

## Slow, Boat

*Andrea Cohen*

We call him slow,  
though no degree of speed

could swift him  
to where we wait.

His station remains  
a cloud, a glacier,

immune to reason  
or cajoling.

He greets and leaves  
with Christmas tidings

all year long, yells  
get well when we feel fine.

His belief system insists  
chairs be taken

out for walks,  
the fruit bowl be watered,

gnats looked after.  
He's not slow, but rapidly

rowing a boat we can't see,  
in a sea invisible to us,

though we sense from his urgency,  
the waves, the water rising.