

1998

Squall

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Squall

Moist fingertips
inch over and around the mounds of pines
that separate Eggemoggin Reach
from Walker Pond.
And a far-off air horn sounds
one
two
three
short blasts.
A striking purple *strato nimbus*
against a bright noonday sky
tumbles
just above the delicate ripples—
tickling their tops
into white-capped submission.
And we flee,
transforming the boathouse
into our bomb shelter
that preserves
(for a moment)
the sound of shuddering leaves on the roof
and the scent of warm, dry wood
until bedlam pervades
the tentative clangs and dings of halyards.

—Georgia Riepe '02