



Karlyn Ehrhardt

Old Man Waiting at  
the Traffic Light

He still sees  
a beautiful woman  
with his body,  
has to steady  
himself as  
memories lap  
against  
his fragile bark.  
He sees  
the contours  
of that island,  
hears  
the pounding surf,  
remembers  
days and nights  
of rushing toward  
the shore,  
the hot sun  
on his back,  
sinking into  
the soft sand.  
She raises her arm  
to touch her hair  
true north,  
and he feels

his body  
sail forward  
in the tide  
toward her  
so close, so close  
to her shade.  
Then the light changes,  
its waves  
dragging him  
back out  
to the deep,  
the lonely sea  
where all  
the bright ships  
sail.

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Karlyn Ehrhardt lived and worked in Japan as an English Language Learning instructor for more than twenty years Her poetry has also appeared in *Grey Sparrow Journal*.