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Ishmael in New Bedford: A Mesostic Poem

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Wind screams
along the shore, strong cold gusts
blow angry
clouds and the scent of fish from New Bedford,

raising ridges

of bubbles,
waves high as the top of a hull.
Now dusk drops;
waves wash the rocky land

and night fills
with calm, brightens;
above, the archer,
belted with light, sword
at hand, gleams
above a quay.

Now as cold clutches me
tightly,
holds my body, grasps
me with icy claws,
I daydream I'm in Sumatra

in seas far from here
rocking on gentle
swells under such a sky.

O, please, hunter, find me
a warm place to stay
tonight, lead me
to a lit fire, scalding tea,
a bed with warm blankets.

Tomorrow, after the glittering stars have faded
and the sun is aloft,
I will seek passage on a whaler,
but now, I will walk under
Orion till I find
a place to stay
for tonight,
then I'll make the sea my home.