

Hip Tragically

"Nautical Disaster"

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I had this dream where I relished the fray and the
screaming filled my

head all day. It was as though I had been spit here,
settled in, into the pocket

of a lighthouse on some rocky socket, off the coast of
France, dear.

One afternoon, four thousand men died in the water
here and five hundred

more were thrashing madly as parasites might in your
blood. Now I was in a

lifeboat designed for ten and ten only, anything that
systematic would get you

hated. It's not a deal not a test nor a love of something
fated. The selection

was quick, the crew was picked and those left in the
water got kicked off our

pantleg and we headed for home.

Then the dream ends when the phone rings, you
doing alright he said

it's out there most days and nights, but only a fool
would complain. Anyway

Susan, if you like, our conversation is as faint as a
sound in my memory, as

those fingernails scratching on my hull

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