Hurricane

And there the sea chewed
soap-toothed, ragged as humbuckers
through Marshall stacks, sloshing
near the CASH ONLY booth
we hunkered in, plywood and tin
in front of Pop's Souvenirs.

"My God,"

I prayed to him, "Surf's up." Salt
spotted plexiglass. My voice kazooed
in the resonant box. But the Old Man
forgave. Seeing the gray foam
curling, we knew we'd lost the Fair
on the belly-pale thigh of beach,
the Harley.

And would we be forgotten?
And what, what if the moon rose?

W. H. GREEN