

(Hammill)

"Unreal, unreal" ghost helmsmen scream
and fall in through the sky,
Not breaking, through my seagull shrieks:
no breaks until I die.
The spectres scratch on window-slits
hollowed faces, and mindless grins
only intent on destroying what they've lost.

I crawl the wall till steepness ends
in the vertical fall;
My pain has sailed into the sea -
no joking hopes at dawn!
White bone shine in the iron-jaw mask
Lost mastheads pierce the freezing dark
and parallel my isolated tower...
no paraffin for the flame -
no harbour left to gain.