



Barbara Rockman

**NEWS
SENDAI, JAPAN**

**BEACH WALK
SANIBEL ISLAND, USA**

The horizon had not yet consulted the shore,
nor the sand set its edge. As plates shifted
sea swept in. Windsor knots
centered. Bowls rinsed of rice.
A child refused what was offered.
Docks of crates. Admission of love.
Hello Kitty strapped to a girl's back.
Umbrellas tight as spears

The news: *He has not been found*

The grapefruit, the bougainvillea.

*his missing son nor she
her wheelchair-bound mother*

Morning walk:

whelk, cocina, scallop
I return the live, pocket the fractured.

Family garden disappeared:

Collectors drag nets at dawn.

the walls for leaning against, disappeared;
scythe in the shed, gone: the shed, the blade,
its need of sharpening.

Where was my house, asked the girl

Bowman's Beach: *Only Leashed Dogs*
Everywhere

new signs:

Playground Closed will come later:
sealed windows.

Here, open shutters, dolphins and the gulf's

convulsions, petit mal, yet, I scan the sand:
there, my girl re-applies sunblock.
My hands could ring her waist:

helpless
the world. White masks come later,

kilometers of particles:
the reactor's rods will boil
and spew.

At the edge,

a retiree plants his pole and waits.
My husband, not missing. Distant,
at the end of the pass
he lifts binoculars.
I practice my grip
around his wrist. Later,
tourists will blast the cork, toast a fiery
horizon
but now, it is morning
in heaven
air, soft as soot.

Barbara Rockman teaches poetry at Santa Fe Community College and in private workshops in Santa Fe, New Mexico. Her poems appear or are forthcoming in *Bellingham Review*, *Calyx*, *Louisville Review*, *Nimrod International Journal* and numerous other journals and anthologies. She has received two Pushcart Prize nominations. Her collection, *Sting and Nest*, won the 2012 New Mexico Press Women's Poetry Book Prize.