

Huckleberries

Huckleberries in a half seashell
Made my foggy morning
I picked them for your love
And culled them for my yearning
I harvested the salt of wind
And sowed the marsh grass deep
Strong-rooted as any wind-grown pine
Salt-stained as tears of sleep

Warm water from the Gulf Stream
Cold swells up from deep
The shoals that lead you fishing
The written souls you seek
Sometimes it seems this time's not ours
It's a cloak borrowed from some other
place or person, life or love
And worn for summer cover

Old quawks haggling out on the bay
Young osprey fishing the line
I ran the sands to the egret ground
In a dream, it was as the first time
When I drank in your words, lay deep in your arms
Held feast on the seas of your mind
I harbored no thoughts, still have no wish
To wound your dreams or mine

(Quawk: aka Black-crowned Night Heron)

Bright berries in a half seashell
Jewels of foggy morning
I picked them for your love
And culled them for my yearning
And as I stood, legs soaked in marsh
The fog rolled deep, and longing
I felt the salt wind fill my eyes
And leave me, and leave me blessed and turning