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On Choctawatchee Bay

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On Choctawhatchee Bay

I feel the storm before I see it,
bay breeze stronger than before.
The flashes of reflected sun on water
whip up into whitecaps,
the wind urges water to quicken.
I have not seen this before.
The blue bay reflects yellow as
the clouds approach.
A lone sailor, on a small craft,
races across the wind for shore and safety
to beat the rain, his red sail straining.
I turn to windward,
see your face
in the storming clouds.