Content:

Amidst a wharf of shiny yachts,

Bobbed a dinghy holed with rots,

She was a wooden, broken rental,

Whose name was once Continental.

Snapped in two lay sail and mast,

Stricken down from winds of past,

Frayed ropes and single oar,

Roughly worn from trips of yore.

Clear to see was tempest’s wake,

Towards her hull’s tactile break,

And her letters to the sea were spent,

For now she bore the name Content.