

## Through the Bosphorus

*Kim Philby 1912-88*

With each shift of the wind  
shearwaters dip and twist,

scavenging offal the cook  
threw from the stern,

hurling themselves  
through the surf.

One bird floats lifeless  
with a limp neck.

In the distance,  
where the wake subsides,

the two shores  
almost touch: a clash

of continents. Ahead,  
open waters of the Black Sea.

By dawn this old freighter  
will be on course for Odessa.

One by one, lights appear  
in villages along the banks.

In London, his friends  
will soon be having

drinks before dinner  
in the Cheshire Cheese,

roast beef at White's.