

## THE LONG BOAT

When his boat snapped loose  
from its mooring, under  
the screaming of the gulls,  
he tried at first to wave  
to his dear ones on shore,  
but in the rolling fog  
they had already lost their faces.

Too tired even to choose  
between jumping and calling,  
somehow he felt absolved and free  
of his burdens, those mottoes  
stamped on his name-tag:  
conscience, ambition, and all  
that caring.

He was content to lie down  
with the family ghosts  
in the slop of his cradle,  
buffeted by the storm,  
endlessly drifting.

Peace! Peace!

To be rocked by the Infinite!  
As if it didn't matter  
which way was home;  
as if he didn't know  
he loved the earth so much  
he wanted to stay forever.