

*Sandcastle Guarded by a Cicada Shell*

The rowboat is slapped by the harried lake.  
The oars bob and beckon out of reach  
as the storm pulls the drapes. Today  
the future isn't what it used to be.

The emptied house a bell, the screen door  
the clapper. Crossing the porch takes a week,  
the yard a year. Only a second before . . .  
The future isn't what it used to be.

A Cool Whip tub and two toy shovels  
rebuke the voices that startle the geese.  
Beneath the water the future aches to show  
it isn't what it used to be.