

The Night Shore

by Raymond Gibson

Somniloquies rise like the drowned their
lungfuls of air ripple as
indecipherable

a vision translucent as halite in opaque
huelessness the night of it
meandering

breath is the sea rote I float to the pupil
wade the green iris shut
in its eyelid

these thoughts dream me and not I them
how from out of silence
clarities swim

