

## Island Boat House

Water ... lapping, lapping on the weathered boards  
Curling round the posts on the dock's edge.  
Smacking the planks, and dragging at the mossy rocks.  
Slapping against the sailboat  
Filling the boat with echoes.

Lying awake  
Looking up at the clean rafters,  
Smelling the resinous wood,  
And thin in the wind  
A curl of blue smoke  
From a campfire.

Partly the night is filled with contentment  
Part, with unrest.  
The slow surge of the water  
And you find yourself listening  
Listening to the sound of footsteps.

Your heart waits  
But they do not come.  
The waves swallow the silence.

“There is no need,”  
They whisper,  
“To wait.  
There will BE no footsteps.”

But your heart listens.  
It cannot help itself.

© Mona McTavish Gould

This poem is covered by a Creative Commons Canada Attribution No-Derivatives Licence. It may be shared freely, but please quote accurately and acknowledge the author each time the poem is used.