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ON A FOGGY SHORE, TOGETHER

Division fades between the earth and sea:
A monotone of pewter palls the sky,
A just-stretched canvas newly primed to dry
For Van Gogh's blues or Gauguin's potpourri.
The mind demands delineations be
Apparent; living seems to go awry
When borders vanish. Man's insistent eye
Will furnish lines, avoid anomaly.
But humans still lose sight of certain guides,
Resulting in a blur like smeary chalk.
The new horizon, out of focus now,
Awaits firm definition from time's tides.
Between the high and low, we'll chart this walk
By love's design traced on our wedding vow.

--Glenna Holloway