

Stockton Island, by Marie Zhuikov

I awoke
in sand from sleep
and saw through
a twilight
search lights beam
forth and back
from sailboats moored
for night offshore.

Vague forms slept
nearby.

All of us
beside our purpose:
Superior.

The July night air
was deep –
boundless as the
breeze
whispered among
wavelets,
lulling boats' bells.

We joined for the
summer
from other parts –
places.

Sailboats each,
searching
searching –
for friendship
we found sleeping
on the sand;
singing common
songs,
each with touching
hands on backs,
heads on shoulders.

We drew a circle
and sang inside.

Summer over,
we drifted.
Now we search, search
the horizon of cities
for our circle
in the high
night air
offshore.

Background photo by Marie Zhuikov



Photo by Nathan Farvour



Photo by Mark Straub



Photo by Karen Gersonde

