

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.