

# ADRIFT

Micah James

By myself  
On these seas  
We promised to sail  
Together. But then you  
Turned your bow from mine  
And coasted away, leaving one  
Tiny boat behind. Ships have passed,  
But none board, seeing no waving sail to  
Beckon them. They go on by. The mast is bare,  
A branchless tree, without purpose or heading. So  
Still, I float, drifting further away as I gaze at the sterns  
In the misted distance. But then, all at once, I ask of this  
Bitterness that presses me down: Would I still sail astride  
If you suddenly came speeding back, flying high that flag  
That I knew. No, I don't think that I would. Still, I will miss  
All those coasts that we charted, still surrounded by  
The journeys we've left blank on the page, but now  
It's time to patch up these sails and raise them  
Again, toward those horizons I never thought  
I would reach without sharing the view.  
I'm finished pickling in this piteous  
Brine. Finished blaming the sea  
For the salt in my eyes. See,  
This mast is still standing  
High, my sails folding  
Out to grab hold  
Of the wind  
And fly.