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## Diamond Dust

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Jennifer L. Holley  
**Diamond Dust**

Beneath the hurricane's wide-open eye,  
beneath the moon that steps across the sky  
like an angel afraid to fall, we strip  
in ones and twos along the wall that keeps  
our houses safe against the sea.

We pull down jeans, unbutton shirts, unhook  
bras, and rub our hands in between the stones  
to find deep gaps in which to hide our soft  
shed-skins. Walking apart to conceal our grins,  
we stumble on rocks into the sea.

Spirits conjured sheer-white into this world,  
together we find what parts of us light loves—  
the milky undersides of arms and wrists;  
on Jessica, the periwinkle twists  
upon her breasts; on Michael's hips,

the curves on which he cups his hands. Light loves  
the hair Linda secures behind her ear,  
and Jennifer's lips, glittering black, unclasped  
to let a scream slide out, as she's the first  
to vanish underwater, to come

up painted silver-blue. We all dive in  
to be as beautiful as she, to shine our dullest spots,  
which in the day we'd love to give away.  
Only storm waves keep us from swimming out  
and catching hold of night's tail.

*"Diamond Dust" originally appeared in The Harford Courant  
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