

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 awakens, terrified and with enormous thirst.

