



# HATTERAS

Every time you grasp the handles, the water rushes through the spout, you return to Hatteras. Each white cap is magnified, each grain of sand illuminated. You feel the hull's hum on the cherry deck and the strain of the sail against the stiff gale to sail you home. You see gulls glide low, hunting bream in the sea breeze and children laughing at the surf creeping toward their feet. On the porch you sit, sun-sapped, watch the blue sky blown pink; beach towels billow in the summer breeze; you pad inside, across white-washed floors, to the bathroom before the kitchen, turn the faucet and rinse the long day's sun-caked sand from your hands clean for dinner, then to sleep, and another salt air day in the sun.

**JADO**