

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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