

BAR ISLAND

Lee Evans

The road that disappears beneath the tide,
The road upon the sand bar that extends
From town across the bay to the island—
At certain times of day your wheels can drive
Where whelks crawl and the ruddy lobsters thrive;
And you can park upon the farther shore,
Beside a sign that warns lest you ignore
The moon-conducted waters when they rise.
Consider the experience of two
Green tourists, who in their expensive jeep
Parked in between the islands, where twelve feet
Of Frenchman's Bay had gone to sea: They rued
The day they kayaked out to some far place
And back again, to lose their parking space.

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