

Devil's Island On My Left

Two winds -- one north, one south --
meet here right now where I stand
the sea, the land -- the smell of each --
upon me like the working lungs of two good friends.
These shores of Lawlor's Island are good as any
to comb through the things shoveled into my head.
Who am I now?
A walker on a plastic littered shore.
How did I get here?
A kayak, yes, one filled with air,
now hidden in the arms of thick, quiet spruce.
Renaming an unwritten novel as I walk,
what else to do?
Pick up a drifting hat with one word -- Caution.
My great conundrum, the usual:
I've trekked this far, now what's beyond?
An island's shore will never fail
to circle back
to where you first
put foot to solid ground.