

GNAT YACHT

James Feichthaler

The crumpled leaves spill from their height;
Broad, auburn vessels break and fall,
Land on a rippling creek; so light,
So fragile, on a sea so small.

A captain gnat seems steering one
Into the dangers of a flood:
Banks, like fire, stones, like mud,
Are all he has to steer him on.

I follow him in the danger-zone,
As though all journeys end like this—
Some greater being watches on
While something tiny perishes.

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