

fred wah

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CALYPSO LILLE

To begin, with, no one in the town slept
as Ocean terraced thought overlapping
coal seams with night vision surrounded
by a pine-spruce forest and soft moss
where she could play out her vulva the
edges of lip down a long, wide, white-
rose apron spotted with purple and
crowned with a plume of yellow hairs
open to the spume and crash of
shakuhachi the shore distant, sleep.