

**Joy on The Charles**

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Am eight again,  
losing my training wheels,  
floating this time, not careening.

But it's a short glide,  
a quick tack, about and about  
in this Charles River wind shear.

Ahead: a pocket of time, a bask at the helm.  
Ninety days to run bridge and back,  
to fill my head, to fire my soul.