

Vincent & The Storm In Ramsgate

have you seen the yellow sea
age to gold as it approaches the shore?

thin lines of light gray to black
within the gravid clouds
here's the wind / there will be storm

it is the weight of darkness that pulls
the caul & sends the vicious rain & wind
the militant agents of storm to scream
into the hawthorne blooms
that shudder with the wallflowers among
the bulwark stones & there
just past the ripening corn
trembles ramsgate

ah
the new dawn's larks riff
with the nightingales that trill their way
to nests in the gardens by the exhausted waters
for the ancient lighthouse
the storm was just another thursday
yes a star will bring you home tonight
yes there is a ship to coax to dock
yes the wet cobblestones will mimic moonlight

o god

(same stanza)

bless me for my mother's sake

o man

do not dispute with me about the color of the waves