

children of Atlantis
by Alexander Hollenberg

There is that photo of us
near the shore of the Minas Basin.
We stand staring into the middle distance
sky, field, sea, and us in our twenties, as if
we know something about the future
because there is good light and the tide is
predictable and we are beautiful.

We are trying to outrun a hurricane.
This is not a metaphor—if I am the
photographer behind me is the wet ink of
weather
building, bleeding into my source of light.
Which means I'm not in the photo after all—
it must just be the two of you who are beautiful

against the background that is not field
but mudflat, not sea but estuary. I did
not know the tide could rise as fast as
we walked,
that in the sediment was more life
than any human story: we are children of
Atlantis then but especially now.