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.