



sailing

and you pull with
all your might—
the rope burns your
hand
twisting your fingers
and the sail
suddenly billows
and the boat
tips and
rocks
and you are skimming
to the
lapping rhythm of water
over and across
and
you lean back
and let the
water
splotch your face
and the salt
dries on it. . .
arm aching
tipping
rocking
lapping
swinging
breeziness, billowing
and you shriek and scream
and laugh. . .
and there is an
all-penetrating atmosphere
and the wind
carries your voice
far
off. . .

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