

live on the open sea; or, Truth

by Harry Brown

for hugo and mckenzie

like a jagged bowsprit broken off
some unknown schooner surprised caught by a fast frigate
and sunk on route toward mackerel or home
bobs upon a rising wave to hang
half a moment in spume of crest before it starts
its crash down billow into the trough to climb
with another mighty swell and briefly totter
atop another marching foaming C

floating shifting often in abeyance
the spar sometimes glimpsed though far
sometimes hid in fog sometimes it seems
within momentary grasp the spar
pauses beckoning

we follow where arrival waits forever