

# 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

