

Longing
by Bieke Stengos

Wish I too could bend
my course, on a calm sea
and reach without effort
where rays slant
to a distant horizon.

Wish I too could gather
stars, shimmering on the water
and reach without effort
what has been polished
by rougher waves.

Wish I too could sail
away, under heavenly clouds,
and reach without effort
my longed for
destination.