

Boat Building in Maine

Namrata Gumaste¹

Published online: 29 August 2017
© Springer Science+Business Media, LLC 2017

We worked through the summers, cherry stained
book on my lap & the soft pink of Simon

wiping the sweat from his lips. In the beginning,
the white oak curved out like a giant rib cage,

the bones of some strange alien abandoned
on our shore. The fishermen laughed.

Our bodies were small back then, throbbing
& hectic from the sun. It didn't matter.

We dreamt of the horizon, a spool of light
on the ocean, all the azures & auburns

unfurling into one another. We didn't care
about the beauty of it—just the water,

the undulating distance & the belief
there was a place for us out there if we tried.

Pressing matters suffered—we were entranced,
the light, the spin of it on the hull,

the way the world came into focus as we built it,
as if somehow we built the light too.

✉ Namrata Gumaste
namrata.gumaste@gmail.com

¹ Rutgers-Robert Wood Johnson Medical School, New Brunswick, NJ, USA