

Poetry Porch: Poetry

To a Guillemot

By Richard Dey

Jet black, with a white oval patch on each wing,
pointed bill, and short tail,
and, most astonishingly, bright red feet,
the guillemot lifts aloft on short wide wings.

A sailor, I am riding a lift
and feeling misplaced here and cold,
when this odd duck catches my eye;
in passing, I watch it circle back and dive.

A tough auk that thrives in the Arctic,
this counterpart to the flying fish
swims with its wings under the ice cap
for minutes at a time, months on end.

O guillemot! Auk with the bright red feet,
your southern range off mid-coast Maine
borders my northern as we meet
in search of what only the sea can say.