

# YACHTING

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"beaten, desolate, reaching from the dead to be taken up  
they cry out, failing, failing! their cries rising  
in waves still as the skillful yachts pass over."

William Carlos Williams

The molded hulls  
As ocean pebbles rolled in, bloated  
converge in a burnt sea of faces;  
Blue-eyed sightseers consider the turns of the sea-hills  
which the small community children  
From Widow's Walk, through jagged rocks in the Bahamas  
and the Coral Trench, have searched daily.  
Lining rock shelves, the pale skulls  
must sit like hoops, eyeless, wooden.  
For all our reflection, all our endurance  
the yachts are above still,  
Reflect faintly on the rust of their sides  
barnacle destruction.

