

O Thou Thou About Whose Sea

O Thou Thou about whose sea we all sit
Sitting so troublesomely
Wondering where and by whom
We have been placed why

Too deep beneath us sleeps the sea
Our backs on thin boards high above
The sea which is which is which is
Though we are spared by boards that float

Broad about us lies forever
With frail boards clinging always
To the sightless breadth-of-it

And this is how we are

The forgotten breeze is spent
Were it again to be resurrected we would sail
Merely over more seas

The why of me grows bold O Thou O Why?

(1955)

