Hearing the Fog

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HEARING THE FOG

A heron brushes blue over the marsh in a paleness of wings.

I sit barefoot in a fog that I hope will lift before evening.

A leopard frog spreads green into a pond that lays a clear table for the reeds.

A red-winged blackbird spills out into song. He is hidden in a fog that I hope will lift before evening.

A gray rabbit is confused in the haze and does not see me.

I look for you through a fog that I hope will lift before evening.

There is a sweetness of sand-cherries leaping invisible from the south.

A killdeer smothers the stillness warning a stranger from her nest. And I wade through a fog that I hope will lift before evening.

/Wind Stories on the Water/

Walking down the dirt hill gravel catches at my bare feet between the branches of my toes. Milkweeds are growing green butterfly-wing-lit-leaves as the sun breaks out bold into an ancient day.

Through the streets of Bluffton sand scratches across pavement. I look into the gardens, I recognize each flower. I look into the windows, I know every wallpaper pattern, front door, mantle and broken step.

Every mailbox, child at a window, bicycle, dog and porch swing that is visible is familiar. The cement knows the soles of my feet and the old tune I am whistling. This is a place of growth, of growing old and of refusal.

Around the curve, the beach leaps out to welcome any eyes. There are swingsets, breakwalls, lighthouses, and many coins and more sifted down between years of sand. There are sea birds flinging in the wind. There are wind stories on the water.

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