

Cape Cod Memories

The water bubbles, burbles
as I swim toward my
half-mile destination.
The aqua pool water
reflects the blue liner.

As I stroke, I remember
swimming in Wild Harbor,
on Buzzard's Bay
along the shoreline
of Old Silver Beach.

The salt water buoys me.
The flotsam of seaweed
slithers on my arms, feet,
as I look out at the beach
peppered with bathers.

Bright, striped umbrellas,
toddlers along the shore
with red plastic buckets,
yellow shovels, build
castles, seawater moats.

Shake-shingle cottages,
weathered and grey
sit among the sea grasses
beyond the shaggy dunes,
apart from the crowded beach.

I swim on, lap after lap;
remember catching star fish,
jumping waves, feeling sunburnt.
I swim closer to my destination
further into adulthood.

Strawberry Moon

The strawberry moonlight
splashes through the blinds,
over the sofa-sleeper, spills
onto the carpet, seeps
silently through the room.

As I look on the moonlit night
I think back to the Algonquin
who named this amber moon,
hanging low over their wigwams.
Now was the time to harvest
the tiny wild strawberries,
a treat from winter meat.
They looked at this same orb,
looking through their teepee
smoke hole, on a forest trail
or from a birch bark canoe.

Do the heavens help us now?
Give us clues like the Hunger moon,
when hunting food was hard,
or the Pink moon
when flowers show their faces.

I pad quietly to bed;
let the light be my guide,
blanket me with moon glow,
as I drift into moon dreams.

Oceans's Edge

As we sat on the balcony,
jutting out to the sea,
on the 8th floor of our condo—
not too far from heaven,
we watched the surf wash in,
sounding like rolling thunder
over the tan sand carpet,
forming patterns of lace foam;
then quickly sweeping back,
splashing, crashing, whooshing,
a euphony of waves.
The ocean air carries
a familiar scent:
salt and sea life,
water eons old,
still moving, undulating.
The seagulls dip, soar, call.
The sandpipers skitter
from the shallow wave that
leaves tiny nuggets to explore.
As the sun disappeared amidst
curtains of lavender and gold,
the moon rose high over us,
a lantern we could almost touch,
creating an aerial golden path
from ocean to sky.
For now we ponder a trip
on that celestial track,
and enjoy the peaceful
lullaby of the ocean's song.