

Captain Arenas

He was the color of land
ravaged and razed by
a shaping storm that
could not possess him.
in the end, he refused
to be replaced by the
lull of the land.
with his hair, ocean gray
and set to the wind,
his seawater eyes
of dusk and twilight
absorbed by foreign horizons
that flow with wild passions,
he traveled to distant
clouds; dreams that dissipate-
each approach, a promise lost
each journey, a new adventure.