

MICROCOSM

Their tiny caravel was flailed by wind  
She couldn't overcome. Her mast was split,  
Her mainsail torn, her fragile hull was pinned  
On rocks. The pair who built her from a kit  
Were scrambling hip-deep in a slapping wave  
To reach her-- more than just a toy--their 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 know 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.  
Two boys retrieved their treasure while I gazed.

-- Glenna Holloway