

## The Wave

You pull open my car door; you slide in;  
the wave crashes into the shore.  
I saw it coming—I was standing on the beach  
(just then)  
my toes in the sand. I had forgotten to wear sandals,  
though my friends reminded me and  
my mom left them by the door  
on my way out.

I saw the wave before it was a wave,  
when it was only a splash on the horizon,  
before it reached the children playing in the water,  
before parents exchanged concerned expressions and  
the lifeguard jumped from her chair.  
I'm not sure why but I stood there;  
I let them all drown.  
(I'm sorry I was  
too busy looking in your eyes).

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