

Night watch

I've been to [the abyss] and back on a little rubber raft.

[They told me to get over it, so I did.]

But this [blues] lagoon is where [despair] got trapped when my [eleven-hour] tormentor at last grew weary and receded to the seas.

Now I'm caped off in this [motionless] morgue finger of the vibrant ocean.

And Nessie slinks beneath me, [unproven] and sight unseen to passerby-ers on the shore who urge me to [more] fortitude and [less brooding].

But [make no mistake], I'm in a lake, a loch, so murky deep that my [monsters] can't be seen; [only felt] as they bump the sides and bottom of my pontoon bed.

I'd like to make a [try] for dry land.

But [between you and me], there's a world of hurt.

[And the thrashing my escape would take would only call my dire dreads]; and I have [already] fed that predator more than I can [get by without].

I'd like to [fly] away.

But an albatross drapes across my shoulders, [cast from sorrows older than I dare recall].

It stalls [ascent attempts] and reminds me that my wings are clipped.

But on my lips [I have a hope].

I know that there [are] those who made it past the beachhead; and [maybe] one will see me.

There are [those] who [know the way]; for they've spent time near the fin themselves.

[And it can't begin to slip their minds.]

So they will come.

They will find a way to hoist me to the pier.

For survivors [have no choice at all]; they're [called] with ardor [from their beds into the night].

Armed with lighted lamps, they search for [all] the other lost.

[They cannot sleep.]

And this is [that] which keeps me [watching for you] on my graveyard shift.