

"TORREY CANYON" 3

One thin black palm tree another
 pushing eastward slowly & greedily,
 in cracks where the look from a
 night's sleep is on the moon sea.
 The dance and song of spring waves
 still by the hush and stretch of
 fish die where the horizon touches
 under the flowing marks of oil that
 seen the crunched fingers of shingle
 yet men have said, through blood
 that the wreck of our full-learned dreams
 clatters the soul's floor and breaks.
 Oh bright girls smeared, pink with
 grease, doctored screens.

Living in the crash-bred slough!
Fud-film rotting the seaweed, the
Smoldered rocks;
Rocks now slimy hooks, through the
Soured them while the fork
Rings/ plunges toward port.

5-4 May, 1940