

strange paradise this isle of logos
rising from the
magnificent
seas
when
its unconscious
formed and reformed
in dreams that meant to mean
something of its internal disorder
something of its internal dialogue
something of its
creation
breaking through the concealment
breaking its cover
becoming more abstract than when it was submerged.

we are lost in its geography of separation
waiting to be rescued.

we have lit the rescue fires
but no one has come.

perhaps no one else can come for us.

perhaps no one

can say the words

about what is carried out by the tides

since nothing comes back in.

once we forget the word stranded

once we forget the words about being stranded

we can move inland with salt extracted from the brine.

the isle.

wf.h.

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