

NANTUCKET
by Natalie McNabb

There was that summer
I first saw your waves:
Memorial Day had drawn me here;
Labor Day had carried me away.
 But, back I came.

Now, October and November appear
With sister December in tow,
And January with her stars
And February with her frost both
 Whisper, "Don't go."

So, I watch March and April
Dance in through rain and haze
And am caught kissing your daffodils
Before I, at last, admit to May,
 "I will always stay."

*~ Nantucket Directory 2011-2012 Poetry Contest
Honorable Mention / Top 4*