

### A Channeling

The swimmer swims, and how far is how well.  
Crumbling near Dover's fossil-lit rock,  
I reversed inside my goal  
of massif chalk,  
where England wears the strength of skeletons;  
short of shore and prone toward surrender,  
I nodded.  
The grappling hook swished under my ribs,  
twirling me high to the cold deck.

Now friends ply creaky notions:  
excessive length, hostile waves,  
the ill luck element!  
No one tasks my strength—  
nor was it fatigue,  
nor the ghostly lighthouse lamp  
of England beckoning us toward breakers,  
smashing our hulls on stone.  
Excuses turn near-tombs when minor muscles cramp.

*Edward Locke*