

Ocean Breeze

Here in the valley,
the sycamores toss back and forth
against gray sky, the trees rhythmic turbulence
a leafy echo of great waves assailing a rocky shore.

Beneath our rose-covered archway
the glass bell booms lightly,
mimicking the warnings found at sea.

Outside, I stand on the concrete step,
pull in the freshness of the air,
a reprieve from heat and dust.

Suddenly, what I yearn to do
is send you the insistent rustling of our trees,
the way salt water reaches even those of us
who live so far inland.

—Theresa McCourt