

Fallow Days

(c) 1999–2003 by Paul Turner

When the view from a bridge
was a long jump, and November days
not nearly so round as June's,

My head wrapped in a past that swam
through kind filters, my sensibilities
caught in reliving it all one more time.

Seven months to the day though,
the sun returned to intensity,
freeing tangled thoughts in my harbor.

Now come fall when the sun lowers in the sky,
I mourn for lost dogs,
Not for me, out-of-sorts.

Twenty minutes day by day at the light box,
it's like summer: starboard helm, starboard mainsail.
Tempting fate, sailing by the lee.