Shipwreck Survivors March Along the Coastline

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Three days, twelve days, a lifetime.
To starboard, the sea that didn't bury us.
To port, a land that won't let us pierce it.
Sand beats our shoes with microscopic hammers
until the leather flies in strips. The sun
doesn't search hard enough for clouds to hide it.
We take turns carrying the child on our backs.

For food, cousins of plums that hang on bushes
like the crooked scarecrows of beetles.
Cook samples one and expires on the spot.
Meanwhile, crimson figs stand in trees
whose trunks grow an assortment of cutlery.
The birds that seem to have no song
eat these and stare.

For water, inland springs...only half a day's march.
One of us throws his face down into them,
does not rise. Perhaps he is trying to catch
a gudgeon with his teeth. Perhaps he will;
we leave him to his luck.
At night, we make fires to keep back
the animals that snarl or laugh from the brush,
or both. We throw on buttons, fallen teeth,
the ship's log, sextant, stewpot.
To atone for the lack of wood, the carpenter
throws himself on.

Day sixteen: a sail on the horizon.
We hoist the child to our shoulders, who
tries to do a dance. The sail immediately
slips away, as if it's seen better.
That afternoon, mollusks are exposed
by the tide. When we lunge, they
burrow into the sand like the tongues
of repentant gossips. We strike at the beach,
whose enormous face cannot feel it.

We march. No crossroads, no reckoning, no end.
The child is dead, but we have forgotten
how not to carry him. The captain
walks into the water until he can float his hat.
The second mate dashes himself on the rocks.
Soon it's just the bosun and I. He climbs
invisible rigging to the sky,
reaches a hand for me to follow him.