

## *Sister Wigberta*

THOMAS DORSETT

Dad hanging onto the pier  
after his ship has sailed on

astounds his daughter—she is old, too—  
Her father was a battleship.

How many times did she surrender  
and see her little skiff dismembered!

Her sire was a man of war; she, a very quiet  
pirate, has dressed in a black flag for years—

Now he's just a little buoy  
floating on an unresponsive sea—

Aides prop him up; insignificance bobs.  
Things won't be very different now

and quieter. Did she love him? She smiles—  
The wreck of her life corresponds with a void.