

## “Sailing”

a poem inspired by Carol Wade’s painting, *Waiting at Solomons Island*  
by Angelique (Angel) Gingras

Today, my father and I went sailing.  
The water was still like glass.  
When we got in the boat,  
I raised the sail while he held the mast.

Today, my father and I went sailing,  
The water lapped as we floated along.  
I sat at the stern steering the tiller,  
Even when the wind picked up strong.

Today I go sailing on my own,  
Remembering everything he taught me to do.  
Missing the times we’ve spent together,  
I continue to sail through.