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## The Boat

We are on a boat,  
Without anchor.  
Though a captain may deem us unfit to sail,  
We resolve to teeter between death and quick surrender;  
No crewmen to mend and render our sails;  
No one but our own—.

And so we dip in again: tumble and crash.  
No settlement to anchor our waves;  
No certain—destination.  
We navigate—as it were—  
Blind.

What we do we can learn from no one—no woman, no man.  
No one has yet been this far before.  
We cannot expect to repeat a voyage;  
No voyage here is done again.

When we pray, we pray that our voyage does not desert us;  
That we do not limit our heart;  
That we trust each other above ourselves;  
And that we will still wake up on that day and love:  
The rock and the swig of the person lying next to us—again.

*Blow wind in their hair*—these travellers—  
*Blow wind in their hair*

We are always first-time travellers,  
And our boat is as yet unnamed.