

# Castaways

Elizabeth Naccarato

By shadowing  
All the darkened fields  
Of forgotten words  
And civilian livesViolence  
Through the changing guards  
Through the grinding away  
And their furious marchingBy gathering the holy light  
And weathering  
A castaway life  
And the rising fearThe hollowness  
Of the flags and gods  
That are raised in the air  
In the wake of their ragingYour skinny arms  
Hold the lantern up  
On the brightest array  
Of the stars in their mooringsAnd summoning  
The holy light down  
On citadels  
The blackening skyCollapsing sun  
The burning wall  
That approaches our eyesYou live again  
In the shuddering light  
These images  
This valedictionYou are running from  
A rising tide  
You are castaways

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