

## For the lost crew of the Wasa Wasa

Your last morning awash with angels  
cries and shouts  
sad sounds of waves  
an angry voice forbidding prayer.

Twilight at sea.  
A sound of home  
knocking on blackness  
babies comforting worried arms.

You screamed wildly. The storm  
Voices shrill. Hushed by the wild winds  
No dignity in death.  
Silver fins pass light upon a glazed eye.

Twilight at sea.  
A sound of home  
knocking on blackness  
babies comforting worried arms.

You lie with fishes.  
Moving gently in a salt sea  
weeping. Waiting  
for the call to sail to home.

On your battlefield  
no wars are won  
no medals adorn your wet wearied breath  
as you wait sadly through the centuries.

*The Wasa Wasa was an old ship that sailed out in a storm and sank.  
The crew never returned.*

Patrick Craddock  
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