



Torres Canyon

My eyes open.
A cool dawn wind crosses my face.

Overhead are great oaks
against a pale sky.

The redwood deck is old, splitting, rough with splinters, grey,
covered in sharp, hard, dead oak leaves.

It is silent.
But there is a light, faint sound in the silence,
the sea breaking a mile below.

Gold sun touches the ridge across.

I listen.

Then a blue jay shrieks,
sharp, twice.

April 25, 2000

***Torres Canyon,
1932***

Gui Mayo

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