

# Abacus

*by Steven Fortune*

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Tidal flex and activation  
of the ocean  
pectoral:

water fingers scratching  
in frictionless futility  
at land's ledge of sand.

The living magnet  
of the beach;  
a nexus of dramatic irony  
and scientific insanity,  
summer-laced lungs  
rattling in gasps  
of robotic reverence  
for the sky slashed  
by a censored sun  
bleeding green horizon,  
in which soldiers of  
the season bathe.

March of The Inveterate.  
Addiction by subtraction.  
A habit rented  
from an angry planet  
in a favorable mood.