

Beneath the Breaker's Yard

To disappear for 600 years, take your bow
below the disassembling mound where man
after man unmade and were unmade, where use-
less parts found use again. Hold tight the axes
and the cannons, every one of your tons to keep
you fixed firm in the mud. To disappear, Holigost,
humble yourself in the Hamble, let your ribs
lose the sky, lose the breeze. Forget Hundred. Forget
Henry. Forget the gads raining from your flanks.
Slowly forget the sound of the breaker, his hammer,
his whispered prayer to Weland. Give yourself
to the phantom tide, to the muck. Take apart
your history, your memory. Give back the battles
won, the Santa Clara within you. The dead are not
with you. Even they have left. Do not envy that
they will be gone longer. Do not quiver under
the weight of this later sun.