

Incomers

by Ian

crossing a thin fiery line they come
issuing from the burnt ashes of
the sinking Sun doused by a watery
horizon; mute promises of relief
on the soft breath of cloud-rimmed lips,
wine darkened and seductive, whispering
gentle longings to parched bones scorched
by desert winds. Ready to put all
on the throw of a loaded dice,
not heroes in a thousand sleek
long-ships, but cramped in dilapidated
hulks, migrating death-traps, a surge
of fleeing human misery. They wade,
or stagger through welcoming surf,
not for plunder, not for retribution, nor
conquest. They wield no shining bronze
accoutrements; no invading warriors,
only the ragged remnants of dazed
survivors, their hopes more tenuous
than the taut wedge between sea and sky...