

SUBMARINE

Edward McNamee

The moon searches
Iced sorrow,
Where uneasy ledges
Of shimmering pearl
Float upon
Great alabaster seas.
While far below
This warp and woof
Of woven waste
And the marmoreal
Meadows of the moon,
Human seeds
In a tight seed-pod
Loll in comfort,
Warmth and light
As they patrol
The noiseless night's
Floe-strangled dark,
Bearing war-heads
Of most nervous coils,
Earmarked for
The arterial tract
Of life.