



Australia Bound

Taut and waiting are lines on each yard arm
Ready for the halyard's pull
To free from their harbor furl
Wings hidden

Between the lines and blocks and clews
A prisoned sky, whose wind will soon sail away this EAGLE
As far as the world is

Round
Like the arms of Milton's compass,
Stretching one love to a distant point
While retaining an anchored

Center
These arms mark a great distance for loves to wait
while miles and trust and anticipation of a long return
Increase

Full circle and again anchoring on home shores
We will see the voids between her lines filled
With tales of rich adventure and of true loves
Grown strong

Peter J. Geisser
1987

