

ESTUARY SIDEPool

The tiny caravel was flailed by wind
She couldn't overcome. Her mast was split,
Her mainsail torn, her fragile hull was pinned
On rocks. Two boys who built her from a kit
Were scrambling thigh-deep in a slapping wave
To reach her— more than just a toy, a prize,
Their model of the Pinta they must save.

Some spatters on their cheeks came from their eyes;
Their flagship broke against the stone and sank.
I'm sure no frail beleaguered craft of old,
Awaited by sad watchers on the bank
And filled with silks and spices in her hold,
Was fought for more intrepidly, and raised.
The boys retrieved their treasure while I gazed.