

At the Window

How white the gulls in gray weather,
sky drained,
water dark, serious, waiting

for winter's shield to pull away,
one layer at a time. Breezes creep
like spirits across the bay.

Standing at the window,
I see my father preparing the cottage
for summer, scooping

white cloths from furniture, prying
nails from green-shuttered windows, pocketing
the shapeless fasteners.

My legs dangling,
curls doused with spray,
he carried me on his shoulders, walked

the water's edge zigzagging crazily.
Just enough sunlight for me to see
his footprints filling, forgotten until now.