

it is a different language that empties flesh on the shore of dreams...
dreams that know you have not come from somewhere else
and do not separate the beating heart from the living moon.
beauty without intention.
horror without lamentation.
and mouths sharing the human taste.
there are no boats to these islands.
you swim to them in darkness
or drown and wash up with the coarse tide.

from somewhere else.
wf.h.
1986