

Full sail, a feat  
of stylized rigging,  
armed frigate, eating machine  
whose armadas blow ashore  
through warming currents,  
to cooler coasts off Amagansett,  
up the Atlantic as far north as the Bay of Fundy,  
The Isle of Man—and I  
who envisioned your technicolor  
rays only in *Our Amazing World's*  
slick pages, centerpiece of  
danger and display—how you swim  
up unbidden, struck chord  
like the wail of sirens, the *warning*  
and the *all-clear*, the stark list  
of grocery stash guaranteeing  
post-atomic household survival. So you drop  
that fine-spun glass pane  
at the first sign of surface threat  
to submerge or travel dark, lucent pools—  
O blue bottle, spilled ink—  
Even dead you deliver a sting.