

Thoughts from the Stern of a Sailboat

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It is a hypnotizing riddle how
the wake that falls after and behind,
trails off into rippling waves of blue.

Leonine foam rumbles undefined,
surfacing from a source within
the wake that falls after and behind.

I cannot wholly float away; it seems a sin
that responsibility soon must prevail,
surfacing from a source within—

As I breathe into the lee of the wind and sail—
I realize that I am not wholly my own vessel,
that responsibility must as always prevail.

Work is waiting, pieces of my soul I sell.
As the rippling waves churn and divide,
I realize I am not wholly my own vessel.

I wait for my thoughts and stomach to subside.
It is a hypnotizing riddle how,
as the rippling waves churn and divide . . .

. . . my thoughts trail off into rippling waves of blue.