

Gary Lark

## Trust

I knew a blind man a few years ago.  
I was one of the people he relied on  
to take him to the doctor across town  
or the drive-through  
for a hamburger.  
One day he asked me  
to help him taste the sea.

There was a wide, flat beach  
up from the north jetty  
and I took him there.  
We trekked over a barrier dune  
to the water's great voice.  
He took off his shoes,  
rolled up his pants,  
and listened to my direction.

The flat scallops of surf  
washed toward us,  
then around his feet.  
He waded to mid-shin,  
cupped his hand  
and scooped some sandy brine  
into his mouth.  
He hollered with joy  
and leaped about.  
It was a good day for sand.