

The Great Fog
July 31, 2020

The harbor lights are blanketed,
the moored bells muffled and silent;
no gulls, no sea lions, no lapping of waves;
rather than stealthily creeping,
the fog oozes
and enwraps
and chokes.

Nothing dares to move for fear of disrupting
the nervous and tenuous tide.

How close is the shore?
How far off am I from the breaking waves which,
eerily,
cannot be distinguished.

Strange, there is no recognition of depth
or movement of any wave
or of anything tangible.

I call out into the gray void
and my voice does not travel or echo.

It falls.
It sinks.
It drowns.