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**Boat Shoes**

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Boat Shoes

Cover Page Footnote

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When we have a destination in mind
The course is set, weather gauged.
When the wind is unfavorable
The sails tighten, we tack.
Making tough maneuvers.
Destination being set,
does that point not, when reached,
seem just as you expect?

When the day is warm and blue
and gentle winds lift
rested sheets
and you sit by the tiller
with an easy hand on the line,
letting the hull point herself,
watching the shoreline,
more easily appreciated.
Knowing uncertainty…
If the breeze only gusts
a bluster,
so be it.
That point where the wind dies,
when night comes,

is the destination.

It cannot be anything
But the sails were filled without you.
And the worth of your seat,
perched just starboard,
you can slip off your shoes.