

STORMS IN PASSING



after "Wreck of the D.T. Sheridan" by Rockwell Kent

What turned this boat and left it
to the gulls, on silver stones
with sky behind, yellowing
at the edge of day?
Whatever storm, it's passed,
and the sea has stars
and waves and flapping wings.
Whatever it was, its power
spent, moved on to upend
something else, somewhere
other than here. What's left
are the instructions for beauty
in a cradle of rock and tide:
a thing at rest after tragedy.
Beautiful wreck, the boat is ours.

Michael Bove

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