

Michael McGuire

"Dying Of Thirst In The Middle Of The Ocean"

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DYING OF THIRST IN THE MIDDLE OF THE OCEAN

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In a place such as this, in the run of the deep, the sky is
amiss, and the

warden of sleep, the seven depths of the dream, just
slip thru the tides, in

a backdrop like steam, a sea vulture glides.

A wonderland of depth sometimes the bones of other
divers faintly light

the black emptiness of the brine, cup the essence of
that impassable

depth in your hand and you see right thru to the flesh;
this is the mocking

void; substance and sign.

All we know of the thirst, is the crack upon the lips, the
desire of the

cursed, the soul of sinking ships, the rain it holds no
drink, just cloud in

sorrow drained, you cant feel what you think, all vision
is strained.

The hazard of that fixed stare into the petty bone of the
deep is that all

you see is the reflection of the surface scar, uncoupled
of nature a

shadow with a halo dressed in dark gods and

symmetric equations that

distort the focus of what you are.

And so we suffer blind, with want amid this all, the
matter drift of the

mind, the precipice of the fall.

In a canvas of blues, a man's shape undefined, the
only water he can use,

has poisoned his wine.

Of necessity there is no bearing on this ocean of
directionless surface and

obscene depth there is only the compass faith of where
you are.

When the rivers draw the water from the rain and the
oceans milk the

blood from the rivers the heavens are left as dry as a
star.

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