



The Albatross Returns
By Stephanie Parry

Her fortune had turned in this bitter tale
She waited for rescue, no hope was in site
The days were scorching, becoming unending
Worse were the wet, arctic nights.

The salty waves gnashed with merciless teeth
and ate at her scaled over wounds
that were inflicted by ropes frayed by the sun
ropes now rotten and strewn

There was no albatross tied to her neck
and she laughed at this irony still
that destiny came and swept her away
despite her anchor-tied will.

With final breath she laid her head
upon plastic once blinding and brash.
Faded and filthy from purged regrets
it now served as tomb, no longer a raft.

*I'll be ok, she thought as she drifted
Night turned morning, then noon
I've survived many shipwrecks before
so I will survive him too.*

But as darkness descended from somewhere within
she blinked and gasped at the sight.
Feathers and claws were stoically perched
her albatross had arrived.

"Friend or foe" she heard herself ask
and found she had so much to say
But darkness dissolved the bird from her view
and together they floated away.