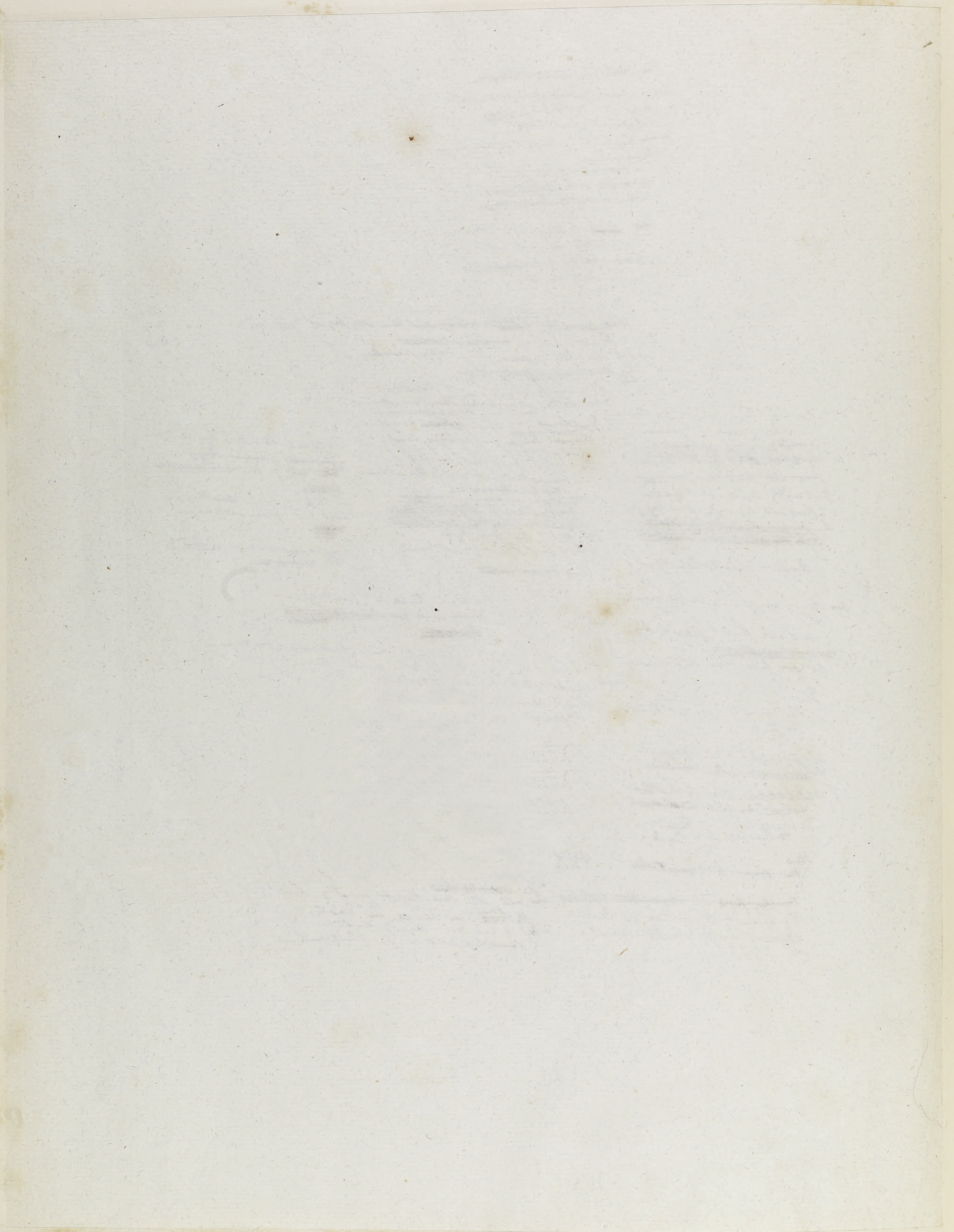


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Caroline Kipling.

Cruisers ○

As our mother the Frigate, be-painted and fine,  
Made prey for her bully the Ship of the Line,  
So we her bold daughters by iron and fire,  
Accost and decoy to our masters' desire.

Now pray you consider what toils we endure,  
Night-walking wet sea-lanes, a guard and a lure—  
Where half of our trade is that same merry sort  
As nettledome wenchies do practice in port.

For this is our office — to spy and make room;  
Abiding as hiding yet guiding to doom.  
Surrounding, confounding, to bait and betray  
And drive all to battle a sea's width away.

The poor silly trader attending no wrong  
With lead-light and side-light he hith along,  
Then lightless and light-foot and huddling hap we  
And force him discover his business ~~on~~ sea.

Before the locked harbours we gather and peer  
At risk of great gun-shots their strength to make clear:  
By strange shallow waters and alley-ways blind  
We are loosed (or be swift!) to the work of our kind.

