

# The Sinking Ship

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Do we always rescue a sinking ship?

Can we?

When we try, whom do we love?

Self?

The ship that will sink will sink,

and when the bow

sinks into ocean floor,

whom will its ghost blame?

Pale and destroyed,

in the belly of a great fish,

the one offended relents.

Alone,

a cry goes up,

a song, a sacrifice,

a vow made good.

The single heart, united,

sees itself;

then slowly the carpenters,

engineers, and caulkers

play their roles

to a grateful heart.

But the sinking comes first.