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In Edgartown, Drunk, Stranded in the A.M.

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Karen Kearney

In Edgartown, Drunk, Stranded in the A.M.

The sun rose early on those summer mornings in June,
 slowly eating away the mist that clutched
Chappaquiddick, as we lay under cotton,
huddled in sleep.

Tenants in an A-frame absent of heat,
we would lumber from white rest,
breathing in the final remnants of the liquored night.

I suppose we never minded the fact that we drank too
much too often and too long into the night,
making a habit of missing the Edgartown ferry
that would take us across the inlet
to our cold, unfurnished home.

Navigating a stolen rowboat to a shore barely seen,
we'd carve ripples from blackness —
our faces reaching upwards to touch the haze
of a starless and obsidian sky.

Falling onto tender sands,
forgetting the rowboat or its possible owner,
we'd pierce the onyx air with our laughter —
desiring stars,
another beer,
and some slight bit of passion to write home about.