

Foghorns

The long, low, lugubrious sound
Floating across the water
Wakes me from deep sleep
The guttural vibration
Felt more than heard

From the watery depths
The rumble reaches my cozy cocoon
Somewhere a ship says
“I’m out here, alone
“Let’s not get too close”

Eyes closed, mind in repose
The sound stirs
A low belly response
I want to give it a word

That’s what poets do
Seek to capture, hold, define
Those skitterings within us

We are out there
On the edge
Skating on thin ice
Trying to give shape
Image, language

To what is just beyond
In the haze
Of morning sound
The unconscious
Foghorn of the mind