Tulum Beach

I stand in stone carcass
Zamá, the City of Dawn
where Venus hangs
to herald new day

Headlong I Descend
god like, down dark wood stair
watched by the Winds
my weary soles sink

into soft white
Traipsing the *playa,* I shed
all I carry against serrated
stone, an offering to the savage

teeth of the Caribbean Sea
Onwards onto surf
a sea of bobbing heads
like *pelicanos* at rest

and the shattering waves
worship my feet, tugging
and tempting me to
briny embrace

As I gaze out to an unseen
land, all before me
and the ruins behind
a swallowing grief, a tsunami

of fear and doubt, surges
up from within then breaks

my body
turns
to tears
and I wash away
as if
I had
never
been.