

THE SCARECROW'S FACE

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We saw you in the dunes; a host for our entry.
You stood, proudly marking our path; a sentinel on our journey.
We met your greeting; charmed by your purpose.

We saw you from a stone's cast; a reminder of our course.
You swayed, defiantly in the wind; a sentry for our visit.
We valued your grit; calmed by your proximity.

We saw you on our backtrack; a guide for our return.
You sloped, pointing the way; an icon for our memories.
We enjoyed your metaphor; cracked-up by your perseverance.

We saw you thrice. Steadfast in your duty.
Our way post; we cheered by your presence.

We saw you on our last day.
You were spent, tattered; an echo of our encounter.

Oh, little rag-doll: What happened to your face?
Was it but days you shouldered that tacked smile?
Boasted a puppy-eyed kindness?

We lamented your collapse; commending your prowess.

Oh, tiny faceless-scarecrow...
Thank you for the tale in our scrapbook.

11/3/2022
(You Know Who You Are)