

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 moon drawn cord
and raked across the whale's back
stabbing at his afterlight like
Jacob sleeping on a stone

