

Clam Fires

by Gary Zmolek

English, Sr.

Upon the turning, tern-shouldered shore
Huddled, crackling, driftwood-dying
Spoutfires, tiny spots of light
Spit little fires for warming hands.
More dark than dazzling, these divided sparks
That welcome, specks that promise heat.
Something is spiritual in these flames;
It is there with the wave's purling, the anemone,
And the floating of the sand, the sandpiper's flight,
The silent, unseen shifting of the tide.

Like the last, ceremonial sighs of salty breath
The flames of the diggers flicker in the dusk.