

Spring in Cow Bay, Nova Scotia

After A.F. Moritz

Sad coasts that even these weeks of unrelenting rain from clouds assuming squatters' rights cannot make sadder. They drench silver picnic sands long denuded, scraped to build docks for container ships, landing strips for naval aircraft to muster local jobs, beach rendered defenseless in Atlantic hurricanes; the coast receding ever further, nothing to look at. For whoever has not from him shall be taken away even that he has. The old family cemetery is held in check between commuters' new-builts where tides and ties exert their pull, and surf's adventuring gliders on their circuit. Abraded stones soft among rain-green patches blanketing unknowns and long-forgottens, the swollen yard's one small scar takes the rain as though to nourish new ashes, this closing-out-of-sequence, youngest sister. Our practice of containment. We too as wraiths—unrecognizable, scraped-away grains inhabiting new ports and runways, receding ever further, coasts of mind removed to another place.

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