

Poems

By Adam Day



Sitting Silence

Some wake
and think

the wolves
are wolves.

Or maybe
foxes. Blood

close to right.

Castoff Light

The city waiting; simple war
valleys. Stranger on hold,

hands in pockets. Looking
for something alone, looking

sometimes for people.

Alloyed Love

Hermit crab scrabbles
in doubt, orchestrating

tides, the moon
calls the inlet's banks.

Cold wind, still legs
dig. Yours, mine.

Image: "[The Hermit](#)" (CC BY 2.0) by [blondinrikard](#).