

## 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