

Stuart Dischell

Elegy For L.S.M. (1909-1981)

By the round rusted pipeline,
Where storm drains empty
Into the sea, a procession
Of five women wade
Thigh deep in gray green water.

The oldest leads.

Big flakes of snow are falling.
Remember the cold.
Miles out, the Gulf Stream passes,
Its tropical voice
Faintly heard on the wind.

Ten hands shake the air.
Mottled gulls
Circle and approach.
From the palms
Of your daughters your ashes scatter.

Son of a sailor, son of a whore,
What good are seas
In the right or wrong wind,
Or continents
To a column of smoke?