And when we have watered the lust of the foe,  
To draw him by flight to our bullocks we go,  
Yet never so hasty that he is out-reen,  
And never so ~~reckoning~~ <sup>hally</sup> that we be undone.

Then, lurching and lencing, he followeth far,  
With hail of strong pieces our beauty to mar,  
Till ware of fresh smoke stealing nearer he flies—  
And our bullocks close in for to make him good prize.

Amorn we return, being gathered again,  
Across the ~~great~~ ridges all disabled with rain;  
Across the ~~green~~ ridges all crisped and curled  
To join the long dance round the curse of the world.

The bitter Salt Spin-drift the Sun-glan hils wise —  
The moon on white water lewlders over eyes  
Where lencing and lifting our sisters we hail  
'Thrust all of ~~them~~ <sup>worm</sup>-surges or wench of head gale.

What see ye? Their signals — or Lenin afar?  
What hear ye? Gods' Thunder — or guns of ~~any~~ <sup>war</sup>?  
What chase ye? Their smokes or a ~~cloud~~ <sup>fog</sup> ~~burst~~ <sup>blast</sup> ~~blsun~~?  
What race ye? Their lights — or the day-Star low down?

So, times without number, deceived by false shows  
Deceyng we cumber the track of our toes,  
For this is our virtue — to bait and betray;  
Preparing great battles a world's width away.

Now Peace is at end and ~~over~~ <sup>over</sup> peoples take heart  
For the laws are clean gone that restrained their art.  
~~lehand down the near headlands and into the sea~~  
All about the near headlands and adown the far wind  
We are loosed (or be swift!) to the sport of our kind!

Cruisers ①

As our mother the Frigate, be-painted and fine,  
Made play for her paramour ship of the line -  
So we her bold daughters by iron and fire  
Accost and decoy to our masters' desire.

For this is our office - to spy and make room  
Abiding as hiding but guiding to doom,  
Surrendering - confronting - to trait and betray  
Preparing great battles a world's width away.

Now may you consider what toils we endure,  
Night-walking wet, sea-lanes, a guard and a lure  
For half of our trade is that same merry sort  
As mettlesome wenches do practice in port.

The deep-loaded ~~sea~~-merchant attending us wrong  
With head-lights and sidelight he ~~hunts~~ huncheth along -  
Then lightless and lightfoot and  
And force him discover his business at sea

and when we have wakened the best of a foe  
To draw him by sleight toward our bellies we go.  
Till, ware of sea's smokes stealing nearer, he flies  
And over bellies run in for to make him good prize

And when we have chanced on the track of their host  
One fleet to carry that word to the coast;  
and lest, by pale dawning, they turn and go free,  
One heath behind them to follow and see

For this is our office to ~~spy and make room~~ <sup>and spy</sup> ~~abiding as hiding~~ <sup>and guide</sup> ~~but guiding to doom~~ <sup>to doom</sup> ~~surrendering - confronting~~ <sup>to trait and betray</sup> ~~preparing great battles~~ <sup>a world's width away</sup>

And now we return being protected again  
Across the sad valleys all deathless with rain  
up and down the lean ridges wind-felted and curled,  
To join the long dance round the curse of the world.

The white salt - spin drift, the sun-flare Atlantic -  
The moon on white water, bewilders our eyes  
I here leaping and lifting our knees we hail  
Through wrench o' cross-seas or sleep of head-fall.

What see ye? Their signals - or lances?  
What hear ye? Gods' thunder - or peen of our war?  
What mark ye? Their smoke - or a ~~sea~~ <sup>sea</sup> ~~area~~ <sup>area</sup> ~~quall~~ <sup>quall</sup> ~~and blown~~?  
What chase ye? Their lights - or the ~~3~~ <sup>3</sup> ~~stars~~ <sup>stars</sup> ~~low down~~?

~~What ~~to~~ ~~see~~ ~~ye~~?~~ ~~What ~~to~~ ~~hear~~ ~~ye~~?~~ ~~What ~~to~~ ~~mark~~ ~~ye~~?~~ ~~What ~~to~~ ~~chase~~ ~~ye~~?~~  
~~We ~~to~~ ~~spy~~ ~~and~~ ~~make~~ ~~room~~~~ ~~abiding~~ ~~as~~ ~~hiding~~ ~~but~~ ~~guiding~~ ~~to~~ ~~doom~~ ~~surrendering~~ ~~-~~ ~~confronting~~ ~~-~~ ~~to~~ ~~trait~~ ~~and~~ ~~betray~~ ~~preparing~~ ~~great~~ ~~battles~~ ~~a~~ ~~world's~~ ~~width~~ ~~away~~

As our mother the Frigate be-painted and fire  
Made blay for her belly - the Shep of the line  
So we her bold daughters by iron and fire  
Accost and decoy to our masters' desire.

