

Rowboat

by knotty cait

A short poem in response to a rainy day.

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Chapter 1 of 1

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A forlorn little rowboat floats in a weeping cove,
Meeting each sad, lapping wave with a silent hello.
And the clouds that drift across the grey sky
Greet this craft with impending rain.
The wind's natural sighs are mine and mine are its.
This forlorn little rowboat, bobbing in an obscure cove,
Has become my singular means of escape.
The method to freedom, a transport to fantastic realms
Of which I will only create.
My sea passage has been booked.
My forlorn little rowboat, captured by the cove,
Is restrained by loops of chain
Wrapped around an imposing rock.
The boat is my dream, future, and freedom.
The rock is my limited reality. I am chained to it.
The forlorn little rowboat, washed up to shore,
Beckons me to leave and disappear with the tide.

To sail, innocent, into the setting sun,
And to join the ebb and flow of change.
Perhaps we will go, this dream craft and I.