Pacific

by A. Pseudonym

this orient tide come occident: this roll of wreck and reckoned eyes that fathomless are found or made to find her keep within the tight shut shell in soundings deeper than the plumblined soul

these western waves gone east: these forgone waters waking dim pulled out to sea by moondrawn cord and raked across the whale's back stabbing at his afterlight like Jacob sleeping on a stone

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