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Aleut Reverie

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Aleut Reverie

Beyond the other lights, a stumbling
bodiless light, and then from white water
whiter water, and a brighter light.

There isn't much to tell me what it is
from these high cliffs where from time
to time I've stumbled over old green
skulls or weathered bones. The spray
flies up and I duck, as I used to under
the camera's black cloth to see the land
and ocean tossing in the sleep of
the Moon's sister as she looked down
on young men in kayaks, wood visors
prickly with sea-lion whiskers blowing out
like wisps of smoke as they paddled past
the Evening Star, past Bundles-of-Codfish
and the Caribou, heading away, away...
And I head back, turning away from the
light on the sea that's now flickered
out, back toward the sound of one,
hesitant drum almost drowned
in a radio's slow drone.