



*What's on your horizon?*

*Morgan*

*Chai*

## “DAYS OF YORE . . . ON TRINIDAD LAKE”

I can relate to the sailors of old, aye, the masters of the great Norwegian Tall Ships, the sailors of the lost sea of Atlantis. I can relate to the men and women of the sea whose hearts once beat to the wind whipping through the giant canvas sails. Being Norwegian it's an easy feel to get into.

And now, I too have a ship, not a grand Norwegian Tall Ship, but it's a little twelve foot aluminum Duraboat. And rather than monstrous canvas sails guiding me across the oceans, my little Duraboat has but a nautical surrey with a fringe on top, whose delicate fingers of lace patter too near the wind whipped, white capped inland waters. The flapping fringe reminds me that somewhere in the past I was once a great Norwegian sailor, a woman of the sea. Now I no longer fear being engulfed by the rage of Neptune, but I have a healthy fear that the flowing fingers of white-laced-fringe could crash against the rocks of the northern shore, a place quite close to where we just launched our mighty little boat.

The groans of a giant tree-of-a-mast twisting through the depths of the wooden hull as the great ship plows through the oceans of time, are now replaced by the sound of a tiny electric motor whirring its little plastic propeller in search of diminutive lake bass hiding amongst the cliffs of a man made rock dam.

But I was a great seamen of yore—I must have been. The captain of old wielded his power and authority through threats of no food or water, but aye, I pilot my little ship with promises of beer, tasty canapes, and caviar auf tin. Aye mate, need I say more . . . Walmart is but a five minute drive away!

The ominous Tall Ships, laden with tiers and tiers of masts and living sheets of canvas are now but a tiny aluminum frame, barely tall enough to allow me room to use the head. The head, of course, being a small plastic bin once used for ice cubes. Aye mate, some things never change, they only metamorphosize into the more necessary items of a modern life.

The prodigious whales, graceful dolphins, even blue fin sporters are now replaced by the lazy warm water catfish, sun-basking bluegill, shallow lake trout, and cliff dwelling bass. And now, the bait in my modern, double-insulated, shade protected ice chest is much more tasty than the rotting fish carcasses once preserved in the salt laden, darkened holds below. My bait has been flash frozen, with the flavour guaranteed to be immediately locked in, and it's anxiously awaiting my hungry lips— never mind the fish I'm after.

"How far have we come?" my first mate asks, raising her beer to the glorious day.

I shake my head as I ponder the little mud-hole of a lake. "Too far inland," I reply. "Too damned far!"

Where are the great canvases that once held the words of my life's stories? They are now the park passes we're forced to pay.

And, we still limp, but now it's up and down the boat ramp, and we do so with the excruciating pain of arthritis. Perhaps the pain is the cellular memory of the infamous wooden stumps that once carried us across the oceans of history that are now surfacing upon the asphalt of the seas of our minds.

And so we ask again, "How far have we come, lad? Just how far?"

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