

***Listen Between the Lines***

**by Susan S. Muse**

I hung the wash outside today  
to gather the smell of sunlight  
in its seams.

The sky is azure, the sea.

Turning my face to the sun

I closed my eyes picturing the beach again,  
how the sky mirrors the ocean,  
how clouds with whitecaps and waves  
pound the shore.

I go there to marvel at where we have come from,  
first slithering, then crawling  
before rising to our feet  
walking west out of the sand.

Later I walk underneath the hanging clothes,  
burying my face in their yellow warmth.

The clothesline itself squeaks-

a portal to my childhood when my mother pushed metal arms  
of the clothesline in a circle,  
pinning clothes  
so wind could raise them  
in its embrace.

Winds off the water, voices in a tunnel,  
chase sand into even higher dunes,  
away from slivers of shells  
in the swash.

Each voice teaches me  
to listen,  
listen between the lines.