

Molly of the Sea

Know you, Molly
Host of all the seas
Angel of the black quarry
A sunken fish, she breathes.

See you, Molly
Clover of the ocean tide
In deepest waters of melancholy
Nowhere can you hide.

Hear you, Molly
Screech under the sun
Far from siege and volley
Her rhythmic voice is wrung.

Feel you, Molly
Holding beneath your head
Float you sprawly and puff she drawly
You will awaken from the dead.

Fear you, Molly?
Nymph of darkest hour?
Fear you never, Molly
Molly of tender touch
Of potent power.

Know you, Molly
Ghost of all the reeds
Maiden most low, of no folly
She plucks us from the seas.

Sweet, delicate reed and gentle arms

Molly.

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