

Our dink was on the davits and high above the water,
But I felt that I should help. I knew I really oughta.
Their anchor had fouled in the murky deep river,
And it would not come up no matter what pull that they'd give her.
After lowering the dink and attaching the motor too
I putted over closer to see what I could do.
Just as I neared their bow that anchor came unstuck,
And could you quite believe it....pulled a big tree from the muck!
Later, we got ourselves assembled and again were homeward bound.
Our goal was to reach old Goodland, a more familiar cruising ground.
Friday night was peaceful though Stan's Place was all aglow.
If we were bothered by the noises there we didn't let it show.

The morning brought a challenge to get back to our dock.
So, we headed out quite early and let that Yanmar rock!
Retracing steps to Marco and then past Naples up the coast
Was it Eileen or I who really wanted to get home most?
Since the ride was very long to reach our Fort Myers Beach home
I set the autopilot and wrote down most of this poem!

Only the poet would know it: I recently discovered the hand written copy of this poem, an original manuscript if you will. I transcribed it over the past two weeks. Some pictures are representative of our trip though not of the actual time or location described. Some were taken on later visits to Bahia Honda State Park and Key West. The chart on the first page is an old chart on which we “pinned” the many locations we visited by boat while spending winters in Florida (2006 to 2016). I hope your time reading the poem/log allowed you to enjoy the trip as much as we did!