

WAVES

MAROON LIPS SINGING
OF LOST LAGOON SHIPS
POURING DOWNRIGHT ROUND
THE MIDDLE OF THE NIGHT
FILAMENTS GLOWING
ARMAMENTS GROWING

FISHHOOKS
IN THE DARK STRETCH OF
UNDERWATER NIGHTMARE SECLUSIVE
BRILLIANT FORCE
OF MAGENTA ORANGE

OPENING AND RISING, RUNNING GREEN
ENERGISING SILVER NETTLES
IN HER HAIR
REFLECTIONS OF THE ECLIPSE
ON THE CURVE OF HER SHOULDER
AS SHE TURNS TO STARE
AT THE SOUND OF HER VOICE
AS IT ENTERS THE AIR

SWIRLING VORTEX, LIGHT BLUE HAZE
AND SLIDING CLEAR MARBLE SOUNDS

EYELINE GRID IN HUMID MOVEMENT
SKYLINE RED UPON CEMENT
MAYBE THAT'S WHAT IT MEANT
TO BE ARGENT FISHES ON THE WIRE.