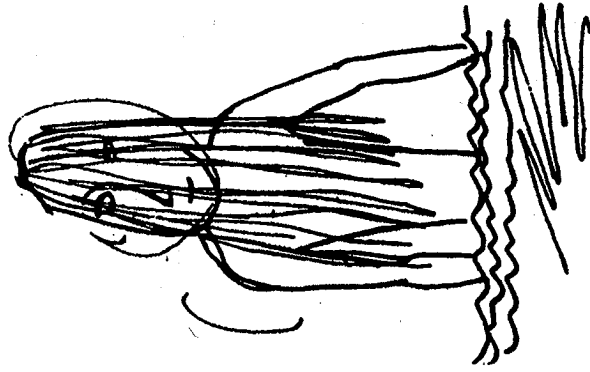


Not Waving but Drowning

Nobody heard him, the dead man,
 But still he lay moaning:
 I was much further out than you thought
 And not waving but drowning.

Poor chap, he always loved larking
 And now he's dead
 It must have been too cold for him his heart gave way,
 They said.

Oh, no no no, it was too cold always
 (Still the dead one lay moaning)
 I was much too far out all my life
 And not waving but drowning.



1957

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 3rd ed. Norton, 2003