

Closures

MARGARET B. INGRAHAM

*A grandmother's death, he said, put
final parentheses around my youth.*

Your family homestead is so far
away and yet the forecast is clear
that today and tomorrow a slow sun
will rise on low tides in Key West
while outside another remnant
of frail pipers will skitter to print
a fine crescent line in the wet sand.
Late winds and then high tides again
will smooth those impressions out.
But broad smiles will always be
fixed across the faces of the pelicans
and the sundry dreamers on that shore.