

## **Opportunity the Wind**

**By Eydie McDaniel**

Upon the lake of life all human creatures sit  
Like boats afloat on water  
Spars straight up, so parallel  
Most remain snuggled amass  
In edge water near the steady shore  
And so conform to go nowhere.  
It is the bravest who dare not remain  
Abiding there in waters shallow,  
The same as the others, obedient, alike.  
To go anywhere requires departure from sameness.  
Rolled up sails pulled open, old dust, dead bugs fall out.  
Unwrinkled, unfurled, stretched high,  
With different look, drift off a bit  
Obvious, risky, suspect, vulnerable in winds unknown,  
But still straight aligned obeying,  
Until hands grip the ropes and turn to catch the wind.  
Alone perhaps, departing, skim somewhere away  
From the nowhere stall of secure conformity