Suzann Kole

BOUYED ALONG THE DYING SHORE

1. Backwash All Day

A spare butting—a bluff
of autumnal bodega,
a claret wind catapults high tide
into an opaque froth—effervescent;
A mesh of turbulence
combs the rote afternoon—foments
through a skittering reminiscence;
falls, in a dusting of thoughts
as drop cloths of local news.

Hesitating in its sonic chaos; this harves
stirs in imperceptible sentience
amid a gnarl of russet death.
Imagine leaves: freckled and foreboding,
and a white-veined forest
birching in exclamatory light—
Stunning
amid the olive winter; hibernal.

Depleted of snow;
singed by sun,
shadows of sea force
a formidable dark.
Even the white trawler
cuts the dawn
in a blanket of wings
and a netting of tentacles
while a low could of feeders
hovers in expectant formation;
heaving cries over a barren sea.
All night, a tangle of light
humps the confused horizon.
Today, a parch of roan stumps—
with a small tenacity of clinging leaves,
waves longingly
in knotted fingers of brittle gray.
And stars scream, dark and clotted
in an instance of broken cold.
We huddle in long deliberate half-lives
between the backwash of breaking waves
and a flashback of interrupted schemes.

This night, howling
with the small internal organs of disturbed sleep;
is jaded by the flash of meteors
bristling their way
through a hot atmospheric fog;
a flogging, endured
through the flesh of
inclement dreams.

2. Old bone

The path has muddied itself:
a stucco of oak leaf and old bone.
We craft ourselves out of estrangement.
Pieces of seasoned wood
and a deco of drizzled years
drone against the waves, while
the winter sky washes clear.

On this forgiving hulk of afternoon,
who could die—splintered
amid radiant fingers of periwinkle
pinching the thin mauve sky?
My hat tips to the trill,
bleached season:
an uncanny warmth
amid a blaze of trepidation.
inconsonant preparation. Note how I walk in this instance of death: ...a cluster of spiny graspings.

3. Residuals

Tantamount to this high tide are the fronts: a sinew of pearlized humidity stretching over the tense canopy of horizon.

What are these draping tangents? A terse interplay of crimson berries: dense, opaque and tenacious on their blown stems; neighboring next to the luminous ribbon of frozen moon... and the orange fragments of shattred buoy; ...and the boarded bungalow shutting out North; stuttering.

4. Rigor of Hope

A parchment of leaves broods over the residual tasks of autumn—frozen; loam—stilled and pinked in a threading of northern temperament. Life indiscrete; entrenched in moments of sand and sentimentality. No one conforms to this cancer of imminent dread.
Shingles and cedar shakes
winded by untimely stirrings;
a rigor of winter disables
the machinery of love.
My legs keep writing—metronomic pump
punching through the digital delays.
*If your hands are tied,*
*keep kissing at a verbal foreplay;*
And my red skin—gloved, is
leathered in ritual incantation;
fists riveted to rusty angels—
these resistant wounds of hope.

*Spare me the secrets of your private demise,*
*and I'll vow to pacify mine.*

5. The Eastern Front

The horizon evaporates
in shades of rose—
ineffable in ascending mist.
All the tongues of home call
in undifferentiated mellifluous froth.
This afternoon stings with sudden noise.
A charcoal voice
negates all former reverie.
Everything is presevered
in this bucket of hope.
Sentinel light swathed
in a salted gauze seduction...
And the slow come of foam
is forced against a dark medusa
of jagged rock.

A man in cellophane
—walled and capped in black—
lumbers slow; sudden; awake.
"It's a nice sea coming, there," he nods.
Note this magnificence of aqua and Katahdin;
a butchering of boulders
in formation
on the eastern front.

6. Fishers of love

Cancel subscriptions to points west—
Small trawlers and orange foremen
in single-celled motors
confront an imperturbable sea:
fishing under pressure
in fissures of love.
Starlings and seagulls screech
at the steel undercoat of cloud
that has torn away
the crisp light of afternoon.
An indelicate patronage:
lonely horns on the waterfront
sounds gladiatorialy.

I reached the sea at a point of day
when obvious luminescence
screams distinctly.
The pall of the buoy,
the shards of first snow,
an ever-persistent tide—dashed
on the black boulders of shale shore.

These whales humped against the heavy front:
immovable body of frozen years
blanketing the Fall with early sorrow...
and a catastrophe of light
raving the opaque sky.
7. Isle of Mind

Even before city lights
make visible the rift between
my tiny island of mind
and the humming buzz of urbane distraction,
I bleed from a cut which divides
hemispheres of indiscreet skin;
*A meddling mind fights
to foil a soaring spirit.*

The homely boat...
steeped in flames of orange sunset—
this reclused blue—sinks
where fumes of low tide peak
in shoots of random afternoon.
The stringy loden
loping over rocks
in wet beds of sea grass
which *laval* the dark shore;
which heave and shield
the stipple of granite gourds—
boulders etched with maritime—
adamant mysterium; barely
malleable nodes throughout
incessant deliberations of weather.

8. A Sheeting of Leaves

The intangibles of history
smear themselves on a bank
roughed frozen
with rusted grass.

The greened down of an egret—
white and twisted amid a littering of plastic.
Bags and bouys recount their tales:
a wash-up in opposite points
in a meet by the shoreline.
Imagine the long song of the gull
dripping it’s silver tune; drizzling
fruits of scavenge...awash
over a breatheless Fall.
The waves wing to shore
on an opalescent overcast.
Shocks of gold
ripple up to eddies
as the sea intones
in bony chatter—castanets
of rolling quartz and
a rebellion of torpid leaves
hung by their toes
from the stunted winded oaks.
This crinkle of death lays silent, stirring;
a castigation of season
rising in fetid plumes of tannic oil.

Image the sheeting ocean:
an *alumination* of gray
steeling the afternoon; a metallurgy:
an urgency—bolting doors
where I *home in*...
and the tide recants with each ebb;
a frail turquoise band
convulsing over a jag of silhouettes
drenched in a singe of olive sand.

9. A Heroic Homecoming

A cloak of disgust
along a dusk of dreary sea.
Birds wild with ideas
make frenzied conversation.
Homing in
on long-distance lines.
Homing: drake and doves
on the orange glaze of new day.
An incandescence of afternoon
foils the transparencies
of each house along its road.
Moaning in windows,
the purpose half-cast of evening
competes
in heavy layered tiers of cloud...
intimidating this rare blaze of late day.
And what of the verdant sky—
a blur of vernal fronds
pea, sea, avocado—shades
searching for gods
in a contrast of bravado?

10. A Sea of Striations

A foreign urging for compassion
claws my body—
call it history,
hysterectomy, hysteria.
The punks in the marsh
point in a uniformity
of erectile wit.
Wet, brown and swollen—
bereft of mate and mane;
a stirring depression
collapses in on these pupae...
and the road that separates
my stone wall and this frozen bog,
curls in a contiguous flatter of tar.

Waves shit a scat of abalone
on the winter banks;
a sheath of meringue sprawls
on the mosaic
of round stone.
Red paralysis
ignites a light weeping
of later afternoon sleet,
and winter's dirge slaps methodically
on these granite bones.
Enter: the neap tide—its
streaks of dusk
arresting this cold;
this old, cobalt sea.

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