

**Classic Poetry Series**

# **Sir Kingsley Amis**

**- poems -**

**Publication Date:**

2004

**Publisher:**

PoemHunter.Com - The World's Poetry Archive

## **A Note On Wyatt**

See her come bearing down, a tidy craft!  
Gaily her topsails bulge, her sidelights burn!  
There's jiggling in her rigging fore and aft,  
And beauty's self, not name, limned on her stern.

See at her head the Jolly Roger flutters!  
"God, is she fully manned? If she's one short..."  
Cadet, bargee, longshoreman, shellback mutters;  
Drowned is reason that should me comfort.

But habit, like a cork, rides the dark flood,  
And, like a cork, keeps her in walls of glass;  
Faint legacies of brine tingle my blood,  
The tide-wind's fading echoes, as I pass.

Now, jolly ship, sign on a jolly crew:  
God bless you, dear, and all who sail in you.

Anonymous submission.

Sir Kingsley Amis