

L I T T L E P R O B L E M



P E T E R F I L K I N S

Longing we say
and by extension
imply duration
we cannot stay

caught as we are
somewhere between
the all apparent
and what we've seen

of storms of harbors
the wind-chopped bay
laced with whitecaps
like macramé

slow to unravel
and fraying seem
knotted with longing
we cannot stay