

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 coud 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 targets?
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 shattered 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 presealed
 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 gladiatorially.

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 secluded 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 stipples 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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