

*Songs From The Cold Seas*

*Gareth Alun Roberts*

Sea-horn grazing on fog;  
narwhal worrying the fences of the waves  
and wrecks siren-shriek  
where the dead ships are.

The busy dead of sailors' wives  
are stitching shrouds for sails  
in empty rust-busted boilers,  
filling frigid aethers  
where ice grips their dead fingers.

The distance is also dead:  
Eric-stopped,  
Naddodd-chained,  
Wainamoinen more vague  
than ever in life –

all tangled here,  
tangled in the weed  
and dead sailors' wives  
where cold seas weave  
a tooth-rattled song.

