

# MOORING MAST

Vpl. XLIX Pacific Lutheran University No. 20

Friday, April 7, 1972

## Survival

I  
a stellar boil on the inflamed sea  
was sinking slowly, then exploding  
blood into the sky

on a driftwood lifeboat  
I've survived  
the shipwreck of mind and eye

## II

floating alone upon an ocean, I am a dark cloud  
in a liquid sky to the eyes of fish below,  
who like birds fly between seaweed trees  
flowing in the breeze of sea current

dreams

drifting . . .

drifting . . .

below me,

seagulls scream from above, "where is the sun?  
where is the sun?" while peering at clouds  
of wounded flesh, stained with the blood of sun.

## III

blood blackens into a scab,  
black, all around, is all I see.  
I must close my eyes and sleep, colorful dreams.

## IV

I awaken; the dream of silver sand  
below a hot, bronze sun fades slowly into day.

I am moist, and land is on my back,  
while beside me the driftwood sleeps on beach,  
a woman alive in memory . . .

christopher buck