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Another Time

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Another Time

Constance Vogel

As waves collided
with the pier we claimed,
my best friend
Marjorie and I
sunbathed,
ignored Vito showing off his dives
to other girls.
Or searched the water's edge
for what the tide gave up - -
once, seaweed we thought was hair
of a missing girl,
till Vito threw it at our feet.

Sometimes a northeastern swept in
the smell of fish on cold wind,
or fog trapped time in a vacuum. Like
Satchmo at his best,

a blues horn wailed
from the lighthouse.

Something in that wild water
made us swim too far,
defy the undertow,
flirt with men too old,
too hard-eyed
to bring home.

I drive to the shore and wait now,
not for the sun
or the boy named Vito,
but the whish of gulls' wings
and the blowsy blue note
of the fog horn
come home.

Spring Camp

Bruce W. Maki

Savannah lay along the river
beneath steep silurian cliffs
watching long barges glide
up the braided Mississippi.

Winter fought hard
holding onto the deep ravine.

Spring flew over on the wing of soaring
bufflehead
looking for a warm place to land.

And frogs rejoiced with a croak chorus
not far from the deep ravine.

The rolling hills still slept
waiting for what was to come,

with windless anticipation
of the glorious green birth
of nature's youth.