Sailor’s Lament

by J. B. Brickley

I would have been a sailor,
Had the winds of time stood still,
At the helm of a whaling schooner,
Or perhaps on a crabman’s troller,
Had my birth been on the same beam,
With the age of maritime.

I would have been a captain,
With the tradewinds in my face,
In the slashing gales of winter,
Or the quiet calms of summer,
Had the seasons of my lifetime,
Been some centuries ago.

I would have been a seaman,
With my hands upon the mainsheet,
Out to sea at light’s first breaking,
And in port by sun’s red setting,
On those islands of jungle beauty,
With the treasures of the past.

But my hand’s upon the tiller,
Of a sloop of fiberglass,
And I tack through wishful daydreams,
On a little inland lake.
But I would have been a sailor,
Had time but thought to wait.

Another Day

by Joel Johnston

Sadly mistaken for a tortuous
Day. Gloom hangs heavy on the
Silence. A ray of sunlight parts
The clouds. What beauty is known
When reflection is dimmed?
Still, there is hope for he who can
See. Beauty lies not only in
The brightest, but in the dull
as well.