2004

They say the Oswego sky is most beautiful in the dying light

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Cover Page Footnote

This poem is available in The Angle: http://fisherpub.sjfc.edu/angle/vol2004/iss4/17
They say the Oswego sky is most beautiful in the dying light

We stroll the rocky beach
Looking up and out to the lake
Sky, more blue and vast
Than the dark foamy waters
Joined and separated by a horizon
Pink in the lingering memory of day
The breeze passes through the
trees to our left, mingling
With the sound of waves
And our promises
Echoing off the bluffs
We wash each other’s hair
In water that is deceptively
Cold, almost freezingly so
Under the warm summer air
You and I, tomboy and boy
Beyond his years
Seeing in the shallowness
Of that water
Our future,
Denied through unspoken lies
We don’t say goodbye as we walk
Cautiously back to where the truck was parked,
Passed the dead fish left from the summer upwelling,
The dark amber fragments of broken beer bottles
From famous parties nobody remembers,
Over the sharp deciduous roots on the trail
That leads away from the lakeshore