For this is our office to spy and make room -  
Abiding as hiding yet guiding to doom;  
Surrounding, confounding, to bait and betray  
Preparing great battles a world's width away.

Now pray you consider what toils we endure  
Night walking wet sea-lanes a guard and a lure  
Since half ~~of~~ of our trade is that same merry sort  
As mettlesome wenches do practice in port.

The poor silly trader fretting us wrong  
With headlights and sidelights he limps along -  
Then lurking and lightless and light-foot lest we  
To force him discover his needs on the sea.

And when we have watered the best of the foe  
To tempt him by flight toward our bellies we go  
Till ware of new smokes stealing nearer he flies  
And our bulks run in for to make him good prize.

And when we have chanced on the track of their host  
One fleet to carry that wood to the coast  
But ~~and~~ lest by false challenges they turn and go free  
One hath behind them to follow and see.

~~But~~ ~~for this is our office, adroit and afar -~~  
~~As our mother the Frigate be-painted and fire~~  
~~As our mother the Frigate be-painted and fire~~  
~~As our mother the Frigate be-painted and fire~~  
be ~~soft~~ ~~but~~ the bud bid: 'mar -  
- ~~for~~ ~~to~~ ~~hand~~ ~~that~~ ~~is~~ ~~the~~ ~~bud~~ ~~bid~~ ~~:~~ ~~'mar~~ -  
- ~~afar~~ ~~and~~ ~~afar~~ -  
fast fire in words ~~as~~ ~~per~~ ~~fect~~ ~~in~~ ~~about~~.









The Destroyers

Off shore where sea and skyline blend  
In rain, the daylight dies  
The leaden shouldering swells attend  
Night and our sacrifice.  
Along the smullen coast no flare  
Nor mark on thral or bar -  
Barkling and desperate we dare  
The head-on game of war.

Saw ye the circling pump that stid -  
Hears ye the hurrid pen that bid  
~~the lapped do that bid~~

For this, ye gods explained,  
Thought ye had set our head at game -  
The ~~unforged~~ ~~claw~~  
Slow first beyond that.

For this, ~~we this, the~~  
For this

unto this trap  
The ~~claw~~ ~~and~~ ~~trap~~

~~the lapped do that bid~~  
Saw ye a coraly beam that stid  
Hears ye the hurrid pen that bid  
The wharf beam that stid:  
In ~~concluded~~ to ~~let~~ ~~stid~~ -  
Saw ye the wharf beam that ~~stid~~ ~~played~~.  
Hears ye the ~~hurrid~~ ~~pen~~ ~~that~~ ~~bid~~  
In ~~concluded~~ to ~~let~~ ~~stid~~ -  
The ~~wharf~~ ~~beam~~ ~~that~~ ~~stid~~ ~~played~~.

Saw ye the wharf beam that ~~stid~~ ~~played~~.  
Hears ye the ~~hurrid~~ ~~pen~~ ~~that~~ ~~bid~~  
The ~~wharf~~ ~~beam~~ ~~that~~ ~~stid~~ ~~played~~.  
Let us go ~~and~~ ~~stay~~ -

clearer  
~~He~~ ~~was~~ ~~on~~ ~~the~~ ~~cloud~~ ~~at~~ ~~noon~~  
 The wheeling beams that shell  
 Her eyes on the cloud at noon  
 Near the hurried feet that tell  
 She saw the hurried feet that tell  
 The lagged ear to close  
 clearer. The wheeling beams that shell  
 Her eyes on the cloud at noon  
 Near the hurried feet that tell  
 She saw the hurried feet that tell  
 The lagged ear to close  
 The path that we hid our feet  
 The cry and her hand.

clearer ~~the~~ ~~on~~ ~~the~~ ~~cloud~~ ~~at~~ ~~noon~~  
 Her message ~~was~~ ~~the~~ ~~hand~~  
 Near the hurried feet that tell  
 She saw the hurried feet that tell  
 The lagged ear to close  
 clearer. The wheeling beams that shell  
 Her eyes on the cloud at noon  
 Near the hurried feet that tell  
 She saw the hurried feet that tell  
 The lagged ear to close

clearer the wheeling beams that shell  
 Her eyes on the cloud at noon  
 Near the hurried feet that tell  
 She saw the hurried feet that tell  
 The lagged ear to close  
 She saw the hurried feet that tell  
 The lagged ear to close  
 She saw the hurried feet that tell  
 The lagged ear to close  
 She saw the hurried feet that tell  
 The lagged ear to close

From the high light  
 clearer the wheeling beams that shell  
 Her eyes on the cloud at noon  
 Near the hurried feet that tell  
 She saw the hurried feet that tell  
 The lagged ear to close  
 She saw the hurried feet that tell  
 The lagged ear to close  
 She saw the hurried feet that tell  
 The lagged ear to close

Their message of our foes:

The lagged ear to close: