



July 16, 2016 | Duxbury, Massachusetts

Life and love are little what we plan. A last first date and a first brave leap arrive two travelers on different paths to one address, the cosmic instant lit by neon sign, the fairytale glance shared through diner glass. Thus you knew at once that love and life are ever shifting and becoming – that they are more like sea than land.

So on a later winter's day you watched with understanding as the mist curled up along the patchwork roofs of Reykjavik – and when it rose to weave a wispy, endless ceiling over Faxaflói Bay you simply shrugged and tore in two your tickets to the polar lights.

And that night, instead, in the honeycombed nest of the Harpa's spangled walls, a throaty Nordic angel's warble still a blessing in your ears, the Esja Mountains a stark and ready witness, when you said will you and I will it too was like water – the movement of those words so natural and so easy and so free.

And now the bite of February has given way to summer's hum, the ice-bound skiffs of Faxaflói dissolving to the nearby sloops of Duxbury Bay, where Saquish Neck is a loving arm against the ocean squalls, gathering those you treasure to these familiar folds of evergreen and oak.

Ever becoming, you too are more like sea than land, today consenting to the twisting, perfect path that arrived you here, to the joyful eyes and the childhood clapboard walls that held each prior wind-swept storm at bay, to the love that moves like water through your hearts and lives and that delivers you, ever together, where it will.

