



Drawing by Karl McEntaffer

Nightsail

by J. B. Brickley

Moonlight drifts in ripples
Black waves slosh and sway
The whispers are soft
They are warm
Lulling

Voices hover, distant
Fight passing motors
Fade into murmurs
We sail on
Alone

Night's a soothing blanket
Makes my hands relax
The wind grows quiet
Cares and time
Are gone
Becalmed