**Everyone’s A Sailor**

It is just like when you hurt yourself,

and walk with a limp,

then you notice all those people

walking with a limp.

So, when you became a sailor,

having taken a few lessons,

and bought a dry suit,

and been out a few times,

I noticed sailors:

that guy, Jim, last night,

said he was a sailor,

mostly on large boats,

and the strange guy

who cares for your father,

and whose wife is insane,

is a sailor too,

and Phil, who’s being

divorced by Karen,

sails, but may have to stop

after the divorce.

It’s just that I notice them now.

But they have always been there.

What else would I notice

If you become something else?