

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.