Dreadnaught

By Samuel E Pheby-McGarvey

This is where we go to die

 No

 This is where we are taken

This is where we are taken to die

We are caught, grabbed and taken from our homes, pushed together, made anew, we forge an identity in steel and fire, tempered in water

We fly, across the earth, bumping from shore to shore, rolled by waves, and caught in storms, battening down, and battered by winds

Awash in a sea, always trying to invade us, corrode and decay, overwhelm and pull us down, down, into its depths

To roll and play in its belly, slowly succumbing

We forget, forget a time before we were this shape, this hulk, this cog, this lantern, frigate, ironclad dreadnought, a history of shapes with one purpose

We can feel this, pressing history, we are enablers, of colonies, wars, death and destruction, but we didn’t know

We brought your ancestors, here, and away across the world, when the world grew, we grew with it, we got bigger as it did

To go round, and round

Then we come here, towed, or under our own steam, to sit like lonely lovers starring into the abyss of time

Contemplating our lives, comparing scratches in our hulls, like kids compare scars, telling the stories etched like tattoos across our beings

Hearing the swish and wash of waves, as they lap into us, lap through us and suck us down, we are empty husks

Husks waiting to be swept out with the tide

This is where we go to die

No

This is where we are taken

No

This is where we return

This is where we return to the world