

I went to the beach where I had often been. I knew it well
renewed
but each year ~~its new~~, rearranged by winter storms, the drift
wood heaped in different rows with logs from distant places,
timbers from old piers with rusty spikes protruding and fragments
perhaps of ~~damaged~~ hulls. We call it Drift Wood Beach. Along
its upper edge out of reach ^{by} of all but the highest tides, intermixed
periwinkles
among the pebbles and bits of wood have been deposited a season's
harvest, the shells of mussels ~~yearly anchors by winter ice~~
~~growth of mussels~~ ~~scoured by the waves and~~ ~~chalky blue~~
byssal fibers
stripped from ~~yearly~~ anchors by winter ice, scoured by waves and
over in
chalky blue. And scattered ~~on~~ them a gay celebration ~~of roses~~ the petals
of ~~rose~~ rugosa roses
petals, a gift from the bush rooted in the briny soil above the
tides, an immigrant from across the sea.