

## Nantucket

We pivot in and tie  
our small sailboat to the dock.  
Gulls gather on the shore as sun goes down  
and fire paints the sky.  
Bathed in crimson glow, we walk  
the timeworn path past cottages near town,  
to charming, cozy streets.  
Night falls slowly. Lights blink on.  
We wander dreamlike over cobblestone  
toward picturesque retreats;  
musing about times foregone.  
Hand in hand, we recall this day that's flown.

— Caroline Sposto