

Message in a bottle

I wrote a message to put in a bottle
and sent it out to sea.
It glinted and tossed on the glassy waves
as it bobbed away from me.

I wonder where it will finally land?
A place where glaciers float
and Inuit cut a hole in the ice
to fish from out their boats?

Perhaps a sunbaked desert beach
where parakeets screech in trees?
Or snow-capped peaks roll down to the sea
and snow-flakes drift on the breeze?

Perhaps a busy city dock
where merchants haggle with cries
and fog-horns boom a doleful tune
and smoke billows up to the sky?

I put my address on the envelope
in case I should hear more.
Cross fingers, a note will come in the post
from a child on a distant shore.