

The Great Ship

Later tonight
it's to turn cold, the old sudden sharp
iceberg cold of New England.
Crickets, cicadas, grasshoppers and frogs
play on.
What their songs, their wing-music is saying
I can't say,
except they must know already that the ice
has gashed a gaping hole
in the hull of Indian summer and they
are the quartet
that comes out on deck and plays away
as the great ship goes down.
We listen quietly from our deck's lifeboat.
Play on
brave, noble souls. Play on. *Nearer, my God, to
thee. Nearer to thee.*