

Sailing

Sailing.
I hear the waves lapping against my boat.
It is just me.
It is magical.
The glossy water is now wrinkled by the wind,
Like a blue tablecloth that was never ironed.
Seagulls soar overhead,
calling from way up there,
to their friends.
The wide open sea greets me like home.
All I see is the glare of the sun,
the depths of the water,
the blue of the sky.
I hear the luff of my sail,
the call of the seabirds,
and my small wake bubbling behind me.
The wind makes my eyes water.
I smell salt spray,
and fuel from a passing fishing boat.
This feels like nothing I've done before.
Only the giant grey-green abyss,
and me.
It's a new world.
Fish splashing,
Sail flapping.
The sea mixes itself all together,
like making a cake.
Only this is better.
Just the wind,
the waves,
and my sailboat
alone
in
the
ocean.