

## *Seascape Remembered*

Circling the mad Contessa, birds  
Shattered the sunlight in the first  
Day's telling of her stories, round  
Our small befuddled heads, beyond  
The lights of yet a second day  
And three and six and seven days  
Of telling, and the light now drew  
Around and down to greens and blues  
And deepened slowly, slowly whirled  
To purples, and the summer blurred,  
And the mornings darkened and shrank until  
One morning that flapped and flapped at her shawl  
Like a small bird of smallest light  
Panting against the dark. We cried  
And scurried home. That day's abrupt  
Injunction fell: and now we kept  
Our mornings where the beach was rimmed  
By heaps of rock, but often climbed  
To see her smiling on us all  
Under the flapping of her black shawl.

HENRY RAGO