

The Boat Dreams From The Hill

New Creases

Boat on a hill, never going to sea. Anchored to a fixer upper's dream. This boat is beat, never gonna be a boat now. Thirsty, sees the sea from high on the ice plant. He keeps patching it and painting. Thinking about his pension plan. But the boat is out to pasture. Seems it never had a chance. I wanna be a boat, I wanna learn to swim. Then I'll learn to float. Then begin again. Begin again. Boat remembers the carpenter's sure hand. Missing fishy flutter on it's rutter. Sold at an auction, on a dolly ever since. Sometimes rainy days drop boyish wonder.

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