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)