

Derelict

By George Fullen

Darkness sits lightly on the land;
Thick moonlight traces broken streaks
Upon the restless water of the cove
And silhouettes the wreckage of the ship,
Sphinxlike in its immovable dereliction.

Late swimmers venture from land-locked villas,
Run laughing through the sand ribbon of beach,
Hang undecidedly at the cold water's edge,
And then plunge, tripping, falling, shouting.

They dare to swim to the shadow of the ghostly derelict,
But courage is scuttled there,
And they turn back, for they are unable to read
The unwritten epitaph, cold and chilling,
On what must remain an inscrutable monument.

Hours Before Darkness

By George Fullen

Hours before darkness, ponderous and portentous,
Shadows closing in, isolating the man,
Chasing away the light; long shadows lengthening,
Creeping, pursuing the man, pursuing the light.

Hours before darkness, saddest hours of all,
Seal the man's eyes, numb his lips,
Cause his hands to fumble, his feet to betray him;
He finds a refuge and waits for the night.

Hours of coming darkness, the light is gone,
The man is isolated, waiting, deserted by the light;
Long shadows merged to darkness have betrayed him;
He awaits the imponderable, isolated.

The tedious hours are past, the man is isolated,
But a greater isolation is revealed to him,
Coming to him through infinity—feeble at first,
But yet a light. A star. Companion of the night.