Set Out Upon the Sea

Set out upon the sea: a freckled girl
Who built a boat from bones and waxy feathers.
Adrift, she let her curtain sails unfurl
And huddled near the bow where she was tethered.
On stormy days when seagulls dipped their flight
She matched their cries amidst the howling sky.
Their dimming calls, then, lulled her in the night,
While in her dreams, she too grew wings to fly.
For years or days, she sailed along the sea,
No company: no map to guide her way.
She watched the shifting stars, the galaxies
Which whirléd above where even gulls could stray.
She sailed until she reached the water’s edge,
And at earth’s end, she slipped over the ledge.