Castaways

Dan Collins

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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