

THOMAS JARDINE

Afternoon

Home and tired after another day
trapped at work in official riot,
slapped by sales with hurried lies,
my leftover hours value quiet.

Open windows face harbor and sky,
weekend sailboats tilt on swells,
steely halyards clang aluminum masts
with harsh untimely bells.

Furled sails mimic shrouded wings.
Porthole pupils stare one-way blind.
Moorings resist untenable lines.
Boat names sound randomly assigned.

Sharply cross-lit sailboat hulls,
streamlined, tinted faint gold,
slip past wavelets and seem to sail,
tethered, roped, controlled.

Cafes and restaurants chat and clatter.
Tourists parade the brick promenade.
Stultified endeavors unjustly end,
condemned as ineffably odd.

Workdays waste the good and fair.
Real days are endless afternoon.
Rare days gasp in shocked air
at a daytime crescent moon.

All I want is to stay home,
chair by the window, a year or two,
stare at sunlight on water and sky
and anchored sailboats patient and true.