

even the birds cannot maintain their formations  
in the high coastal winds  
as night sweeps  
away the precious sanctuary of light.

placing my ear closer  
to the onshore drying nets of fishermen  
i hear the songs passing through the webbed strands

will their salt brutalities be in tune  
with the ocean waves  
that exist  
in the once of our existence  
of this eternity  
and its indifferent breath  
on this beach  
at this moment  
when we see time  
on both sides of this time  
or do we exist out of tune in a wind just passing  
through the moment  
without time.

coherence without the coherent.  
wf.h.  
2023