

## Regina

By: Peter Queal

**Morning sun shines brightly on the bow  
Sounds of waves beat strong  
Sheets that stress and snap under the strain  
Seagulls fly along**

**Sails above are full with wind  
Bending masts bring power to our glide  
I smile  
We fly**

**Distant views of stratospheric art  
Ship and soul are one  
Men call out from perches up above  
Work goes on and on**

**Icy cold as we go north  
Whales cry out, we try to understand  
An ancient sound**

**Moonshine vast reflecting off the sea  
Stars to show the way  
Dolphin leap in tandem off the port  
Destination free**

**Deep horizon pulls us in  
Far off lands invite our company  
We travel on**