

Continental Drift

There is a river running between us,
a tidewater rising.
Gently, it laps at the mud flats,
covering edges, destroying the evidence.
Soon, barnacles will grow on our desires;
fish will swim in and out of our mouths.

One day scholars will research our love.
They will discover a consanguinity of feature,
a certain wistfulness about the eyes;
vestigial traces of a myth of beginnings
too similar to be coincidental,

and they will attribute the convergence
to continental drift.

~Sheila D. Collins