

## Fortune

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He said it is those longships,  
That, sent in sharp saccades of spring,  
Return as seaborne monoliths,  
Laden, surging low through the ice.

He did not speak to reconcile  
Cold nights, lost crafts or hurricanes,  
Only oars' sanguinity,  
And still water made to move.

Shepherd's crook became Asklepian,  
Searching for shadows of his form  
But, like Icarus descending,  
I sing my secret to the sea.

The art is long and turbulent,  
And there are no guiding stars,  
Only city lights like sentinels  
Swinging above those still searching.

I lost his footprints at the coastline  
But I know they trace back West  
Where he waits for what I become  
Some day, following them home.

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