STORMS IN PASSING

after “Wreck of the D.T. Sheridan” by Rockwell Kent

What turned this boat and left it to the gulls, on silver stones with sky behind, yellowing at the edge of day?
Whatever storm, it’s passed, and the sea has stars and waves and flapping wings. Whatever it was, its power spent, moved on to upend something else, somewhere other than here. What’s left are the instructions for beauty in a cradle of rock and tide: a thing at rest after tragedy. Beautiful wreck, the boat is ours.

Michael Bove

This poem was written for the 2019 ArtWord ekphrastic poetry project, led by Lee Sharkey and supported by the Portland Museum of Art. The broadside was produced by the Maine Writers & Publishers Alliance and printed in April at the Ascensius Press in Bar Mills, Maine. This is number of 75.