

Carolyn Mallory

Data-less

Fourth day of fog.

We wake,
peer outside the cabin
and resign ourselves
to thick, gray, opaque
fog.

Back to bed
into the downy nest cavity.

Another hour – it's my turn to check,
fog slides in the door as I try to look out.
We rise.
Knit, read, write, snooze, wait.
And wait.

The day wears on.
Cliff's edge remains swallowed up–
cotton batting.
No data today.

The fog lifts
beyond the outhouse.
The valley opens up
to the pale gray sea.

Boots,
jacket,
gear,
gun...

The outhouse is gone.