

just had to say
how the bluettes bloom
in front of the little
guardhouse

beyond the parking lot the ocean
lifts its limbs
and caresses
the rocks the woods

above on the hill
sun themselves
and we walk the air
a mixture

of pine and salt
and checkerberry
between the gums
wintergreen

in our blood
a night
beyond remembrance
a fire

burning in the night
over Casco Bay
and the bluettes
reminding me

of you you
are my ocean
where whatever I lose
(a you or a me)

I find myself
in you my sea
(and not Sargasso;
my portrait

of a lady
is a face,
the blossom
of a bluette

by the ocean
in the woods
by the sea)
how they bloom