

# The Catch

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## Ghazal on a Raw Day

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*none (retired)*

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**Ghazal on a Raw Day**

Now the rain, now the wind, then fiercely together,  
now round, battered stones on the crushed beach.

Now gulls tenaciously over the surf,  
beating against the wind and spray.

Now the flickering minnows in the tide-pool ponds  
in rock crevasses where the sea reached highest.

Now darting, now hiding, abandoned by the ocean,  
each seeking shelter in the least shadow.

Now fractured air and cold, gray waves  
breaking over the rock-strewn shore.

Pack up your thoughts, your beliefs, O poet;  
Take them to safety inside—now!

[The beach, Roque Bluffs State Park, Roque Bluffs, Maine]