

MATTAMUSKEET MURAL

(Mason Sonnet)

We breathe silk fog that strokes the beaver-run
then climbs the day to flee dark spears of pine.
The harbor blues again with twilight's rise
describing sueded negatives of sun
and tidepool sheen where birds and bivalves dine.
From silvered docks we watch as moonshed vies
with nimbus rings in new-ginned cotton skies.
Tomorrow's rain will bleed the clay to sign
the shore in red, accenting dimpled sand.
We bloom in this kaleidoscope design--
sweet-salty mix of labor spiced with fun
where puddled whitewash opals our bait stand,
ourselves new textures on this ancient strand
infusing us in patterns just begun.