**Navigation Lights**

Cynthia Trenshaw

Four a.m. A fishing boat

glides the moonless calm of Saratoga Passage.

In predawn dark,

the fisherman’s invisible to me.

At my unlit window on the bluff above,

I’m invisible to him.

The distance between us

damps the purr of his boat’s engine.

A white stern light winks out,

then shines again as the fisherman

shifts to coil a rope or check a net.

The blocked light is all I know

of his solid presence

as I study the hiddenness of him.

I invent his age and his demeanor,

imagine how his chosen work

has shaped the muscles of his body,

how salt and sun

have etched his skin.

Does my speculating cause a slight

distortion of space beside him,

perhaps a faint red shimmer

tinted by the gunwale’s portside lights?

Does he cock his head, alerted,

then dismiss the figment,

returning to routine?

His starboard running lights

send watery green tendrils

reaching out to me

just before his masthead’s

lone white spot

rounds the bluff’s topography.

Toward the east.

Toward fishing grounds.

Toward day’s light,

where boat and fisherman

and our encounter

slip into the fading darkness.