

Cascade

If all the world were indeed a stage
I would trade it for cotton candy clouds
and lying on my back under cherry trees.

The old sky wears a coal-color coat.
I would trade it for a warm blue robe
If all the world were indeed a stage.

I stand silhouetted at the top of barren hill
and look to the last hill I have left to climb.
I would trade it for cotton candy clouds.

I shiver at the unfairness of rain and wind-chill.
wishing for the warmth of love and compassion,
and lying on my back under cherry trees.

***Lou Marin** was born and raised in the western hills of Maine, then spent 20 plus years wandering the country and world in the United States Air Force. He is a published poet and short story writer who now mostly writes faith based devotionals. He lives in Bethel, Maine. His five poetry anthologies, published by Publish America and entitled, “Awash With Words, Old Waves, New Beaches, Whisper of Waves, and Sea To Shining Sea, Version 1 and 2, are available in print and online.*



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