

FIGURE EIGHT

I gaze through the window to the sea
That explodes, shakes the air
Spreading foam on the beaten sand,
Scallop shells, white remains of fishbones,
Tiny eyebones, small teeth from bait, a meal
dockside, or shark-side, God-side.
Look out, I see the powers of creation,
Hear the rhythmic explosion of nature.
Is this an echo of a threat that God made, or
Was it that deserted angel that fell? Cast off
By the thunderous booming voice that shakes
The ground, shakes my heart, wakes the lostness of my being?
Wonderous words frame the monstrous emptiness of the sky.
What is fixed, and what is not?
The shell strewn shore falls foot by foot
As rip currents collide with daydreams
Of vanishing time in and out, at that moment
Of waking into day, the sun not glaring yet.

She, beyond my thoughts, real, hidden in blankets,
Does she dream of spoken words to angels in decline,
Fearing men broadly present in the order of things,
Men less than defined in those fleeting dreams
Of unrecognizable figures in a foreign song?
She searches for acceptance from a disparate audience.
She has no knowledge of the song of the sea,
Or the sorrowful blast of waves, or the horizon
As it moves gently in the distance.
She stirs, upsets the sheets and blankets.

I look out again at the sea, I find myself in the horror
and beauty,
Of flying angels,
Christ tortured on the Cross,
The weeping at a Requiem Mass,
Remembered as a child,
I hear a choir of moans
not the sea,
confused by the comingling of mystery:
bright sun a companion to unmasked night.

The desperate forces that surround her
As she sleeps
hide from both of us the stars within,
and the galactical mass
Of unknown explosions
of unseen brightness.
As a thin thread sews
Two different fabrics
Together,
fragile
In their completeness.

Through the window the future fades with the flight
Of the seagulls, the gliding of pelicans.
Beneath the waters, I imagine the
Chaos of sardines or mackerel against the hungry
Bluefish, or shark. The twisting panic of death.
Bubbles and blood, More shells for the shore.

The ocean in September rebels against that calm.
The blue sky, turns charcoal, a deathly hue.
Everything I thought I saw will be lost in the spray of the sea.
The plates in the kitchen will rattle,
The floor-boards shift,
Then the wind will tear the sand, send it swirling
In the air.
I hear the chords of Bach's Requiem Mass
Briefly.
She stirs, shakes awake
Feet move swiftly
To the shag rug next to the bed.
Sleep still in her eyes.
Blurs the focus of the morning.
Her glance moves from me
To the window.
She sees something.
I look.
I hear some call of a bird,
Not a sea bird,
But a bird of trees or grass,
Some recognition
of unsettled nature.