unrolls the sea
to my new life walking the shore,
hearing now what I heard before
when you said there's a castle to our love
that stands in sand as currents shove
the land to sea, the sea to land;
that you will always be the sand
and find me walking as if in a dream
in the hour of shells when winds seem
to carry your songs on each wave
and in that distance you will have no grave.