

## Sylvia Ashby

### To The Island

Come, sit by me  
and feel the warm sand  
beneath our feet  
Let impatient waves nibble  
a willing shore  
Here, hold these pebbles  
in your hand, each one  
streaked with black and gold  
See how the wind nudges  
white sails, urging them on  
into the glistening blue  
There! Did you hear? Listen:  
A horn haunts the silent air.

Our next and final port  
the Island lies waiting  
far less distant now  
At times drifting upward  
out of the watery realm  
or disappearing again  
into the restless deep.  
That horn? Not ours! Stay awhile  
and linger on the shoreline  
Come, sit by me  
in this fading light--there's time:  
Our sojourn here isn't over  
Not yet.

In the fall, **Sylvia Ashby** enjoyed seeing her adaptation of *Anne of the Green Gables* produced again at her local community theatre; that group presented the original production almost 30 years and 500 productions ago! In addition to plays, she writes poetry (published in lit journals like *Muddy River Poetry Review*), songs, emails, and checks.