

DEEP BREATH

salt air, lulling balm,
teak, 'nove' varnish,
sun-placid sea calm,
moonglow snuggling mist,
lap of waves—a psalm
spray-mingled, first kiss.

Adrift, upon seas
most melancholy,
fog grey, swelling tense,
tempest-pitched to port—
list next to starboard—
endless churn of sea
shuffled ever leeward.

how long the float?

--J. F. Lowe