

Block Island Sound

by Robert Salley

We left the port and motored our way through Block Island Sound, with seagulls following in the slipstream of twenty knots. They circled in beautiful and brilliant patterns in a blue summer sky. She slept on the bench and I silently begged for her to open her tired eyes, stand next to me by the railing, lean over the edge to watch the water race away, like thoughts of tomorrow we needed to leave behind in the wake of rough waters.

I watched her hair dance in the wind and saw how it made her look young, again. So young I had to look away, where I saw a man sitting on the stern side. He had five bags which he constantly moved to the left and to the right. I wanted her to witness this. I wanted her to see his mustache and his belly uncovered, sunburned and starched. I wanted to invent his story with her.

But she slept. Or wanted to pretend she was sleeping to avoid conversation; To avoid seeing all of these things I saw.

"We need to talk," she said two days ago.

But now her voice is meddled with day-to-day instances of friends, interviews and doctors' appointments. So I'll wait for her to clear all burden from her head and feel the ocean move us. Stand up, walk over to me and kiss me as we glided through open water.

