

7-3-2018

Ghazal on a Raw Day

Gerald George
none (retired)

Follow this and additional works at: https://digitalcommons.library.umaine.edu/the_catch

Recommended Citation

George, Gerald (2018) "Ghazal on a Raw Day," *The Catch*: Vol. 6 , Article 5.
Available at: https://digitalcommons.library.umaine.edu/the_catch/vol6/iss1/5

This Poetry is brought to you for free and open access by DigitalCommons@UMaine. It has been accepted for inclusion in The Catch by an authorized administrator of DigitalCommons@UMaine. For more information, please contact um.library.technical.services@maine.edu.

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]