

Sonnet Scroll

On the Hard

By Richard Dey

For Roy Seibel

Now that the boat is put away, I curse
and see her as we walked along the foreshore,
swinging at anchor, alone, in Matinicus,
an island we had never been to before,
the wildflowers, fog-muted, in the foreground,
their buds, lavender & crimson, gleaming,
and the boat just over the buds, her sails furled
& flags fluttering—all in the subtle beaming

of light. Before going ashore we'd said,
“Take the camera?” “In all this sun?”
“We'll take photos tomorrow.” And we did.
But the only photo worth taking, the one
of the boat after passage-making, is the one
untaken, seen clearly now, on the hard.