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St. Martins Point

Laura Milan

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St. Martins Point

Silence settles among the fog
creeping over dark water, at rest.
Open sky reaches incandescent rays
down—
to graze limits of sight.
The man sits alone on his porch,
chipmunks plucking peanuts
from weathered, leathery hands
while steady eyes despondently fixate—
above
to pinks and oranges splashed like paint
thrown over canvas,
weeping down the side.
A landscape portrait for the house:

The Voyageur View.

A heron stalks,
blending into tall weeds
while fish swim with unsuspecting leisure.
The sun still rising in the East
halting momentarily—
breaks
while pestilence grows and life ceases:
blues and yellows fading
green.

She returns home, to The Point
after nights of dreams:
mindless shadows of grieving bodies
overlooking an unreachable horizon—
mourning
the loss of a wife, mother, grandmother.
Her spirit hovers above warm sand, comforted
lifeless water lapping the shore—quiet
colors muted by midday
light.