

# Lights and Shadows

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1975

**Eli**

Carl Bullard

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## ELI

He drew him a ship,  
With a stick in the sand,  
And pulled himself up,  
To watch the skipjacks where they ran.

The smell was there  
In the salty air  
And New England was no place to be.  
For the winter winds blew cold and hard  
And a summer man was he.

To back it off and start anew  
Was a thorn from Jesus' side,  
And the hollowed footprints were started fair  
By a begging ceaseless tide.

A man displaced by a lack of grace  
from a God he never knew,  
For shallow was he in the mind,  
and the sea  
was home and a glass of brew.

--Carl Bullard