

FREYDIS EIRIKSDOTTIR

VALERIE LEGGE

In late summer I sail west
away from Greenland
in search of better Luck and Leifsbudir.

Though this is my maiden voyage,
I am not afraid
of destiny or the watery deep;

fortune is mine
to be fashioned
like bone into an arrow:
a long shot in the dark.

Year ago I stood
on Greenland's shores
~~and~~ watched my mother

drift out to sea
on a field of ice,
her face a mirage ~~turing me~~
~~forever~~ away from the land.

Now, though I fall
off the edge of the world,
though I lose sight of sun and stars,

I trail in the wake of her disappearing,
relying solely on sunstone
to bring me safely home.