

Moved, I

Shall not be
anything
but a Lusitania
behind these eyes.
Later, surfacing stories
of contraband dynamite
may only contain gossip's
perhaps-ness
that allies shall find
the sham of after legend
becomes mystery...

Legacies, legacies long
as memory's gaze, that searchlight
for truth's cargo, my passengers simply
innocents, unsuspecting & too
conveniently waylaid.

Know their voyage & its stance:
a vacation, waves, the tiers
of room service, the diner's bells,
the decks for sun bathers
strolling to taste spray in views
of stiller light...

Misbegotten moon
before a new sun's serenity?

No ice berg struck this, nothing neutral,
only nature in enemies man made:
the torpedo & its point
careening to swipe sides
& sink sink sink...

Here, reach slumbering depths now,
the fish for vision,
the fins through silenced
cries, the orphaning currents & the pearls
through which my submerged gleams see.