

## Castaways

Shearwater

By shadowing  
all the darkened fields  
of forgotten words  
and civilian lives

Through violence  
through the changing guards  
through the grinding away  
and the furious marching

By gathering  
the holy light  
and weathering  
a cast away life

and the rising fear...

The hollowness  
of the flags and gods  
that are raised in the air  
in the wake of their raging...

Your skinny arms  
hold a lantern up  
on the brightest array  
of the stars in their moorings

and summoning  
the holy light  
on their citadels  
the blackening sky

The collapsing sun  
the burning wall  
that approaches our eyes...

you live again  
in the shuddering light  
of these images  
this valediction:

you are running from a rising tide  
you are castaways