

Dire Waters

Excalion

For time past remembering
I have talked to the sea
Above all beloved for
Not speaking back to me
Silent friend throughout the years
Of much of harm and strife
Fierce, infuriated
Now comes to claim my life

Hand clutching the ship-rail
Appears to be my own
So miserably frail
Flesh, sinews, blood and bone
Elegance of its craft
I had never realised
In deadly peril only is
Beauty therein regocnized

Towards oblivion I've fared
A thousand nautical miles
For eyes unveiled at last
Sea-level reflects emerald