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## A Loaf of Time

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## FOG AND SLEEP

The foghorn sounding from the cape took up  
 The sea's long uncoordinated roar  
 And changed it to a pure sea snore.  
 The sound crept up the coast; the night  
 Yawned huge about the house;  
 And, sleep-encircled then, I slept.

Morning. The fog with banners and pennons,  
 Like an army, passed through the pines.  
 Holes in the air looked blue;  
 The sun shot through in burning lines.  
 But a foghorn blown by a sea-wise child  
 Clouded the clearing air; and soon  
 I rocked almost, I rocked  
 Almost as though  
 I stood upon my feet, asleep, at noon.

ERNEST KROLL

## A LOAF OF TIME\*

A loaf of time  
 round and thick  
 So many layers  
 ledges to climb  
 to lie on our  
 bellies lolling  
 licking our lips  
 The long gaze a  
 gull falling  
 down the cliff's

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table To coast  
the constant  
waves The reach-  
ing wave-tongues  
lick the table  
But slowly grayly  
Slow as the ocean  
is gray beyond  
the green Slow  
as the sky is high  
and out of sight  
Higher than blue  
is white Around  
the table's wheel  
unbounded For  
each a meal The  
centered mound to  
be divided A  
wedge for each  
And leisure on  
each ledge The  
round loaf thick  
We lick our lips  
Our eyes gull  
down the layered  
cliff and ride  
the reaching waves  
That lick but slow-  
ly the table's  
edge Then slowly  
our loaf Slowly  
our ledge

MAY SWENSON

