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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.