

REPERTOIRE

Sea wind is a bright wind
even in the dark
a bleached white wind
with agate-shiny planes and glinting edges
Shaped like a boomerang

Sea wind is a searcher that never gives up
fingering the cut of your clothes
the color of your hair Street-wise
it hassles and hustles you
insinuating whispery intimate as sin

Fridays it's a witch-wind
imprecating from the mouth of cove
and coven banking riddles off rocks
dervishing out of bubbling vats
trailing mischief through your eyelashes

Sundays it's a broken song fallen
through the treble staff snagged
on ragged edges flapping discontent
even as you hold it in a perfect sail
against the world's most dedicated blue

Sea wind is wild vanilla sandalwood
and frangipani promises

before it swings a salt-dipped scimitar
and raises Jolly Roger

--Glenna Holloway