

## DESPAIR'S IMAGE

*M.L. McCarthy*

Despair, beneath an open sky,  
Looks at a metal-sparkly sea.  
No sail, no rock, consoles his eye:  
All's a smooth uniformity.

Strengthless, the tide slips to and fro,  
Lapping against a shelf of sand;  
Shadows of clouds appear and go;  
Enormous cliffs wall off the land.

Shut close in his hermetic skull,  
Futile thoughts shift, the while his gaze  
Pursues a high, infrequent gull,  
Or on a grain of pebble stays.

Day's atoms activate his sight,  
Pining forever, wide awake,  
In that excess of spacious light  
No muse, nor Charon's prow, shall break.

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