

## VOYAGER

A lonely voyager leaned against the rail  
And scanned the sea and sky.  
He faced the flipant wind and watched the foam dance passionately slow pirouettes  
A flash of cloud-based lightning traced an arc  
Against the blackness of the night.  
A somber roll of thunder sounded  
And furious waves beat the decks,  
A threat to iron bubble hopes of men.  
The voyager drew closer his wind-whipped coat  
And wondered why he sailed a wrathful sea.  
He felt what he sought so near, so thinly veiled  
That he strained to hear a whispered word.  
He heard then: "Insecurity."  
As quickly as it came, the intelligible word returned to cacophonous mystery.  
He studied the word and guessed the truth  
And then he reinterpreted the sound;  
That which he sailed to seek and find, he found.

—GEORGE FULLEN