

retreat

I can't be the only one
planning an escape
on a boat built for one
simple but spacious
room enough
to stretch out
on long lazy days
held in the embrace
of a forgiving sea

how easily could I
relinquish all responsibility
neglect the duties
I took upon myself
because others
stood by and let me

I'm imagining solitude
settling like snow
my ear finely tuned
to the sounds of the wild
seabirds would circle
whales would breach
the wind would sing
I'd recover my sense of self

a phone rings
returning me to my desk
and the day's commitments
things on my list
call to me to pay attention

don't get me wrong
this is the life chose
a life I love

but there are days
surely you have them too
when I could turn my back
head for a foreign shore
where no one will know my name

in this place and time
where I am known
I must sometimes set sail
surrender to silence
perhaps for a day
or just a hour
if that's all I have

when the noise of the world
gets too much
I retreat to recover
please say it isn't just me