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## Topsail Island, Four Days Before Easter

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*Lavonne Adams*

## Topsail Island, Four Days Before Easter

This soft curve of earth sockets my hip.  
Water, sky: I open myself to blue  
as if it were a harvest. Though the sand is  
pocked where others have walked,  
there are no fiddler crabs, no gulls,  
just a small band of sandpipers treading  
foam toward a distant pier. Clouds circle  
the sun like a dreamcatcher,  
heat trickling down like feathers.  
Here, silence feels like the core  
of creation, the spot where stillness  
snaps open a shutter of clarity.

Father, this year the anniversary of your death  
is a sad hasp latched to Easter. If I could invoke  
anything,  
it would be the sound of your whistle, notes  
announcing your return home.

By my feet,  
three plants cast transient shadows,  
a miniature oasis near the abandoned  
ark of an upturned shell.