

COASTAL COLLAGE
Glenna Holloway

Come breathe silk fog that strokes the salmon-run,
Then climbs the day to flee dark spears of pine.
Describing sueded negatives of sun,
The shadowed shore accepts each wave's design.
Come watch Twin Harbors for the twilight's rise
And walk the fir-lined ridge against soft wind,
Then pause in moon-wash, gazing as it vies
With nimbus rings like cotton newly ginned.
The morning brings slow rain from off the bay;
It dabbles in salt marsh and dimples sand.
It stipples through the tidepool's nacre gray
And opals whitewash on the old bait stand.
Stay with me, let this seasoned textured blend
Infuse us in sea patterns without end.