

## Out of Gas

The door to the cabin's musty garage  
creaks open, and in the early light  
a faded twin-hull Bayliner,

perched on concrete blocks  
and wrapped in silky webs,  
sighs a stranded note in a minor key

about waves and water skis, Grandpa Holm's  
fishing pole, Adolph's tackle box,  
Fourth of July, excited children

and blue vinyl seats  
have cracked wide open, revealing  
a dusty refrain of yellow foam rubber.

By Arlin Buyert