

Adrift

Rose Lucas

All through night's long and
unsupported hours—

ocean's pitching black, its surge and scoop,
the power of its flick and suck
relentless flick and suck—

Barely seaworthy, a boat
lurches
 too low in inky slops,

staggering:
a heavy press of bodies in
queasy dark, an intimacy of faces where

stories grip—
the small hands of children—

around necks, fingers—
 voices

desperate across
 blank water—

words swallowed
in a heaving dark.