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Postcard from Madison Connecticut

Wish you were here,

Maybe then some life would come

Back into this empty house and onto the somber coast.

The color of your mother's homemade pink lemonade

And the fanning petals of morning glories

Have all been washed away

From the blank white walls, no pictures to smile,

No curtains to hide the dull sky, the grey sea.

I remember dawn sleepily stretched over the cool sand

Down to the barnacled rocks of the jetty

Where in the blushing light crabs scattered into cracks

As the heavy air tousled the breaking waves.

I remember the time on this rotting porch

When the neighbors had a band play.

That funny little man,

Bent his head to rest against the bout of a double bass

And whispered to the guitarist

After he looked our way. Smooth jazz,

The tempo a drugged pulse beneath lulling notes

As we rocked, eyes closed and cheeks pressed.

Sometime during the night the fluttering checkered curtains

Called us back out onto the porch where we leaned

Into each other and watched the lighthouse

Winking from across the sound.

Tonight the moan of a foghorn keeps the patrol boats at bay,

And the haze confuses the searching beacon;

Yet, strange lights are out there on the water.

Are they ships stranded on shoals,

The lonely dock master of the abandoned boatyard,

Or the lanterns of drifting fishermen,

Waiting for a tug from the sighing sea?