

RAIDER'S REPERTORY

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

Out of the northwest
 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

Sea wind is a broken song
 fallen through the treble staff
 snagged on ragged edges
 flapping discontent

Only briefly can you hold it
 in a perfect sail smiling nodding
 against the earth's most dedicated blue

Sea wind is wild vanilla sandalwood
 and frangipani promises
 just before it swings a sharpened scimitar
 and raises Jolly Roger