

most people do not want love to be a journey...

they want

it to be the promise of a perfect holiday cruise
destination specific dreamworlds
choreographed attentiveness
calm tropical sailing
romantic mysteries of the caribbean and island steel drums.

they want

the captain to wear fantasy white deck shoes
sophisticated choices in the gift shop for discriminating interests
the ship pool free of magical pollution and leaked human contaminants
the private balconies facing the ocean cleared of choices and existential questions
the toilets to flush indiscretions discreetly away.

they do not want

to see eye patch sailors gathering in small groups
 looking over their shoulders at the passenger wealth
the captain thump walking the deck with his eyes on
 the dark night of the white whale with his whale path and his ghost song
cannibals waiting for them to arrive with field dressing tools
 of communally notched animal bones addressing the perimeter of time.

what could ever go wrong

traveling in a confined space
with so many needs and so many expectations on deck
 and the heavy slosh of bilge water below.

the journey and the cruise.

wf.h.

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