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## Night Sailing

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## *Night Sailing*

Most twilights, the wind dies.  
But through some nights, it keeps  
pouring and I've felt it  
carry my wife and me in our sloop,  
like seeds on a leaf. Perhaps tonight.  
I call friends, who hesitate.  
"Sailing? At night?"  
Yesterday, in downtown rain, we saw his face,  
pallid, not for the first time, her eyes,  
iodine. We suspected; that's why  
the call. I can imagine her fingers  
twisting in the spiral cord before  
the choke-hold of dailiness relents  
and she says, "Why not?" and he says, "Let's go."

Before moon-up, we rig sails,  
then weave upwind easily  
past glowing beads in cottage windows,  
past rock-wharved islands, heading  
where lakeshore withdraws into obsidian  
evergreens, lightened only by revenant birch  
until the moon gains buoyancy, greatens, land-blooded at first  
then clarifying as it rises to chaperone us  
almost to Quaker Point, where a single cloud  
gives the sign to turn home.

Ashore,  
in the meadow of made hay, we're  
radiated by a moon grown strong enough  
to cast us on the ground. We linger  
at the shore, afraid. He's the first  
to slowly back away and climb  
toward the moon above the hill.  
We follow urgently until, again, we move  
all four abreast. Turning once to fathom  
where we've been, we see our shadows  
stretched downhill, strafed with stubble,  
almost blending with the green.

PETER HARRIS