

**This Haiku Journey**

countless explorers  
venture to uncharted lands,  
their sagas tell us

Pinta's horizon  
hid her journey's end from view:  
doom? Indies? renown?

two years under sail,  
lavish realms, barren wastelands  
map my wanderings:

art, science, people,  
love, politics, pandemic,  
esoteric jaunts

now, what lies ahead?  
exotic foreign wordscapes,  
or home port's anchor?



Image: La Pinta (replica) at anchor in her Spanish home port  
Image source: Wikipedia