

New England Nostalgia

Born by the sea, my parents were transplants
Lured west on the trade wind of war.

Hybrid, I ripened daily in Coronado sunlight
Baby toes griping the warm Pacific sand

Cooled by a comforting mist at night
Foghorns crooning their strange lullaby.

Suddenly a tsunami _ Pearl Harbor burst wide open.
Bombs landing, everybody scrambling to survive.

Threw me towards a strange, cold shore distant, different.
There was no room left for Raggedy Ann.

Nobody cared where you were from, this was wartime.
Holding our breath, ration stamps, scarcity a future on hold.

Back to California in summer 1946 (peace at last).
Life was again calm, unnoticed, commonplace.

So I became educated, domesticated, and soon procreated.
My alien Yankee DNA thus was replicated.

Too soon middle age came a'callin and the riding was rough
on that whirlwind named uncertainty.

Dazed, I broke away for shallow roots were shriveling.
Drifting north I came to Oregon, and now rest by the sea.

Each day I muse, seeking answers, ancestors, some new place to belong.
Miss their stories, the headstones, each graveyard, bare or overgrown.

Perhaps longing for the comfort of that land I've never known.

by Sally D

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