February at Ocean Shores

A motel sits at the town edge—
driftwood-lined walkways and
chipped sand dollars—wind tugging
at the power lines, tearing
branches from nearby pines.

Two brothers left their rain jackets behind—
discarded on the worn out carpet
under old prints of Monets
in faded spring colors—
and now they sprint
across hard sands, through
salt water, and blink
green eyes turned pale by storm light—
rejoicing in numb feet,
numb bodies—
shouting at distant lightning
instead of
absent fathers.