

# SHIFRA POWER

## Starboard

Upon the crests of mighty waves,  
There my identity lies.  
Irish blood-laced water weaves  
Beneath the seagull skies.

To quench a thirst for mastery,  
I drifted from coast to bay.  
Emerson College awaited my pen  
And invited my pages to stay.

Copy, edit, AP with style,  
My skills began to hone.  
An appetite for truth in print  
Digests news on the phone.

Although we all sit still for now,  
It is reconnection I implore.  
This stasis is the lullaby,  
When we wake,

We explore.

