

I am the Ship

by Mario Perez

I'm the vessel that'll sniff out the wharf's of old,
they call me bold for bounding seas,
they whispers rumors of my unstable ease,
what's a life without vanishing into the falling pink fold,

Ululating tides spray brisk bounties of water on board,
squabs with new wings spread gloriously painting the blue canvas
above,
a mast torn by zephyrs harshly bashing me forward,
gripping the banister awaiting the fading light to recede toward
the underworld,

I'm skipping across these emollient waters staring at a tenebrous
space

spreading like green wildfire dancing along tangentially, a lace
across its face

fleering at my peripatetic soul tattooed along my heart with two
soft sails,

I can't fail sidling through the fugue until I've docked on
an abundant land,

not counting sheep instead counting stars and collecting them
and creating tales

of those lost times between alleys where I heard
those vivacious jazz bands.

I am the ship that seeks a shimmer solace,
innately bound to move toward places south of the sun.

