

Fog

The summer after fifth grade
warm, wet fog soaked coastal Maine.
It settled over the pines on the point,
rolled into Fish House Cove,
buried Roy's lobster boat,
the red and blue lobster buoys,
the turquoise skiff we called *Splinter*,
tumbled up onto the beach
over the wild roses
over the sumac bushes
and into our cottage home.

That summer the fog moved right in with us.
It seeped into unopened boxes of Cheerios,
Cocoa Puffs, fancy macaroon cookies,
swallowed the salt and the sugar,
slithered across Grandma's braided rug,
and, after a time,
found its way into my bunkhouse closet
to my favorite dress,
the one I wore for class pictures,
and it blossomed
on the coral-colored bodice,
damp and powdery and pale blue.

Born and raised in mid-coastal Maine, HELEN HASKELL REMIEN now lives in Michigan's Upper Peninsula where she and her husband have raised two sons. She received her MA in creative writing from Northern Michigan University and has published a chapbook of poems, *Diving Down*. Presently, she teaches yoga and creativity workshops, performs as storyteller, writes poems and essays, hikes, skis, and kayaks the miles of wilderness near her home, as she travels near and far exploring worlds familiar and unfamiliar.