

Christ the Mariner

The marina lies heavy with keels;
Lines sway with an impression of breeze;
The lifting air—and the matte sail claps
Convex, concave to receive the shadow
Of clouds as dim as utter night.

What comes down the shaft of midnight
But Arcturus vying with the proximate sun?

Ancient star, you are pure as silvering
Beam as your light shivers in the western
Air.

Immediacy encumbers me like willows
Before the sea, where the milfoil galaxies
Shimmer across its surface as retortion
For sin as I say,
Resurrection,
The world's dying is the shiver of eternal spring.

—Clinton F. Larson