

## A dawn's swim to the uninhabited island

*by Erika T. Lersch*

Fort Slocum.  
Deserted of human existence  
Large brick buildings  
centered a park with trees.  
Rows of abandoned stores that are not sold out.  
Antiques For Sale

no sun, gray

Three statted mannequins in wedding gowns  
dim with dust and aged webs

A house, a room, stairs, and yet  
another room.  
Opened shutters to a wonderful view.  
I pierce out.  
Other rooms have a better view,  
I must show it to someone.

Approaching the upstairs door,  
entering to see a window straight ahead  
a portrait to the left,  
a man, a captain  
a ghost.  
He appears, not startled am I  
older than his portrait  
I leave

To the rowboat I go, accompanied  
still dim  
gray, clouding  
the dock is decrepit, the boat old  
a canoe that tips and flips  
I struggle.

Destination arrives.  
invisible and secret, spattered pieces of broken  
glass to barefoot natives.