

Rowing

I am rowing my dinghy, let's say,
knowing remarkably little
of how my dinghy was made
or where, even, it entered time.

And I know absolutely nothing of the destination
which awaits us, our last berth,
or how we shall arrive there.

I just know that somehow we are here,
this dinghy, these oars and I
under this sky
and maybe I know how to row
and maybe these oars will follow my directions
since maybe they are mine to direct,

in fact, just possibly, they are me.
And even the dinghy is possibly me.
And the sea ? The depths and darkness
on which I float, through which I pull
and strain, sitting pretty,

but fretting always in case I drown,
the weather turn and the waves tip me
and fill my lungs to the brim. Is this,
the fathomless deep on which
I pull most prettily, floating as in a dream,
not also simply *me* ?

Above, then, I am dinghy, I am oars, I am oarsman.
Beneath, I am the sea.

I row my dinghy, as best I can,
upon *me*.

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November 2022