The Harbor

Stephen Dalton

Dominican University of California

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I’ve slid across the bow, slick with settling mist, and dropped through the hatch into the bunk below.

The electric heater hums, cutting the damp chill. The closing daylight fades in the fog darkened windows.

As the boats rock in their slips, water slaps against a hundred hulls and rigging rings on the masts, producing an old salt’s serenade.

With my wheelchair stowed, you fret that I’m marooned. But I have no need to coast anywhere, in this tiny cabin.

I’m content to let the weather settle in, and blanket us away. Visually adrift, we lose the horizon and focus on our first night.

We open the night with talk of sunsets from the stern and personal tempests we each have weathered.

After dinner, we draw close and I feel your tidal pull, sensing in each other a mooring for heart and soul.