

## Bringing in the Sea

Fifty-some years at my wordwork I've brought in  
the sea again and again, pleading "Keep me  
afloat! O, speed my ride!" and the sea,  
that is sometimes healing, other times vicious,  
careless, endless, made me sick  
till I'd like to drown—it salted each wound,  
it threw me out on the tide where I rest  
like an unoiled gear tranced by metal-fatigue  
in the rusting sun, and still I fondle  
the gleam-word *brief*, and speak and speak  
of the sea.

*Barry Spacks*