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like
Oh, two tall poles: drive north and you
might get towed
I go to Nahcotta Boat Basin to watch oys-
ter transfer
The arm of the crane swings and loads the
truck
At the precision as a crewman moves like
a dancer
My attention is diverted by the antics of a
diving duck
I could go on but ...

Bracelet

BY REBA OWEN

In a drawer the bracelet of sea grass
you made for me
is silken with time,
as is the memory of that summer day
between the hummocks in the dunes,
the breeze sailing the sea grass,
their tips making
repetitive arcs
on the sand.
The sun was rich on our skin.
The sea clouds were spinning images
of nymphs and serpents and dragoons
in the cumulus thunderheads.
The bracelet still has specks of silicate,
small flashes of light,
a microcosm of sunlight sunlight
scattered on salt water.

A Rare Day

BY JANICE THOMPSON

Sweet comfort breathes into the eaves
Imbuing all who dwell
Within this gentle hostelry
With peaceful ease as well.
A subtle breeze begins to tease
The window's wispy veil
While white waves breach the sunlit beach
And otters ride their swell.
Enveloping and nurturing
Composed to sooth and quell
This all too precious rarity
Consumes me with its spell.

Beach

BY DIANE HANKINS

Summer fog blends into ocean waves



Hailey Hoffman/The Astorian

People enjoy the warm weather at Sunset Beach during Memorial Day weekend.

Muting sound, making lonesome
The calls of gulls.
Firm sand gleams darkly wet against
Softer shades of driftwood.
At peace in solitude, I walk the beach,
Breathing the ocean wind.

Itching for Summer

BY JAMES A. TWEEDIE

When spring has sprung and days are
warm
Is when mosquitoes like to swarm.
There is a wetlands on my street
Where skeeters, with their tiny feet
And tiny wings, emerge and fly
Straight over to my house where I
Get bitten on my face and hands,
Which every person understands
Is one of the few minor bummers
That spoil our else-wise perfect
summers.

Gardening is Grand

BY JOHN R. BENSON

Gardening is healthful, or so I've been told.
Then why in the heck does it make me feel
old?
My hands are arthritic, my back is a wreck.
Getting up off my knees is a pain in the
neck.
Sometimes I wonder if I should just stay in
my chair,
Let nature do what it wants and not have a
care.
But though I am aching and often
perplexed,
I'll keep on in my garden to see what pops
up next.
Oh, gardening is fun, gardening is grand.
It helps bring more beauty all over the
land.
And though it gets harder we don't mind
at all,

We must tend our gardens, for that is our
call.
When I was young, my gardens were great!
The neighbors would come and peer
through my gate.
I could spend the whole day, down on my
knees,
Then could stand back up straight as sure
as you please.
When I matured I'd slowed down a bit,
I'll have to admit that I wasn't as fit.
But my gardens did well and still won the
prize;
My flowers so bright they'd dazzle your
eyes!
Now that I'm old, I've slowed down a lot.
A very small garden is all that I've got.
But don't you feel sad, for I still feel the
joy!
The wonders of growing, you can never
destroy.
Oh, gardening is fun, gardening is grand.
It helps bring more beauty all over the land.
And though it gets harder we don't mind
at all,
We must tend our gardens, for that is our
call.
Someday I know my gardens will end,
I will get to the point where my body won't
mend.
And when I am gone, I want you to know,
I'm happily pushin' up daisies from six feet
below.

Oh, gardening is fun, gardening is grand.
It helps bring more beauty all over the
land.
And though it gets harder we don't mind
at all,
We must tend our gardens, for that is our
call.

Astoria Memory 1961

BY KATHY LAUGHMAN

I was lying in the grass
on a summer afternoon,
My face turned to one side.
The touch of cool green.
The smell of earth.
The grass tickling my nose.
A little creature out for a stroll,
Shaded by blades of green
that parted,
as he sauntered by.
I was Gulliver
visiting another world.

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