



Dream boat

The afternoon prays through dust
to gift a shape of light
on a torn floor.

The flock have gone and cast their shadows
but a dream boat's moored in the night
to ferry on what's left behind.

Ferry the shadows over the water
Ferry the shadows over the night
Ferry the shadows over the threshold
Ferry the shadows into the light

Watching

The thousand salt-blue eyes sharp with seeing
down far through water into darting silver
and sculpted muscles used to heaving
that could wrestle you down any day

are not gone; the thousand gutters, coopers, curers,
fishermen, sails, but suffered into another place and calling
where there's fish enough for everyone.