

Gordon Preston

Windjammer

The first sight
above Salt Creek
the ocean a mix
of dark colors
to answer back
the topping whitecaps
from the wind.
Somewhere
she stands in a doorway
as I quicken my pace
with the tempo
of the sun
loosing light
my travel north
highway 1.
This is how I know
the wool pea coat so well
I hug to myself
and imagine
rolling the roadside
without care.
Sometimes
I even come close
to the hush
before the surf

collapses upon air
like sound
curled over
in a wave.
Everything I say
now frozen
like purple clouds
I was remembered
once
I was told
a walk between points
in her sleep.
I find myself
turning
to climb down
not far from the noise
of road
to the saltfoam
of the tide coming
the sea cliffs above me
and the sails
like wings beyond my voice
are alone
I swim to them
through the evening sky.