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Moon Tide

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Moon Tide

Tricia Cimera

On a hot afternoon,
 languid and lonely,
she lay on the rock,
 beside the sea,
spread out her long,
 wet hair
to dry in the sun.
 She fell asleep.
A lizard blinked.
 Night came,
moon took over the sky,
 chanting.
The sea tossed out
 shiny fish and shells,
jewels and gold sand
 that caught in her hair
spread on the rock,
 captured amongst
the fine strands.
 She came awake
with a start,
 sat up and
threw back her
 long hair like a net
flung out, scattering
 all about her
what the sea
 had gifted.
Lucent charms cast
 glowing around
her upturned face,
 catching the eye
of a lone fisherman
 who fell in love
with the woman
 in the moonlight.
Luna winked.