

## 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.