

Winter Cruise

I am bone-lean, sailing under Ursa Minor,
wrapped, hunched against cold and soot.
On this deck, on this aged Baltic liner
we sit, a heart clenched, a heart mute.

Wrapped, hunched against cold and soot,
you stare at the white froth below.
We sit, a heart clenched, a heart mute,
above the green sea, above the black undertow.

You stare at the white froth below;
I want to scream, suck stars of their light.
Above the green sea, above the black undertow
we shrivel, see Orion shiver this dank, long night.

I want to scream, suck stars of their light.
On this deck, on this aged Baltic liner
we shrivel, see Orion shiver. This dank, long night
I am bone-lean, sailing under Ursa Minor.

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