

MONT SAINT-MICHEL

Rebecca Faulkner

If I go further out with you
I may never return. Wet sand

on the causeway, how quickly
land becomes a memory.

Consider the monks who
made it as far as the Abbey

battling sleet the color of grief
Clutching chestnut cloaks, hems

barely hold the swell, hurrying
inside to rub each other's frozen feet

relief tempered by guilt every time
the tide ebbs they dream of floating

corpses, imagine their brothers
rocked in the Atlantic's icy arms.

No sign of solid ground, I face you
pathless, inhale the transept's cloying

dust. Stumbling through quicksand
I reach into your granite silence

a semaphore of surrender