



Adrift

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On the first day of our journey
dark clouds appear on the horizon
The possibility of a storm,
a distant, yet powerful tempest
First time at sea, my legs shake from fear

We drift apart from time in this undulating, gray world
It has been minutes, hours, days, or perhaps years
since we first shook hands
And I, not knowing what else to do
let you take the helm

Each time this jagged shore comes into view,
with its rocks and hidden shoals,
the tides and waves pull us closer
Yet we tack and jibe, and trim our sails
attempting to retreat to the open sea

I scream back at the howling wind
I will not let it define me,
or control my destiny
But, no matter our efforts,
the storm pushes us toward this craggy shore

Our journey has ended in wreckage and ruin,
yet I place no blame or fault upon you
Lying breathless amongst the broken timbers,
I thank you for your relentless efforts, and you,
You fill your eyes with salty tears.

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