



Mary-Marcia Casoly

Winter, Pillar Point

Before the sunset
over bare rocks and surf
what tricked us
maverick
speakeasy of warm sepia
a California kerning
drowsiness . . .
what's wrong
step across the runnel
don't you like it
an earthenware pot
hate the day's dimming
careful
don't step in that

lead her around
take another stand Custer
we've had it all along
butter and irresponsible mussels
at least it's tranquil
Dusk comes fluid as a loose sash
shearwater and fulmar
all wind and fog bluster
barefoot
wave after wave
shivery
ghostwood . . .

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