

Genoa by Sail

Away from home
night fills fragile with stars.
A harbor changes face
and the taste of sea ever more
curious with our boat snug in its slip.
Porta Antica seems

not so old but less giddy by the hour.
Guitars at last tucked into their cases, revelers
long since nestled home
by two's and three's. Some alone.

One by one
each shuttered *ristorante* attires
in moonlight. Lying in the V-berth,

I count each hour
the ship bell sounds while the quay
pulls night in tight around itself.
The fiddler crab claims another's shell—
no one immune to charade.

Like footsteps
in fog, our world rides
a recumbent sea. Origins lose
direction, along with the sleepless.