

i think i may have passed this way at least once before... it seems that i have seen this ferryman leaning on his pole expecting payment to cross the same river again.

i do not think of myself as lost or confused of course he says he does not remember me.

or perhaps the earth rotates or perhaps this is another life  
but if i want passage i must pay.

it occurs to me that if i am going to be here at the same place  
once more why not just stay on  
this side of the bank and not pay at all.

sometimes we are not always prepared for the answer. he and his dog  
break into laughter and he says  
it does not matter to him but... i will miss the ride.

in the wheeling stars and dangerous currents.  
there is no balance for unseated passengers looking back.

it occurs to me.  
wf.h.  
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