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.