

FROM A RISE OF LAND TO THE SEA

The water's shore-lapping signature
is a random drone, picking a
wet string of nature's scrapping still
moments. Sun-freckled wavelets dive.
Yawl rubs against buoy, teased
to a sporadic dulled tinkle that
rises over the wind in the
lindens. The same wily actor
folds the feel of the sea gently
into my back, drives the clouds.

The multisensual mixing is darned good, my engineer, my director.
You even provide low comedy in a pesky fly and drama
in the jet swish of a swallow diving to her
eaves nest that I, intruder here, obstruct.