

By using the double “A” batteries with care
We were sure we'd arrive safe; not lost who-knows-where.
I now would plot our course on the chart as we went.
On each hour check the GPS. Then over the nav station I bent.
Indian Key and Pavilion Key along with ten thousand more -
We now were going where we had not been before!
The hours passed by easily in good breeze and light.
We set “Otto” at the helm, and he did alright.
We entered Little Shark River and saw boats at the curve.
I anchored on their port side. That didn't take too much nerve.



Paloma sat nicely at the end of the line on her hook,
But my choice of location really deserved another look.
With the tide flowing out we discovered too late
We were parked on the bottom, and we'd just have to wait.
This awkward position might seem terrible to some.
We were in no danger so we sipped Coke and Rum!

Next morning at O four hundred hours plus about ten
Paloma got her sea legs and was buoyant again.
Several boats hauled out early and turned to the north.
After breakfast while floating we too sallied forth.
We would have loved to sail southward, but we weren't able.
So we set the autopilot and motored to Cape Sable.
From there we set our heading for John Sawyer Bank
With fifteen knots of wind in the sails we let the fine engine crank.
Eileen kept the helm a good part of the day.
“I'm not afraid.” That is what I often heard her say.
The Sea Grass was thick in several big spots,
But the most constant problem was floats on crab pots.
Now, for about two long hours we sighted no land.
We felt like true sailors, and it made us feel grand.
We paraphrased the “Old Salts” when off-shore they'd go,
Because upon sighting land we yelled, “Condominium Ho!”