

## CAPEWALK

Broken shadows fall behind me.  
Leaning relics--two old sheds, a cart  
complain to the easterlies.  
The cape lifts its veil of fog  
like an aging woman, intimating,  
creating surreal non sequiturs. Winter  
dictates its epic in tidal calligraphy.  
My footprints cross pages  
of curvilinear rhymes.

Nothing here is new. Promiscuous sand  
caresses brown beach roses pressed  
between chapters of seas and seasons  
insinuating change, remaining the same.

Kneeling fences pore over memories,  
storing them in morning's damp pockets.  
Each small tyranny of time repeats itself.  
I will not be deceived again--not even  
by one flurry of dwarf sumac  
asserting itself with red serifs  
against dying reeds melancholy.

Still--in the teeth of a rising salt wind,  
I bare my own in a grin.