

**ROWING STILL**

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Rowing towards the ochre gloaming  
or in the night with full moon floating  
are events of the dreamy past  
which do not remain, do not last  
but that rowing in a dinghy  
in limpid water blue  
reflecting the azure  
with bright white clouds floating in it  
into the depths of its watery heart  
where my energetic face shines  
continues endlessly  
amid unknown islands  
sometimes in the vast  
sometimes near the shores  
peopled by strange faces  
sometimes forlorn