

On Nantucket Sound

LUCY KAUFMAN

Do you recall the morning on Nantucket Sound
when white wind whipped our sails against the August sun,
when we stood tanned and laughing, loving the sea, and bound
for any port or none?

Do you recall that out from the tiny towns which lay
along the coast, came salty strangers seeking cod,
tanned and laughing as we, plundering the bay
with net and fishing rod?

Do you recall that when the west waxed pink again
homeward we turned the tiller, and as we came around
with sails set full for shore, lights flashed from a world forgotten
on Nantucket Sound?