

# He Dreams of a Small Boat at Sea

*by* Gary Hardaway

He dreams again of ocean devoid of shore  
except for that around his island-boat  
so small atop the spread  
of gray-green dark in all directions.

Tonight, the sky's a perfect dome of blue  
punctured by a bright disc of sun  
directly overhead. He doesn't wonder  
as he stares it, eye to eye, unblinking  
and unblinded. He wonders, though,  
what creatures swim beneath  
the sparkling surface of the endless sea.

Yesterday, the sky was midnight blue,  
the moon new, the stars and planets  
distinct pinpoints of light, blue-hued,  
red-hued, yellow-hued and white.  
The pinpoints wouldn't align for him  
in any constellations he could recognize.  
The sea could not be seen but only heard,  
lapping softly at the shiplap hull.

His seas and skies are always calm,  
the waves gentle and the breezes soft.  
No gales or waterspouts, no waves  
the height of palace walls, disturb  
his oarless, tiny, rudderless boat.  
There is only endless water, endless sky.  
He wakens, terrified and with enormous thirst.

