

1992

Petty Officer

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Petty Officer

In the distant sea, wishing for the voices of his children,
he works below deck, beneath machinery
sweating the same grease he breathes.
The waves carry no messages—
the wind whistles no news.
Worry brings sleepless nights,
so he thinks only of their smiles.
He dreams of wrapping his thick arms
around his love, for comfort and security:
her head throbs from playful screams of children
and she's frustrated by the smell of ash in the oven.
The chill she feels leads to the summer windows
not yet dressed for winter and she thinks of him
who curses while he practices war.

– Molly Cruikshank '93



– Peggy Ryan '93