

Shoreline Nanosecond of *Déjà-vu*

by Tessa Nelson-Humphries

Solitary return to our shoreline
Redolent of seaweed and
Acrid, ammoniac smell of sealions
Barking and plashing in flotsam.

Proust, dipping his Madeleine,
Re-grasped his past—
I, too, paddling in sea-wrack
Suddenly again smile up at you.

In the lee of sea-splashed gray rocks
Joy revives,
As I savor your pipe-smoke
Pungent in that lost April's dusk.

Recall how the sea sougled
As we sealed our commitment to sail
To life's end together. If not by this sea,
Then some other.

Swift the sharp stab of *déjà-vu*
Which robs me of breath.
A nanosecond, flickering past
Too briefly snatches you from death.