

Millennium Poem

by Eric H. Edwards

Milky, mild, thick oblivious cloud
Illusory ink of ill wind that blows
Luffing the boomless sail, hints of misgiving,
Lengthened light from an ancient time and sun;
Entranced by looking – in what indirection?
None of them, all of them, before or after,
Nine hundred ninety nine up or down
Lumina, I not wholly here or empty,
Umpire of neither water-shadow nor boat-shadow;
Middling as if this moment were in the middle.

20 centuries of sighs... what to save?
Oh I only want to run my little spritsail cat
Once more through the Woods Hole gut
On a slack tide: and then, the next new wave.

Eric H. Edwards is a Woods Hole poet.