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Shadows

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SHADOWS Donna Gors

MEADOWBANK RD

Michael Raffaele
 Featured Poet

An Elton song
 That reminds me of Grandma's.
 The must of the pullout-
 Maroon checkered.
 Sounds of Jackie Gleason and flashes of the honey moon.

Days of ocean salt.
 Aged pool house with the smell of
 A thousand chlorine tablets
 Rotting in July.

The bubbling porch top
 Hot on the sole.
 Rusted legs and paint chips
 Stripped away by a sound of the Atlantic.

The pier that later fell-
 A perch for the blues-
 The vermin of the sea.

The lighthouse I heard everyday and touched only once-
 Overlooking the stones of the water break-
 Where wealthy men fished and their poor wives wined.

Over the wall the privileged kids of summer
 A world away as I played soccer alone in the yard.

At night-
 Broken bottles in the sand pit.
 Picking up trash of the drunk and affluent-
 Who laughed in the ocean breeze
 As Ben E King sang to me for the first time about
 when the land is dark and the moon is the only "life."

Walking the shoreline of low tide-
 Skipping old tiles of rich houses made rich again.

The spring board where I leapt into the breaks
 And dodged the man-o-war rolling in the storm.

The harbor I loathed-
 Where I was pushed into a school of teething
 bastards.

The rocky point I was told to call home
 For seven years.