

THE DOCK

Sam Saia

Walking under an empty sky,
Pierced by the lights of far off suns
Drowned out back home
By the restless bustle of man,
Never ceasing their works.
I find myself wandering
To the boat dock. A small bay
Marked off by a wooden walkway,
Rounding and ending in a sitting area filled with spiders,
Webs having caught countless flies and gnats.
A chill in the air
That only comes in the quietest hours
Of a Mississippi night
Makes the dock cold and wet.
The sound of water lapping
Against the support beams below,
And fish breaking the surface in frantic splashes
Rise to my ears,
Filling my head with only the sound of licking and flailing
As I lay on those cold boards.
The stars draw from me
A magnified attention to their twinkling,
Only punctuated by the intrusion of small, red lights
At the ends of cigarettes, from which smoke floats
Up into the dark waters above,
And away from the dock.

