

Isle of Palms

When I walked out
 this morning, muttering along
 With the sea static, the breezes
 so insistent a distraction,
 The waves brown and mottled
 and frothing to a stop,

And the Atlantic, as little
 as I could see, open — only
 A shrimp boat, its booms
 down and seining,
 And Fort Sumter in the sea mist
 like a battleship, ghostly —

And after that, nothing, what
 you'd expect — the pipers
 Skittish, the pelicans
 biding their time
 From way back — and would've walked on
 but a thunderhead backed

Me around and
 scattered showers —
 Warm, soothing, without
 intention — on my head.
 You must have smiled to
 see me faster

Returning than leaving,
 trailing storm clouds
 As melodramatic as any
 I could have called up
 On a dare, on my own,
 as a fool,

But didn't. Sometimes
the right thing happens.
Sometimes you can get away
with saying
A word like "forever,"
even two days running.