

PAUL BLUESTEIN

Legacy

I will not see summer again,
so I walk the winter shoreline
and take from December's days what I can.
The dogs run ahead, snarling and snapping,
playing the wolf-games taught to them by ancestors
that lie sleeping just beneath their skins.

The waves come and go in an ancient rhythm,
a cymbal crash and snare tattoo,
played for a million years
before I stepped onto this snow-covered sand.

I walk the low tide at a slow pace,
down to the stone pier
where under an August sun,
I would have sat to watch the resolve of the rocks
worn away
by the patience of the sea.
But it is too late in a short day to linger,
and before the waves can smooth the sand,
I follow my footsteps back
to where I began.

ABOUT THE AUTHOR

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