



Night Watch

Kevin Shackley

Night Watch,
Commander of the Sea,
took a shotgun shell
from the pocket of his shirt. In the distance
the moon,
Commander of the Star

Brigade. Adorned with a star
his shirt sleeve covered his watch.
The moon,
reflected in the sea,
swam into the distance.

Before dropping his shotgun shell
he sang, "Me shell,
my belle." A five-star
general, too much distance
stood between his night watch
and his Michelle. Separated by the sea,
under the same bright moon.

Never forgetting her or the moon,
he lunged for the shell
he dropped, that rolled into the sea.
Water splashed like the shooting star
he loved to watch,
streaking in the distance.

A speckled star in the distance,
like the moon,
seemed saddened to watch
cigarettes gather in the scallop shell;

his ashtray. Once a proud, reeling star
of combat, his reminder entombed by the sea.

The salty sweetness of a sea
breeze, spanned the distance
to the nearest star,
who twinkled to salute the moon.
Like the drowning of his shotgun shell,
all he could do was watch.

Night Watch.
Into the sea he dropped his shell.
In the distance, a star cries with the moon.