

# **RACHELLE WITTER**

## UNTITLED

And didn't you throw yourself like a coat across my arms,  
Wind your arms around my waist,  
And talk of woods beyond the sea?

The island edge was ours,  
The burren cracked with wildflowers.

I told you things I'd never told anyone-  
3 a.m. the light of sun was still visible  
Across the ocean surface.

And there was a terrible screeching noise.  
So I got up from your lap and waded through the rocks  
To find a small dog trapped by the rising tide.

Back and forth he paced,  
Twitching a snout with fear,  
But he wouldn't trust me  
Or let me anywhere near him.

Finally I left; he felt satisfied  
And turned to the task of saving himself,  
the boats clanging in dark waters.