

Careless Insouciance

By: Jorri Heil

The sunrise, red and aubergine and orange,
melts into the lake and frosts billowing
marshmallows that slowly tuck
stars to sleep. He jigs his fishing pole,
which ripples the water outward into
rings of waves flowing away, mesmerizing
his gaze. His boat is anchored
close to the dune desert that outlines the shore,
but it drifts into a city of reeds,
their stalks standing straight and tall like skyscrapers.
He does not shorten the anchor's rope like his father
would have to prevent the motor's asphyxiation
from reeds and seaweed. Careless insouciance.
He is finally drinking in his dream
after salivating, waiting for a vacation day.
No more office, fax, or phone.
Just the drifting boat and bobber that float
his thoughts to the horizon and off earth's edge.