

Return

How long since I've looked
at my shadow cast on sand
the sun lights from beyond
the sea Scurry of sandpipers
in flow of tide and shore Glint
of white beside a driftwood log
Wing bone A crane who calls
as she flies from boreal bogs
to balmy marshes and back
Downed I think by a sudden
storm In memory or dream
my mother pierces holes to make

a flute teaches me to play

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