

They can't do it out here.

And they **are** scared.

But I'm not afraid. I'm not afraid of insignificance, and I understand that some things can't be understood. I watch the raging, uncontrolled water.

That's enough.

I don't want to master it, or own it, or anything. I don't even want to think. I close my eyes; the night grows colder, the wind more powerful.

Suddenly, I hear a purr. It's low, but it keeps getting louder. I open my eyes and search for the source of the sound. I see nothing. The sound becomes less of a purr and more of a technical grind. It doesn't belong. Not out here with me.

The blue-green beacon touches a shiny spot on the water. I see a yellow, 40 foot Criss-Craft, its small but powerful engine cutting through the rough water. There's a family of four on board, all dressed in matching light blue rain slickers. The father is having a hard time taxiing the boat, across-current, to the breakwater. They all look scared, anticipating the smooth, glassy, controlled area of the breakwater and the boat slips.

I smile.

They wave, but I don't wave back. The back of the boat reads "Windtamer."

Something else catches my eye. The reflection of light off the boat makes another glimmer. It's on my wrist. I look down at the gold Timex on its black leather strap.

And I step back.

## Poem

*by Chris Crane*

You compete with cats,  
resurrecting without fail  
Your arrival is a mystery  
bringing mists, or sheets  
of you  
warm and refreshing or  
chilling to the marrow.  
You wash the residue  
of human touch to a film;  
we lose you to thin air,  
returning to drown  
those who marvel at your maker.