

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.