## The Sextant

## by Philip F. Clark

The shape of what we sought took a strange turn: It was this, the soft giving in, not the metal and cut of it, not the wet brine or the slow and long grasp I had planned for. It was silence we came to, watching our bodies become the years away; the skin and marble-hard sea of premonition.

Those arm-on-the-back farewells set now like clocks inside us, as naked and close I was hope, and you were what I can only call consolation, as day after day you remained a grief in my throat.

Sated with waiting we drifted here, itinerant; not lost but unable to land. And then we did. We prayed for a bit. Not often.

Touch became the sea of us, and boated in bed I held you and waited, for the end of something still ahead.