

Karl the Fog

By Caroline Batchelder

Overnight he creeps in,
loud horns announcing his arrival.
Blocking the sky,
hugging the bay,
and sheltering the city.
From the tip-top of Mount Tam,
all the way to Sutro Tower he resides.
Mysterious and gloomy some might say.
But others rejoice,
as, he makes for the perfect day.
A grey-white blanket,
over the bustling city,
settling everything down.
He covers it as a whole.
So thick you can't see your hand extend,
and landmarks are engulfed.
Just as stealthily as he crept in, however,
he retreats.
The lack of horns let the city's residents know of his departure.
They're all aware he won't be gone for long though,
for this city,
is his home forever.

—*Karl the Fog; resident of San Francisco*