

# Waiheke

By James Brown

You yearn so much  
you could be a yacht.  
Your mind has already  
set sail. It takes a few days  
to arrive


at island pace,  
but soon you are barefoot  
on the sand,  
the slim waves testing  
your feet

like health professionals.  
You toe shells, sea glass, and odd things  
that have drifted for years  
and finally  
washed up here.

You drop your towel  
and step out of  
your togs, ungainly,  
first  
your right foot, then

the other  
stepping down  
the sand  
to stand  
in the water.

There is no discernible  
difference  
in temperature.  
You breaststroke in  
the lazy blue.



A guy passing in a rowboat  
says, "Beautiful, isn't it?"  
And it is. Your body  
afloat in salt  
as if cured.

Source: *Poetry* (February 2018)