

At the pier, waiting for apologies

The sea doesn't say sorry; it only takes
Time from the shore,
Names from gravestones.

Is this why you asked to meet here?
To pour salt water on my wounds?

I was at the pier, waiting for you, waiting for apologies.
No footsteps followed mine.
The sky said nothing.
Your name tasted like salt.

Only the waves answered my cries, and they didn't know your name.