

Poems by Andrena Zawinski

“Weather Report from Seaside Hotel”

*Now through night's caressing grip
Earth and all her oceans slip...*Auden, “Nocturne”

I'm fading tonight, even more quickly than this sky
going dark as cinder, while a roughneck boy with his dog
is fired up on the beach, leapfrogging driftwood and rocks.

I wonder whether they will later lay themselves down
on a gritty bed of sand, flattening their history of footprints,

whether they will curl into each other and rest, whether
their mutual dreams will revisit the raucous of day
detailing the simplicity of feet, of paws kicking up sand.

And just outside the window, the drunken lovers return,
are at it again, stumbling in on too much wine and new raw.

And the waves are roaring in across the way, predictable
how no one will sleep deeply through this night's grip
with the boom and bang of sea on sand at high tide.

Someday I will return to to this blustery place, settle in,
protected from the whip of wind, when I may dream to be

a child running carefree along the beach with a dog,
mastering the simple formula of wild, but for now
I make watch of this spread of sky for signs of storm,

veiled behind a thin curtain of fog, shadows dancing
in the uncertainty of what cannot be forecast.

“Trilogy of Land, Sea, Sky”

This land of blue-eyed grasses and wild iris flirting
the sunny bracken, its bumblebees in berry blossoms,

the little spittle bugs on the huckleberry, a nurse log
bearded in moss behind the wild azalea, all hanging on
while seaside supply ships tack and jibe the bay,
careen and beach where last night's breaker waves
tossed up drift logs, sea stars, crab shells, agates
beading the coast in mighty booms reverberating,

And I was there, too, beneath that boozy moon
hanging out all my sins on its beams, all a swagger
under the barrel-chested clouds, so starry-eyed
with the peachy sunset ribboning the horizon,

its incandescent streamer bearing some message
I stand here still straining to decipher.