

# Sailing to the Moon

That's why we sail  
intently.  
to take sundown as a word,  
to hear the silent speech.

The water darkens thick,  
going from green to gray to carbonate,  
curved and deep.

We straddle this wind machine,  
ghosting on ripples, and  
holding the leeward bending puffs.

On a reach, the hull fairly planes.

You and I lean and look  
at spar and sail, and just beyond,  
the night light.  
"What if," you smile,  
"We sailed her to the moon?"