

castaway

by Kitty Boots

I built the raft with solid planks
and bound it with filaments from the soul
not watertight, you have to have some room to breathe
flow, some give

flexibility to chart a course
correct an error, an unexpected landfall in a squall
the compass rose is but a guide
and stars hide behind clouds too often to be of help

the epiphany at the mast at midnight is not the same at dawn
the lines not as neatly flemished on the deck
the canvas not as white or proud as it was before
and the landfall, not quite as expected

