

*Lashed*

Fill your eyes with water  
Salt your mouth  
Tongue-lashing at the spray and the black rock  
Call to the ghosts of the streets  
John, William, James  
Evoke the rattler  
Clickety-clacking it's couplets  
Constant rhythm to the  
Inconstant rime of life  
You walk the streets of the lost village  
Remembering the names  
Henry, George, Lindsay

How many Octobers have you lost?  
You forget, in time, the silvered sleeves of youth  
Draw breath from remembrances  
Blow your nose to the refrain of the fog horn  
And run the length of the Double Row

So now you place your feet  
Where you are sure your home used to be  
Caress an imagined door handle  
And walk into your remembered past where  
Father's hands work the clippy mat

Waves still lash  
Constant and certain  
Marking out time through the longer nights  
Reminding you to breathe as you exhale  
September's passing.