

THE GREEN DOOR

A dream of a home with a garden
hydrangeas bleed into the sea
a dream of a home with a green door
and the waves that lap at its floors

Wake up with the wildflowers
chase sparrows from feeder to crest
Gather at dusk, come in with the tide
red wine to warm up the blues
Restless as mice in the floorboards at night
a ghost adrift in the light of the moon

Footprints in mud stain the runners
salt grows thick in rings on the walls
the seas flood the plains, rocks crumble to sand
our fort holds fast only when it exists

Here the foundations are ancient
the hallways an immortal maze
When the waters rush in and the cornerstone falls
the garden we sowed here will bloom