

## FOG HORN

Not a cloud in the heavens over the Bay of Fundy,  
the only verticals, balsam fir, and live wires  
scalped on poles. The highest tide on earth.

A barn, red-roofed, Huck-Finn-white-washed  
siding, stands alone at the cliff's edge, down  
from my friend's brother's cottage where I sit  
in the blue, blue calm. She wants to buy the barn.

From his porch I can watch what may blow in  
off the horizon, and wonder what songs whistle  
from the gusts that stir up the currents, simmer  
the fog into summer treachery.

Driftwood slaps the shore—body parts of ships  
gambling with the weather. My friend is drawn  
to desolation, prone to spikes of genius, late night  
poems, the rage of fire.

We all live at the razor's edge, I suppose,  
from how we're raised and what the fates dictate:  
impulse death's great temptress, timidity a bargain  
we can't win—moth to the flame at the end.

Where do I fit in? The sizzle of electrical wires  
burns the unsuspecting vessel into a ghostly shadow.  
*Land ahead*, warns the lighthouse: here  
solid ground and graveyard.