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

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