

BLIND PASS IS A BLUE BOWL THAT FILLS WITH SUNRISE,
or is it a mirror held up to the dawn?
Can a bowl hold an ocean,
can a mirror capture the entire sky?
From which stars and gods look
down toward the rust-colored sand,
which itself is miraculous
and numbered in its millions.

Photograph by Alan Maltz

FEEL IT

Visions of the Gulf we love to call home.

BY JESSE MILLNER

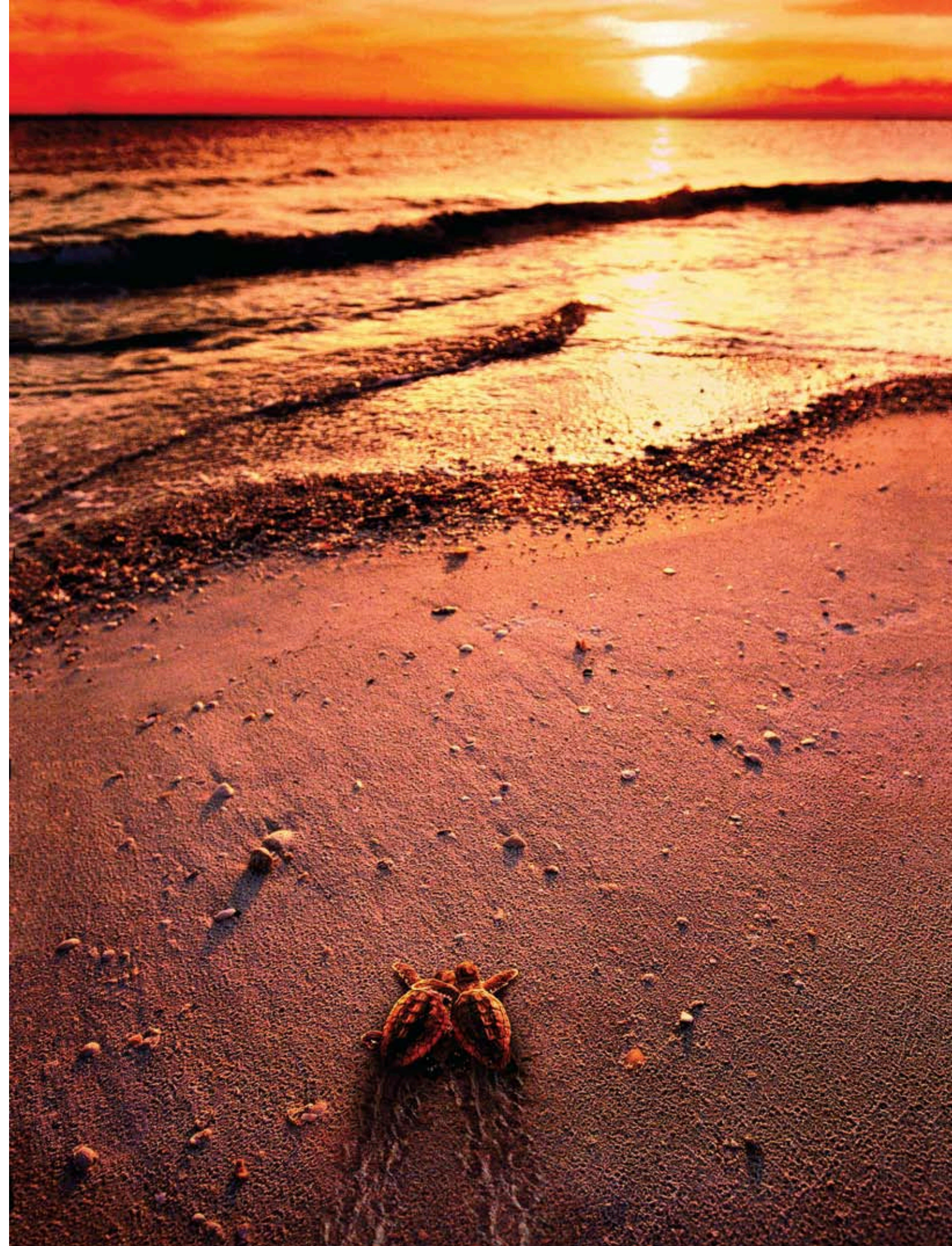


LOVERS KEY, AMPLY DIVINE IN NAME
and this sparkling shell that might
have been the carapace of a fallen angel
or at least the last habitation
of some miraculous sea creature
that lived in the stunned silence
of those cold and heaving depths.
On the edge of our world now,
orange ghost amid the stutter
and sparkle of the sea returning to itself.

Photograph by Alan Maltz

THE DUSK BLEEDS BURNING
sky into the very ocean.
The fallen sky is speaking,
the hatchlings are listening,
yes, already they hear
the very music sunlight becomes
when mixed with fire, salt and water:
natural alchemy. †

Photograph by Alan Maltz



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