

## Crisp Air Blew Fresh into Your Blessed Heart



Crisp air blew fresh into your blessed heart  
Expressed as love dulcet and constant bright  
Dry heath echoed Christina's World of art  
Each day we strolled to Point Cabrillo Light  
We sauntered seaward chatting side-by-side  
Hale bodies greeted grey whale calves that weaned  
Beyond our beacon-swept pacific tide  
Arms-laced we strode while pacing-memory screened  
Our view in New York MOMA, Wyeth's brush-  
Stroked tawny grass, pink frock and black hair blown  
Now Olson's house in Cushing Maine sighs - hush  
Christina's thin hand comforts mine alone  
Confined at walker-home in narrow range  
I shuffle thoughts of misbegotten change