

## PHANTOM PIRATES

CLAIRE HARRIS MACINTOSH

In the guise of gaunt, grey, gulls,  
Where the water, seething, mulls,  
And men die,  
We, winged wraiths of buccaneers,  
Hurl defiance, shriek our jeers,  
As we fly.

In the screams of gulls in spray,  
In the Loon's loud, spectral bray,  
In the mist,  
We, the spirits, ever doomed  
For the treasure-loot entombed,  
Must exist.

We forgather where old wrecks  
Reek with slime on worm-scarred  
decks;  
Then we rise,—  
Swirls of mist again to soar  
Over men who dig on shore  
For OUR prize.

Haunting, screeching, ghosts of  
space,  
We could guide them to the place  
Where we died:  
Let them gloat on all our gold,  
Then in death-cold mists enfold,  
While the tide

Enters through a hidden door,  
Scattering loot on ocean floor;  
While, at night,  
Thunder booms and flashes streak,  
Ghoulisn pirates, frenzied, shriek  
At their plight.

But in streams of gulls in spray,  
In the Loon's loud, spectral bray,  
In the mist,  
We, the spirits, ever doomed  
For the treasure-loot entombed,  
Must exist.