

WILLIAM CORDEIRO

Evening

Warped dunes indent
before they smudge
& then eclipse into the dwarf
pine. Unchaperoned,
the clouds' flamed
underbellies prowl.

For hours now
I've failed to paint the sea's faint edge,
its wash of sun-bled residue. Clockwise above,
the terns are killing it. I mean, they're
killing

time. A nimbus brushes every tip
as valleys slant away. Beach grass
italicizes. I swish my muddled
glass. I come to terms
with blue & umber, cobalt, gesso,
Dioxazine, viridian, & every varied hue
of mauve within the movement of each
cruel wave —
the ne plus ultra
of ultra-
marine
that's ravishing this shore's
gray monochrome.
More sludge
crests up.
Spume & wrack;
flume & foam.

Each sud has bleared the nearer distance. Over-
cast dayglow.

&
yes, all summer's wasted. I am, too.



The deerflies taste my blood.

A year, skipped
stones, sky's blush — hell, nothing
changes, night coming on at last.

One corner still remaining, a spit
of canvas that I'll stain & lavish.

Small light I've made my own.

WILL CORDEIRO has work appearing in *Best New Poets*, *Blue Earth Review*, *Nashville Review*, *Poetry Northwest*, *Zone 3*, and elsewhere. He teaches in the Honors College at Northern Arizona University.

