

Pressed to your mouth
Pistons of air
Silent the engine
Cruciform snare
Dressed in sail-cloth
Splayed to the wind
Song is the shanty
Moon is a friend
Tongue of silver
Spills from the throat
Harvest of longing
On a desert afloat
Below and dreaming
Asleep in your lap
Navigating by memory
In a cradle of wood
Miles of hempweave
Lace the dead masts
Proud the earthwoods
Still reaching for light
In a world without flora
Nothing remains
To witness the seasons
Change as I change
Clung to the outside
Reined to the wind
Crossing to you
Under foreign moons
Words of experience
A cargo of stars
Written in water
Spoken in hours
Boards shrink and splinter
Bleach and gleam
Sails tack and billow
In the howling stream
In sky taut of timber
Vaulted and clear
Clumsy the gulls
That lean on the air
Ancient forests

Felled and tarred
Flesh the bones
Of mighty arks
Land kind and lumber
Coursing the veins
Invisible paths
In famished terrain
Rage of the torrent
Rolling in streams
Earthbound crossing
The worlds in between
Outstretched to the lightning
Conducting the storm
Full-rigged and rolling
In thunder born
Creaking husk
Washed in the sway
Propelled by the turbine
Fetch of the wave
Cloaked in sea spray
Lashed to the sound
Of your breathing
And the taste of your mouth
Earthwood and water
Sunfire and air
Combined are the elements
Manifest there
Riding the surface
Chasing time
This dreaming island
In fields of the sky
Between blue mirrors
Reaching for light
Gardens of coral
Meadows of ice
Basking in water
Lunge and list
Lashed and braced
Above the abyss
A throne of boards
Scepter of stars
Diadem of birds

Mark the gleaming hours
This kingdom of dreaming
Here we shall lie
Far from the current
Far from the sky
Oceans will speak of us
Our wake will remain
When all is water
And sky once again
Grave is that water
Peaceful the bed
Miles between us
Asleep in the swell
With empty vessels
Dissolving masts
Lulled in that music
'Til resting is passed
And there in the deep
A ship's bell tolls
The missing hours
Of vanished souls
Pressed to your mouth
The taste of your voice
Breath of your breathing
Lost in the noise
Dark creaking sky
Tall wooden sea
Cloudy ships rising
From the deep memory
All is now passage
A reflection of light
The horizon advances
Dim in my sight
Sprung from the decks
Impaling the sky
Masts drag it over
The edge of the night
And forged by the elements
For one shining hour
We are dusted in carbon
Of slow-burning stars