

## **Nantucket**

Rain slices fog,  
And I watch it  
Through the steam of my coffee  
And the smoke of my cigarette.

By grey house siding  
The windsurfer stands alone,  
Its sail furled.  
I can't hear the foghorn sound.  
Are the steamers safe?  
I imagine them sinking  
Into swollen sea,  
And passengers  
Drowning.

In Nantucket  
People are eating quiche  
And warm roast beef sandwiches  
For lunch.  
I sip the caramel liquid in my  
Coffee cup.  
Rain slices fog.  
Fog horn sighs.

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