

The HOWL

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Waterfront/Burnside Tavern

Paul Davis

Walking down the waterfront
The morning dew drops covering the grassy, mossy landscape
Smelling the earthy air
The smell after rain
looking up admiring the sea of trees above
The sun peeking behind the tree leaves
The buildings standing tall in the back
Everything is so vivid
Falling to the ground eyes looking up
Letting the moment consume

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A woman walks down the street
She wore a long red flowing dress
Her thick black ringlets falling behind her
Her pace slow and melancholy
She was holding her purse and was clutching something in her other hand
She walked up to a building and paused
Only one place illuminated
“Burnside Tavern”