

Sketch

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Article 3

Fog

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Fog

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Abstract

the wind was a puddle hovering an ocean but breezes swirled into a saffron sponge...

at least tried to. You'll need your rest, son. Tomorrow'll be a long day."

Fred Barker would be there any minute. Tom was about ready to leave. Mom hugged him desperately, keeping the tears checked and her voice steady.

"It's only until next Easter, Mom—at the most. At the rate they're going now, I'll have my 100 missions over *before* then. I'll be home before you know it."

"Just be home in time for Easter. We'll all get together again then."

"That's right, so don't worry."

"Tom, can I have one of your medals?"

"Yeah, Susie Q, you can have them all."

The car pulled up.

"Take care, son." Father's and son's hands fused together and held.

"I'll see you at Easter. So long for now."

"Until then . . ."

The car coasted down the street until it turned the corner, no longer visible to the group left standing in the driveway.

fog

—*mary-lynn barker*

I.S.U., 1968

the wind was a puddle
 hovering an ocean
 but breezes swirled
 into a saffron sponge.
 it washed the sea
 closer into closer
 until only red lights clung
 to the gatetip
 and bargehorns guarded
 a fretful silence.