

CAPE WALK

So much has given in to sand:  
history   origins   shapes.  
Across this early winter shore  
wrinkled with unkempt grief  
the tide plies seasonal trade  
    persistent as a fishwife.  
A fence kneels    presiding  
over its own burial.   Goldenrod  
and rugosas dissolve in noon fog.  
One vine still dares to be red.

--Glenna Holloway