At the Station

The sky children tumble in
on the dawn wind
and pummel the boats and houses
with their hard little fists and heels,
their cheeks ruddy
with the joy of destruction.
See how they laugh and turn
these words upside down,
flailing, helpless,
while the new moon holds up
the old moon in its arms,
exhibiting the beauty
of arrivals and departures?

—Patricia Corbus
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Patricia Corbus’s poems have appeared in various reviews including the Madison Review, Paris Review, and the Georgia Review. Her collection Ashes, Jade, Mirrors was published by Word Press. She has a master's degree from UNC–Chapel Hill and an MFA from Warren Wilson College. She lives in Sarasota, Florida, and has loved poetry for as long as she can remember. Email her at pacorbus@aol.com.