

1992

Battleship

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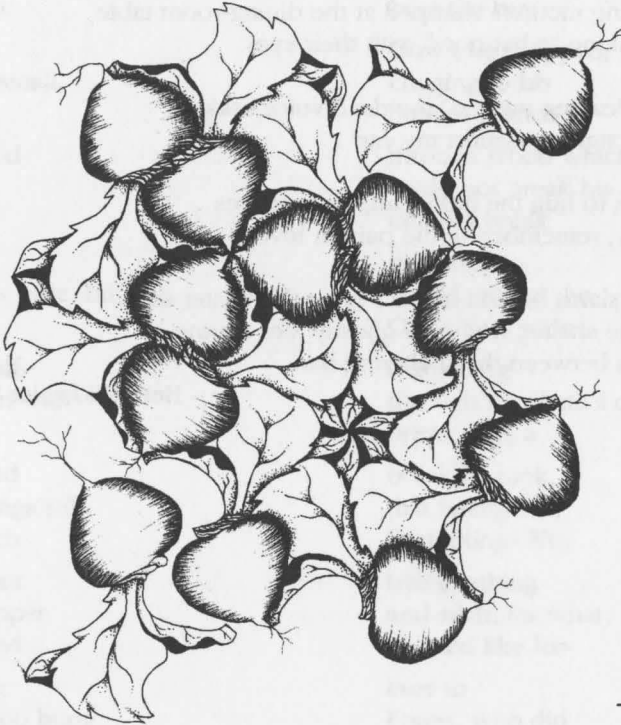
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Battleship

A pink sunset at night,
sailors delight.
The blue skies overhead
are expected from the forecast.
The S.S. Saratoga slices a continuous path
three hours from a pre-selected destination.
Ocean swells play as if they would
eject the boat off the surface.
Sailors finish duty, checking
rechecking and cleaning the weapons.
Their time is now, full alert
requires incessant concentration.
The Battleship, their warship, sculpted by perfection
is ready to react in a seconds notice.
The siren wails, the sound
snaps it's crew to attention.
Final destination is near,
battle has begun.
The Commander sends his order,
"Switch to guns."

– Dave Fox '93



– Peggy Ryan '93