

## **Ghost Ship**

*Gareth Alun Roberts*

I could sail a ship; send it foam-breaking  
to the greatest rogues of the deep.

Across brave waves my sails would fly,  
like thunder-heads on this world's rim; riding

the spray of each crest. Sketch its wake  
by stars that chink like the bright mail

of my armour; the last gasps and bursts of heroes  
that sink, are sucked to this black-holing night;  
became myths before ever  
my sun's fierce pride  
first burned.

And my ship,  
as brave to this sea as stars to the night, its bowsprit  
shall carry the last rage of the sunset  
like a maiden,  
a goddess.

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