

## Christ the Mariner

The marina lies heavy with keels;  
Lines sway with an impression of breeze;  
The lifting air—and the matte sail claps  
Convex, concave to receive the shadow  
Of clouds as dim as utter night.

What comes down the shaft of midnight  
But Arcturus vying with the proximate sun?

Ancient star, you are pure as silvering  
Beam as your light shivers in the western  
Air.

Immediacy encumbers me like willows  
Before the sea, where the milfoil galaxies  
Shimmer across its surface as retortion  
For sin as I say,  
Resurrection,  
The world's dying is the shiver of eternal spring.

—Clinton F. Larson