

Return

by Hazem Tagiuri

We head home, skirting along the coast,
humble before catapulting waves;
the lighthouse near invisible
if not for a single band of red.

The sea becomes veiled by industry
and our marvels are man-made:
a sunken streak of ashen clouds
merely ghosts from the smokestacks.

I turn from the rain-streaked window,
pry open my book with a sigh.
Unfurling in the dense warmth,
we murmur a grace for this shelter.

