

On the bus out of “Dodge” we heard bullshit by the ton.
Of the stories told by the riders you couldn't believe every one!
Though we heard a man expounding on musical gigs he once had.
The reality of his life now brought a tear and made us sad.
We thanked God for our safe life full of friends, family, and home,
And we're glad for the time and the funds just to roam.

Winds that were hefty played on Tuesday and mid-week,
So activity on land is what we sure did seek.
A walk to the library where we checked on our email.
We dragged a cart to Publics at the pace of a fat snail.
A stop at Boaters' World was also on our list.
Eileen found stuff on sale that surely couldn't be missed.
A sweatshirt and rain jacket and shoes for on my feet-
They even had *Paloma's* breather vent. Now isn't that really neat?
We've clothes to wash and dry all while we were ashore,
But Eileen had a migraine and couldn't do any more.
I dinked her to *Paloma* so she could lie down quite flat.
Then I did the laundry while some locals came to chat.

Thursday morning at ten we dropped the mooring ball.
Tho cruising is fun home does often voice a call.
The second trip under Seven Mile Bridge was surely a bit better
With a light wind from the north and bright, sunny weather.
We argued about the best course toward home that we should set.
Luckily, Eileen prevailed or we'd be off a-sailing yet!



The crossing of Florida Bay and onward to
Cape Sable

Ended on water near as smooth as your
coffee table.

We eased into Little Shark River at twenty
hundred hours,

Ate dinner in the dark, and each enjoyed
our cockpit showers.

This time we were smarter and anchored out in the deep.
After long hours of sailing we were both soon fast asleep.