

Karen Chase

My Father's Boat

is sailing
across the
cold sky,

skimming stars
like songbirds
in the dark.

In this
thin air,
I doubt his rudder works.

Or, he's nowhere
and there's
no boat,

no keel.
Either way
here

it's
the same
because

without him
is new. Last
night's snow

lightened
the earth
peeking through.