

## NOTHING

Nothing like love to put blood  
back in the language,  
the difference between the beach and its  
discrete rocks & shards, a hard  
cuneiform, and the tender cursive  
of waves; bone & liquid fishegg, desert  
& saltmarsh, a green push  
out of death. The vowels plump  
again like lips or soaked fingers, and the fingers  
themselves move around these  
softening pebbles as around skin. The sky's  
not vacant and over there but close  
against your eyes, molten, so near  
you can taste it. It tastes of  
salt. What touches  
you is what you touch.