

Waves

No-one's arriving in waves;
but on waves of terror and hope.
Who will they see if they land
who might throw them a rope?
Old waves, so oil-black, so high,
so bitterly huge in the channel
offering waterlogged death
if you can't take the tunnel.
Fathom on fathom beneath
of sickening water to harm them,
waves freezing, queasy and deep;
and no saviour to calm them.
Fast flowing water at night
few scared and despaired people brave.
And if they should get to this land,
who will give them a wave?



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