

## Center Mast

I'm in life with you  
this past quarter-century;  
you're my center mast

you're in life with me  
aboard this fragile vessel;  
I'm your center mast

weathering squalls of  
existential aloneness,  
crossing time's blue sea,

trimming graying sails,  
keeping our good ship afloat,  
steering 'round dark shoals

we shall stay the course  
'til the first of us debarks,  
and center mast falls



Image by AI (ImageFX)

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