

When I Write

I leave the door open
when I write.

The sound of the water masked
by the sound of the lawnmowers
or the boats of the fisherman hustling to their spot.
The jet skier pollutes the air with the noise of an un-muffled car.

I try to write some truth down on the page,
but I am drawn outside.
Usually it's the sun shouting.
It peeks out from a cloud and lights up the deck,
heats the large window. It makes me wonder,
where do I belong?

When you live in a harsh climate,
or anything that isn't a retired world,
you learn to obey the sun. You are trained to run to it
because it won't be there forever, or even very long.
So you go and look to the sky, close your eyes and let the heat do its thing.

Earlier today I went to put the stickers on the dock,
the ones that tell the authorities I've paid for the right
to be in their water.
Walking the 100 feet the sun came through and asked me
to meet her by the water.

On my knees replacing the 2013 stickers with the 2014,
I stay crouched for a moment.
And then succumb.
Extending my legs and arms until I feel her on my cheek,
turned skyward.