

BOAT

James B. Nicola

I liked being a two-oar boat of wood
and rowing to the middle of a lake.
Although sore in my arms and back, the ache
was earned from exercise, and mine, and good.

But many times I had to be a yacht
and entertain both on deck and below.
Craft was required so part of me would know
the course; the other part, of course, would not.

Of late, though, I feel I've largely become
this ship. I, Captain, steer while Dredges stoke
and Another I goes below for some
due rest, away from passengers and smoke.

Yet none of us could live or sleep or dream
without the smokestack letting out the steam.

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