

Port

By Debra Jean Roberts

Concrete form of woman sits on emerald cushion
stony eyes behold the great gray-blue expanse
tides of change and shift and chance
foamy caps lap at fractured feet once known to stroll sandy shores
grit dust bitten flesh in promises colored gold
but cold as the stone from whence it was ground
(Those were the old days)
Long deserted years of youthful dreams
blown far from her in gusts tied to masts and billowing sails
Summer soft breezes brought hopeful strangers
refugees from desert seas sought haven, harbor
never home
Sirens of the water ever singing
Men with ships do not resist for long
the magic of the mermaid song
Silent goes a village
Hearts stop beating
Diligent docks now stolid witnesses
to ravages of wandering commerce
Petulant piers jut empty into jealous water
Sea forever reclaims her own
Sunshine sheen of summer youthful favors fades from statuesque form
Equinox winds blow cold showers from mocking skies
A dress in tatters beaten by chill blasts lashing at her skin
Icy waves leave fissures at her breast
Torn
Seasons turned the face to stone
the falls from grace burns stain of salt
leaves remarkable trails and tales from eyes once bright
now hollow
set in Matterhorn ridge
searching uncertain vagrant waters

Weathered hands touch tangled crown
caress the bare shoulders
Thin lips kiss salted fractured cheek

Color rises
Flesh again
She moves

© 2011, Debra Jean Roberts