Simple

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In the heat of the day
and a plague of house-
flies aboard. We’re
barely moving on flat
water. The air, thick,
pressing. So Steve
sets the whisker pole,
and we wing-on-wing to
catch whatever breeze
there is. Not much.
Now, the waters seem
readable; the cries
of shore birds, speech;
a dragonfly, tethered
at the sheets, perfectly
still, a letter in some
Eastern alphabet aglitter
in the illiterate light.
But it’s only we who doze
amid the sweet profanities
of language; the patient
spaces each word makes
to keep the day in place.
The only story told
will be the one we tell.
About how the temperature
drops suddenly, and the
north goes white; wind
like a hurricane’s backspin
turning us a full three-sixty, the tiller useless. Larry looks like Neptune in the stinging rain, striking sail in the yaw and pitch, shoving loose gear below. The storm jib steadies us now, and the helm responds. The rest of the story's simple. No tricks. Hard north. Well off the reef above Grindstone City, running the troughs of twelve foot curls, their dirty crests breaking over bow and gunwales. Three hours later, our teeth chattering with cold, we surf home on long, voluptuous rollers behind Port Austin's breakwater. The bar, My Brother's Place, you'll love. Warm, first flush of Daniels; the deep-dish pizza. And you'll stay playing pool, late into the night, with the Ukrainian woman and her two teenage daughters. And she'll love the look in your eyes as you tell this story.