

Ship of Dreams

Cruising under a bruised night sky
The moon like an eye unwinking through clouds
We stop engines and drift in the enticing current
Warm delicious winds caress us in the dark

Our passage makes gentle waves
Our outline justifies the horizon
We stand by the rail, dreaming together
Wind off the sea fingering our hair

We are the passengers, we are the ship
We are the wind and the gentle waves
And the sea and the eye of the moon and the sky:
The bruised night sky, dappled with our two souls.