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## Fresh Harbor

Mary Dengler  
*Dordt College*, [mary.dengler@dordt.edu](mailto:mary.dengler@dordt.edu)

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# Fresh Harbor

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*Mary Dengler*

The harbor, Dana Point, assailed  
then drew me toward its dazzling whites  
and blues, its sparkling greens,  
as fresh as summer laundry drying in the wind  
or still-boxed crayons to a child who dreams  
of drawing sunlit islands girdled by the sea  
and overhung with forests wild inhabited  
by unknown folk.

A chop of shooting lights,  
and whites of countless gunwales  
drew me toward the water-walks,  
away from morning latte crowds  
who'd settled under green umbrellas  
under sun-lit clouds,  
a mastiff or a brace of poodles at their feet,  
a baby stroller at their side,  
a child with dripping ice-cream  
chasing screaming gulls and pigeons  
out of reach.

The rustling whites and wedge-wood blues  
of sails folded, knotted  
on the sparkling decks  
reclaimed the latent child,  
enfolded, boxed, and knotted deep inside,  
and drew her toward Ulyssean seas,  
her gray hair curling in salt spray.

Refreshed, she walked past  
Lotus-eaters, Lastrygonians, Cyclops,  
Sirens, Circe, and false gods,  
then circled back with haste  
toward home and new horizons  
just beyond her grasp.

The restless harbor, fresh  
with winds and straining boats, inclines  
prophetic hearts more than a distant sail—  
still holds the drawing of an hour  
with fresh impossible designs.