

Losing sight

by [Sarah Rossiter](#) in the [August 20, 2014](#) issue

Crossing the lake in thick fog with nothing
to be seen except the buoy to starboard
marking the rock we didn't want to hit
that Tom said we'd already passed but
Whit said *No, we're way beyond it* which is
when the boat rose up bow riding high to leave
us stranded the boat an ark the rock a mountain
the fog a cloud that covered us waiting for who
knew what—a voice, a face, a sudden shining—
but there was nothing more than thinking how
many times when losing sight we circle back
to where we started only to begin again.