

# david hamilton

## AT SEA

It wasn't the voyage of St. Brendan, but we caught a glimpse  
of the sublime on the open sea, running beside & beneath us

the water streaming in all directions, the horizon all so many  
miles off, not that we could count them, for six days & seven

nights, the ocean flowing & flowing, green, blue, gray, & black  
with fillips of white breaking & glowing & the sun & the moon

arching up & over, the moon waxing full so the stars never  
spangled — my one lament: not a single night like a summer

I may have been ten — lying on my back in Belleplain, Nebraska  
as the heavens shuttered & meteors showered — all that splendor

obscured not just by the moon but by our ship & its load of four  
thousand, close to half of them crew whose charge was to carry

us over the ocean like a waiter bearing a tray through the lounge.