

DAN MURPHY

## **SEALING**

Half of St. John's  
Gathered at the harbour  
To see us off.  
The band played.  
Children bundled  
Under wings of mothers  
Like young birds.  
Heading to the front.  
There is no difference  
Between the glory of sealing  
And the glory of war;  
As we all died anyway.  
Our frozen corpses  
Grey as our monuments  
Venerating the fields of France.  
Our frozen fingers  
Like fishhooks; holding on  
To each other  
Until the last minute.  
Before the winds  
Gave us all up to the storm.