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The Harbor

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THE HARBOR

Stephen Dalton

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.