

Redwood Patio

There was the coolness
Of afternoon, the kiss
Gentle on the cheek
The smell of eucalyptus pulling
The wanderers home.
On the kelp-stacked shore
Hot in the pounding surf
Lips with the sun's desire
And peach blossoms scattered
Sweetness and song in the sudden
Gusty sweep of wind and eyes
And fingers grasping grasping
As the sun slid west.

Bolinas

JAMES B. CRAGG