



“The Captain” by Michael K. Primavera
Illustration by Barbara Cox

When things get rough without warning,
I recall how I chartered a boat.
The captain was with me that morning,
Commissioned to keep us afloat.

A peaceful old guy with a gleam in his eye,
He would be my companion that day.
He'd prove to be more before we saw shore.
Unknowing, we got underway.

I kept to myself, while enjoying the view.
The weather was tranquil and fare.
When suddenly darkness was coming our way.
A storm seemed to come from nowhere!

It was terribly fierce, so I said all my prayers;
Convinced we were both going to die.
The salt wasn't phased, I could tell by his face.
He still had that gleam in his eye.

As quick as it came, the storm passed away.
My nerves were severely impaired.
He said, “You all right?” I said, “I'm amazed,
How you managed without being scared.”

He replied, "Thanks a lot but amazing I'm not.
I just sail the same way that I live.
To get more from life and cope with your strife,
Consider this tip that I give:

Reality is deep like an ocean.
It carries a strong undertow.
You are alone in your own little boat.
The hardships will come but they'll go.

When a storm comes to blow you away,
Face it and use what you know.
Leave all the rest to the forces that be.
Just steer and then go with the flow."