

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, the
distant sleep.

(wah 930604)