

At Spring's Feet

by Natalie McNabb

Clad in the rust and wood rot of seasons,
she peeks from her shed, presses
her salted cheek to the ivory thread
of beach, longing to be drawn out
again upon Spring waves.

But, tide slips sleep beneath her
stooped breast as sun drops, drips
from wet and feathered sky,
blossoms into ember eggshells, melts
like strung sugar across sea's lips.

The rowboat, now asleep,
now sleeping at Spring's feet.

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