

## a shoreline to stand on

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the mist pauses (only for an instant in the elbow of the mountain

the thin blue horizon a vein that opens up into our dreams

to where you look into the distance a new order might emerge might

make itself apparent.

what is the sound of one mind filled with wonder?

of a hand reaching for the golden lines along the shallow bottom of a lake? racing

the map we got at the corner store is useless here.

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it does not mark the place where you ran your fingers through the ivy and the rustling

did not just remind you but turned you into

## rain

poetry is this at*tempt* to k*now*how these words become
a shoreline we can stand on

These words / a shoreline where we can stand.

—James Gurley.1

First published in *the weight of dew* (Mother Tongue Publishing, 2012). Poem reprinted with permission from author.

 $<sup>^1</sup>$ Gurley, J. (2002). *Human Cartography*. Kirksville, Missouri: Truman State University Press.