On the USS Albatross

This is our ship
various as a city
intimate as a village
less like a nation
more like a world
with all the possibilities
of neighbor and friend

This is our ship
swift in the currents
winds behind us
but in frigid seas
and dark wintry North
it grinds through
excruciating ice

This is our ship
We will not get another

If we cannot pull together
our lips will dry and split
our tongues crack and swell
our ears blister shut

We will lose our way
our fragile home
each other and ourselves

But this is our ship
We do not have to drown
nor to die of thirst on these ironic waters

We can traverse these seas together
Together we can reach our ports of call

This is our ship
We do not need another
We will not get another

This is our ship

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