

PEACE



is a funny word
spoken so often it is never heard

we pull on the mainstays and dream
of the fish

their wide eyes almost human
in their struggle to survive
themselves

they fail

and on the beach a boy with a pail
listens
and hears none of them
die

towards the end the blood
surfaces in foam and begins
its dance about the stern
something we earn
for such observation
a little to spurn
our deadly conversation

we remind ourselves of the fun we're having
and yank the jib

we're off

we're on

the wrong path

we must tack to attack

what we feel

the cornering wind

and the scraping of the keel

we spoke

in the lowest

of tones

nothing

could do what

we've done

in ports all over the world there are men
who are ready to do it again