

I had Nassau Point
By Hélène Farrar

I had Nassau Point
opening all the windows
to breathe slowly
to walk the round pebbled beach
and the perimeter of this seahorse shaped land.

The yearly descent of
warm dinners with red Long Island wine
boiled sweet corn on the cob
and insides warm
with love for my grandmother.

Her little dances to waltzes
to the irregular, hungry cassette player
in the kitchen
wearing her stained white apron
on her petite five foot frame.

I had Nassau Point
opening all the doors
to grow slowly
to live the years with gentle family
and awakening to an warm sunrise.