

READING EMILY BRONTË BY LONG ISLAND SOUND

Life is short & art is all & the day is dazzling,
a glassine surface,

the clouds a mottled counterpane. The view
splays blue, ring-billed gulls parse the tide.

No lark or heather-bells,
just pages where the seasons swing.

You walked away from village chatter,
toward the waterfall's campaign,

up moorland hills where a wind beat
a path through grass. Such license in stolen

afternoons where you saw hidden constellations—
the silver trail of snails, a fistful

of bees roused from sleep. Your dress was a welter
of thunder clouds and lighting bolts—

Today I'm gauze and flutter sleeves. Would you
say the here and now's a horizon

to eternity? An ancient ice-sheet engineered
this estuary, a sheltered

tide that slows the pulse—one mercy
in a warming season.