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Volume 14

Issue 2 *Spring-Summer: Writing From the World:  
Selections from the International Writing Program  
1977-1983*

Article 46

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1984

## Images on the Beach

Elsa Cross

Abby Wolf

Eric Walker

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### Recommended Citation

Cross, Elsa; Abby Wolf; and Eric Walker. "Images on the Beach." *The Iowa Review* 14.2 (1984): 145-146. Web.  
Available at: <https://doi.org/10.17077/0021-065X.3039>

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Elsa Cross · *Mexico*

IMAGES ON THE BEACH

Under palm roofs,  
we looked at the sea.  
Crabs parsimoniously dislodged among themselves  
among the rocks,  
clouds of salt,  
wind that stirred the hair  
and lashed the palms on the roof.  
We drank coconut milk.  
The sea smothered our voices  
with its growing clamor,  
devoured the earth  
leaving to the air the reddish, wet roots  
of the palms.  
We had little to say.  
Taste of salt water in the throat  
eyes reddened,  
thought in some other place,  
and a growing drunkenness toward the sand.

. . .

The night, basin,  
echo on the bottom,  
like the coins you throw to the well  
and that take so long in reaching the water,  
echo in the deep.  
And in that echo,  
again,  
the clamor of the sea,  
syllables without feeling,  
heat in the bodies.

. . .

Naked to the wind  
like the boy who leads his horse  
close to the sea.  
Blue reflections on the shore  
return the sand,  
snow,  
cemetery,  
swallow's wing.

. . . .

You leave the sea,  
stretch out on the sand  
and your stirred breath  
comes and goes  
like the waves.  
You listen only to your own heart.  
*translated by Abby Wolf and Eric Walker*