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## Sailors and Seraphs

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## **Sailors and Seraphs**

By: Christopher O'Hara

The shadow fingered moon  
tore through the clouds,  
Flanked by legions  
Of ant-trail white heat lightning

I sat on the shore as the tongues  
Of the sea licked at the white sand  
And the smooth, sanguine stones.  
The legions off in the distance.

I sat, lotus posed, as the ships  
Sailed by, and closed my eyes,  
Pushed straight through the nothing  
And heard the whispers of the sailors on the sea.

“Is it Eden, the tree covered shore?  
Or have we fallen through the stars into  
A far-flung fallen kingdom,  
Where the men have no mouths,  
Carved lines where lips once were,  
And the women have ears that  
Hear only sobbing in the night?”

The seraphs stood in the clouds,  
Watching the ships shake on the shore.  
“I know how it feels when they die,” one said,  
“As if a cold chill ran through them  
And left them alone under a frozen sea.  
They can raise their fists on the ice,  
But never crack the calm surface.  
Like fish wallowing and falling,  
They sink back into the murky dark.”

“But sometimes it is calm,  
Sleep like trance, death. They rise with the sun  
And sleep with the moon, but the sun never rises.  
The sun pulls them along,  
And the moon whisks them away.”