



Neap Tide

by S. J. Sutherlin

My pant cuffs rolled,
Waves lap my ankles with foam.
The spray stings my cheeks with salt.
My hair blown sideways for your photograph.
The sun and moon are at odds over the tides.
Once, I was your moon.
Sideless, feminine, saturnine.
I slide my finger on wetted lips.
My mouth shapes an o.