

Island Time

TERESA FAIRLESS

Carry a sunset in your pocket,
let the beam break a seam.
Sand and sea glass tumble out
back onto the pavement.
Black asphalt glittering in dinnertime sun.
Pick it up with sunscreen-fingers,
kick it with bare calloused feet.
Bike home, classic rock as GPS.

On Island Time,
the tick tick tick of the tide clock
Is swept away by Dad
singing barbeque music, shucking clams.
Measure time in tide changes,
popsicle-melt, slices of watermelon.