

**H.M.S. Picotee - 12th August 1941**

Begotten from the womb, that gave up the Titanic,  
In keel your fate was written, fatal, mortal, tragic.

Oh, little Flower, babe of less than one,  
Guarding older mother-ships, your charge was well done.

Your brave little hull, stopped the finger of death,  
Your brave little heart, ripped to hessian-like shreds.

Metal and flesh, and fire and water,  
Absorbed together amongst the slaughter.

Deathly colours of red, black and grey,  
"Fire's out!" - might Leading Stoker, say.

Only that his life was silenced,  
Death had gripped and passed his sentence.

Split and broke, you sank in two,  
In Leviathan's depths you shroud your catacombed crew.

Mighty sea, dragged, your hulk down,  
Clearing man's bloody handy work,  
For him, for God, for Crown.

Up 'till now, that war was film,  
Songs, books and photographs, another realm.

All to me had been black and white, unreal,  
Now all is coloured, and some-how surreal.

Nothing 'till now, nothing to me,  
Except the fact of a Collins, William Stanley.

For on the 12th of August, 1941,  
You gave your life for me, for us, aged 31.

My soul does chill, of where Great Uncle lies,  
Hell-like place, that icy grave of darkness, of how he died.

That mighty war, I have, now, my personal loss,  
To me it has travelled, over time it has crossed.

So Picotee, I'll cry your name aloud,  
Exulted to the world I'll sing, I'll sing it tall and proud.

Like from the deathly winter to the rebirth at the spring.  
Your spirit and the spirits you carry, will live and shine again.

Born after you'd gone, disconnected, no more I'll be,  
No more will you be confined just to books of history.

You are a part of my life and my worlds liberty,  
YOU - gave that up, for us, thank you, Picotee.