

## Islands

Janie Meneely

*When I sail away today, I'll set my course for south  
With the tide I'll ride the wind up to the river's mouth  
Then down the Bay I'll sail way, wing on wing I'll run  
Till I see ahead of me my islands in the sun*

*Tilghman, Tangier, Smith, Hooper, Deal  
Steeple in the summer sky, lilies in the field  
On your shores I'll drop my sails  
I'll drop my anchor 'round  
And let your comfort cover me, till the sun goes down.*

*I feel the wind against my chin, the wheel hard in my hand  
Sails all bellied fat and full, we pull away from land  
Pull away from workaday, from freeways and from phones  
Work nine to five to stay alive-it's good to be alone*

*Tilghman, Tangier . . .*

*I watch the workboats head for home, their catches in their hold  
Silver in the fish they catch, the morning sun their gold  
Hard enough the life they lead, what peace it seems to me  
If I could trade but for a day, I wonder if I'd leave*

*Tilghman, Tangier . . .*