

Phillip Thomas**"Exocet"**

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Somewhere between the shades of grey
Where the sky meets the ocean
Invisible steel kissed the waves
Here it comes through the rain
Watching alone for birds of prey
Flying high out of the sunset
The picket patrol scans and waits
For a sign overhead
Cutting the spray she pitched and rolled
Unaware that she was chosen
Minutes away, the devil's own
Had her marked from the rest
Here silicon heart hummed below
Careful eyes checked the readings
Deep in the dark, machines aglow
But nothing showed on the screens
Somewhere between the shades of grey
Where the sky meets the ocean
Invisible steel kissed the waves
Here it comes through the rain

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