

When Quoddy Head Falls into the Sea

KARL FOSS

It does not mean the world is about to end.
Go inland, where the black of water and sky separate.
Lie among ferns and squirrels scampering for acorns.
There, peer past the canopy of branches
as the dark gives way to pane-glass colors of dawn.
You will see each dew-drop becomes a rainbow
and the caterpillar dances inside its chrysalis.
At that time, you shall realize
it is right not to mourn for me.