

RON RASH

Dylan Thomas

Scawmy, gray-souled November
blinds the whale-road, pall draper
over this ship bearing one
whose name means *of the ocean*
in a language he denied
allegiance to, though his lines
rang with cynghanedd—English
reined by Celtic music,
stitched tight as the coracle
that wombed Taliesin—tribal
rain-downs of sound, not enough:
a small people lose their tongue
one poet at a time. Talent-
squanderer, fraud, miscreant,
apt sobriquets for a life
lived badly between the lines.
The coast recedes. Last gulls cry.
Down in the hold his drunk wife
smokes and flirts with the seamen
who play cards on his coffin.

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