

Oceans Ghost

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Lines: 76

I ponder from my ocean grave,
About that fateful night.
The cool, dark air, a dim sea mist,
With stars that shone so bright.

It took us all with such surprise,
In fact it was unthinkable.
The strength and beauty of this ship,
Which they had deemed unsinkable.

We dined in the saloon that night,
My wife, my son and I.
We had no knowledge this would be,
The day that we would die.

The evening started out so well,
Fine wine and joyful laughter.
The band were playing ragtime, with
No thoughts of the hereafter.

I stayed up on the deck alone,
My family tucked in bed.
It must have been just after twelve,
When trouble loomed ahead.

We'd hit an iceberg, I was told,
Though no-one seemed to mind.
The ship, built by the White Star Line,
Had been so well designed.



There wasn't need for much concern,
So people carried on.
Drinking, smoking rich cigars,
Good wine and merry song.

About an hour or so did pass,
And though the band still played,
I felt a chill pass down my spine,
And began to feel afraid.

I walked towards the port-side deck,
And saw a gathered crowd,
"Women first and children next",
The call came fast and loud.

It was this moment when I knew,
The trouble we were in,
I had to hurry to my wife,
And son who could not swim.

I pushed and prodded my way past,
A sea of panicked faces.
And began to run as fast as,
Any horse at Ascot Races.

The feeling all around me now,
Was one of such despair.
As crew deployed the lifeboats,
Which hung empty in the air.

As I neared my cabin,
I heard screaming from below.
A third class passenger was trapped,
With nowhere left to go.

It wasn't long before the ship,
Began its fateful tilt.
The fact I never reached our room,
Fills me with pain and guilt.

Thrown into the icy seas,
I called for them by name.
So many souls all crying out,
All sounding much the same.

I swam towards a lifeboat,
But they pushed me with their oar,
"I'm so, so sorry" wailed the girl,
"but we can't fit no more."

Bodies floated past me,
As the ship sunk out of sight.
Taking with it to its depths,
The last glimmer of light.

One by one the voices stopped,
The sounds replaced by waves.
And fifteen hundred souls were lost,
To one big ocean grave.

Ironically, the band had played,
'Nearer my God to thee',
But I remain a spirit lost,
To the cold Atlantic sea.