

## HOW LOST HOPE DIES

A ghost ship near demise, a plaything to  
The sea, that palliative cradle turned  
To jutting shards that flash and writhe, angled  
In the moonshine, her bow plunges under

Water pours off her sides like tears from her

Hull upturned, exhaling acquiescence.

A mooncalf's memories of its mother

Subsiding whispers in a dead language