

rumours of orcas—
a blood-red moon
over the sound

billowing clouds—
the glacial erratic
shadows the crocus

estuary darkness—
reeds parting
for the birder's canoe

only so far
onto the beach
tracks of a wheelchair

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Nearing *the Sea*

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a floating Frisbee—
the river widens
as it nears the sea

my lover's call . . .
the cord wrapped
around my finger

canal-side café—
you wave for a waiter
with your other hand

ears popping—
your hand on my thigh
through the snow zone

folding laundry—
a wad of what's left
of her love note

low clouds—
the outfielder catches
cottonwood puffs

council meeting—
beads of condensation
on the glass water jug

kite weather—
the choice to turn
left or right

unshaved—
the eye of my webcam
keeps staring at me

faint cirrus clouds—
a shiny penny
still on the train tracks

ice in the water bottle—
the dawn sky
reddens our tent

reading it first at the mailbox—
the colourful postcard
with a foreign stamp

summer's end—
my old record player
skipping

the parking meter
flashes red—
a hint of snow