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Shadows

Donna Gors

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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.