

Nancy Moss Racusin

The Dowager

On a still November afternoon
blanketed by flat grey clouds,
silver wavelets lap across the quiet harbor.

Too cold for pleasure boats,
tankers already docked,
the harbor sits empty

until two, red, snub-nosed tug boats
push out from shore,
chug toward the harbor mouth.

She has summoned them.
A rust-colored freighter rounds the lighthouse,
stops to inspect her port of call.

Though she braved the open ocean,
she will not enter unaccompanied.
She waits as her courtiers take their places,

one on each side,
to escort her in.
Dignity forbids a greeting.

They all advance
at measured speed.
As they approach her berth,

the attendants shift to starboard.
With gentle pressure, they tuck her in.
The harbor's stillness returns.

After a long career as a Clinical Child Psychologist, primarily caring for individuals on the Autism Spectrum, **Nancy Moss Racusin** began writing poetry. She is a member of the New Haven Chapter of the Connecticut Poetry Society. Nancy is also involved in a number of community activities and spends as much time as possible with her two grandchildren.