

Oily Weather, Ernest Hemingway

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The sea desires deep hulls—  
It swells and rolls.  
The screw churns a throb—  
Driving, throbbing, progressing.  
The sea rolls with love  
Surging, caressing,  
Undulating its great loving belly.  
The sea is big and old—  
Throbbing ships scorn it.

The End