

Raking the Deck of the Reach-Me-Down World

Raking the deck of the reach-me-down world,
The wind rolled out of the forest boisterous,
A russet ocean it was
& me the merry mariner,
One autumnal Columbus, neither ancient nor kind,
Thinking on my own first love,
Undressing her, &
She covering her body with her hands
For fear I'd see the woman that she was.
Forbidden knowledge was everywhere,
But the ruthless ocean said:
You shall not be so innocent again
& me the merry mariner
Sinking, the world sinking,
Sinking,
With each tall thought a mast.

LOUIS PHILLIPS