

## Marty Willson-Piper

### "Wreck"

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There's a twisted piece of jagged metal  
A broken show and a rusting kettle  
A bed of sand in which to lie  
A clear blue sea in which to die  
And as the breath slips from your lungs  
There's no more words on your swollen tongue  
And fishes pick your melting flesh  
Living on your recent death

Dawn has promised you your dreams  
And mentioned not your unheard screams  
Set your course in your sky blue boat  
You couldn't guess you wouldn't float  
Who could sink such pretty craft  
You jeered and rolled and shrugged and laughed  
How vicious can a colored reef  
Bear it's sharp and yellow teeth

Too beautiful day to die  
Too memorable to be forgotten  
A sea of tears to wave goodbye  
A silent wreck to haunt the bottom

The ripples whimper on the surface  
Jellyfish, transparent purses  
Their sting the strength of hoarded gold  
The gifts they'd buy remain unsold  
So what's the worth of the dead's desires  
When waterlogged are life's cold fires  
With seaweed hair and barnacle bones  
In the powerless court on a seashell throne

Back on land your loves ones' wait  
For news that saunters in too late  
Their salty tears mix with the sea  
As they wait for all eternity  
And later all that is recovered  
A defiant ring that graced your lover  
But to the sea now he is wed  
In a ceremony of the dead

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