

THALASSOPHILIA (A preference for living in the sea)

He rocked in sleep,
Lapped in the liquid dark
And gentle pitch and toss
Of sacred ark.

Till waters broke the spell
And him they bore
From certain ocean
On to sudden shore,

Who winced at lonely light,
Inspired to scream
At outboard shock
And disembarking dream.

Sea-legged, sea-bagged,
He lugged his lubber's load,
Teased by the tossing hills
And open road

To tread with dread
The strange and dangerous earth,
And yearn for time's return
To waiting berth.

So searched the lurching land
For safer sea;
And lay with longing
By its mystery.

His high-prowed craft
Down time's smooth slipway plied,
And launched his seamen
On the flooding tide.

Thus worked the lubber's trick
Of those who try
To spit defiance
In the future's eye;

And sent his sons to sea,
Though cast ashore,
That his might be
Where he might be no more.

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