

The Boy In The Red Jacket

The boy stands alone
at water's edge colored bold
against October's dismal gray
peering across
white-tipped breakers
to a distant buoy warning
danger
also coated red
Wind-surfers cross
his field of vision
unspoken silence passing
between the two
His black dogs unconcerned
splashing in the surf
enticing him
to throw a stick join in play
Leaning into winds of fall
a couple stroll
the shore's dampened path
Her eyes upon the dogs
the boy in red
His drawn to a scene beyond
a white plume of rising steam
to twin towers fission rods
man-sustained reaction
heating Erie's waters
its clouds a tocsin
for its fallacy
Chimney twins of former times
still stand on darkened shore
adorned with tanks
fenced in pools of orange
It owners long since gone
to Texas oil and graves
No need to answer now
for mushrooms of birth defects
growing in fields of green
A right arm casts a stick
upon a shallow waters
a left sleeve
fluttering in the breeze
A covenant of unspoken silence
exists
between a buoy and
the boy in the red jacket.