Bottle

A floating bottle brushed against my hull and I fished it onto the deck

Barely legible- from a castaway or a sinking wreck. “I assume,” it read, “it’s far too late for me….I’ve found my watery grave, I’m married to the bottom of the sea, so this message is for someone I might save! So if you find this bottle, I pray you make the cages rattle love a day and soak up the sun, because you won’t get another one…Patience this is an old man’s game, around the world the people all think the same, it’s a trial and error process, if you stumble and make a mess, then restart and if you have enough heart-take heed, make speed and get far away before we all drown, that’s the wisdom I’ve found, and always keep your partner close, and never brag nor boast because life is easy for none, I hope this bottle finds someone!”

I rolled the message up tight, shoved it back in the flask, and as the night sucked away our light, the crossing seemed a daunting task. 900 meters below, fish picked the flesh from his bones, and with the sun’s final brilliant glow, my thoughts lingered on his salty throne-

What kind of life did he live? Where are his wife and his kids? Are they praying for him to come home? Do they know that he died alone? Precisely when my mind thought this I felt the warmth of a kiss caress the back of my neck and it frightened my intellect,

Captains single-handing their sloop know the mind follows suit when the body is fading away, and they long for another day…but then down down, they run hard aground just insight of land, tat he mouth of the sound, and they never make it ashore, never heard from evermore…

But the gods were kind this time, and I sailed off towards the moon,

With the wind to my stern, we reached out the boom,

We gained speed steadily til we were out of harm’s reach….

“So if you find this bottle, I hope you make the cages rattle for the men who sank to the depths and died horrible deaths! It’s sad, but live a positive day for if you live the right way even death can be a blessing, and that’s the whole ting.”