Wordfest presents





~ poet and editor ~

George David Clark

excerpt from "Boat of Lights" I've been out walking at night and low tide, considering the beach complicated with driftwood, how the sea loosens its grip

on a shore. But more than that I've been considering the book the wind's been proposing to write in me.

On one page the languid nod of cattails in the marsh answers yes. And yes and yes to anyone's ultimate question.

On another, over the dry littoral zephyrs tow their sheer lace curtains of sand. Veiling me and unveiling me again.

Wed, Sept 11th 7:00-8:00 p.m. Brauer Museum of Art VUCA