

# castaway

*by* Kitty Boots

I built the raft with solid planks  
and bound it with filaments from the soul  
not watertight, you have to have some room to breathe  
flow, some give

flexibility to chart a course  
correct an error, an unexpected landfall in a squall  
the compass rose is but a guide  
and stars hide behind clouds too often to be of help

the epiphany at the mast at midnight is not the same at dawn  
the lines not as neatly flemished on the deck  
the canvas not as white or proud as it was before  
and the landfall, not quite as expected

