

Pilings

Once-trees from another shore stand in formation, salt-pickled, fog-softened, caressed by the ceaselessly moving sea. What ships once rested against them? What fuel barrels, artillery shells, cans of meat, woolen socks, adrenaline-filled boys were unloaded here, delivered onto mucked-up tundra? In the after-silence, what gray-winged gulls, what song-infused sparrows lightered their own loads here, seeding a peace?

-- N. Lord