

You Atop Franz Josef Glacier, Twelve Miles From the Tasman Sea

by Ray Nessly

Sixty years it took me to catch up with you. You, six thousand nine hundred and ninety-eight miles southwest, riding the inexorable downhill march of glacial ice. Me, surfing the San Andreas Fault, closing the distance, three point eight inches per day.

Who knew it takes so much to link two drifting hearts?
That there would be math?

