

shadows and amber
 ashen rust
crust upon the backs
 of blackened hulls
 where barnacles
burst beneath the waves
 the sound
 of silence
echoes as a tomb
the mask of memory
crashed against the
 absent shore.

song and hail of
night birds—
 the gale,
serene as the chime
of bells
and secret wells
the rasp of dusk
clasps its grip
 upon the cloak
 of nails and
luminescent shades