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## Retreat

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## RETREAT

i will tell you i have known the sea  
you will hold your coiled string  
and tell me that the path you know  
is as a lost man's wandering through the woods.  
we have seen the other distant sails  
that blow across the sea like leaves  
and all the while i listened to the wind  
you saw and knew it's destinations  
i dreamed and saw the scattering sails.  
the lost, the wasted and discarded of the sea  
i have gathered on long walks  
and kept in dark bottom drawers . . .  
i will tell you i have known the sea.  
the sun floats slowly to the water  
with wings reaching red across the sky  
and burns a weld between the night and day.  
then began my selfish prayers  
and the wind that rose against me,  
and drove my soul to pace the reaches of  
the shore, died.  
all grew quiet in these hours.  
the shadows were as blades.  
night cut gently . . . our eyes were closed.  
it was i who thought the waves were always there,  
promises always kept, like pictures on one's mirror.  
and it was i who knew from the beginning  
that the sea was not my own.  
my steps along the sand make only the briefest mark.  
i am a story growing old.  
my dreams were as a child's in sleep,  
not wholly lost in death by dawn  
but pictures others hung upon my walls.  
i dreamed and saw the scattering sails.  
the colors fade. the water washes clean.  
i go into the day.  
morning tide, the mirror falls away.  
retreat . . .

– Richard D. Borisch