

Coney Island Hymn: Shore

Glen Nelson

They clap their hands together
and shout out
and sing the same song

They rise up and sway with the tide
Arms reach up
to clouds while

their own bare feet dangle
to scrape bottom
and make tornadoes of sand and salt

You sit where probing waves
nearly reach
your tanned toes

and hum the same song
And you think
that if you could either slide

quickly in with them
and sing out
or race to the Boardwalk

it would be better than sitting there
poised for worship
in a dry swimsuit

In addition to poetry, GLEN NELSON has recently published essays and interviews in regional magazines. His texts for an opera and a cantata will be performed this year in New York City and Pittsburgh respectively.