

I.

Listen, sister.

It takes every shape,

and each night a new one.

The murky brine of time
weaves among the rocks
she pitches into sea-foam, the goldcast sea
shattering open briefly
into faint smoldering green.

Time and time again, it follows
her into the cool sheltered
valley of dreams, casting
into them a many-fingered mist

running down the backs
of standstill pelicans,
watching beneath the waves for
slick and greengray shadows,

coming and going in the timeless sea.

II.

Upslope from the beach,
Annabel Lee comes up for air,
her taut throat plentied by
the lances of cypress boughs.

As night sidles in,
she watches an owl
finish tending to its pyre,
tire, and fold into furrowed trunk,
keeping its nightly pact
with deep silenced leaves.

Across the meadow, in the window's
veiled shadow: Lamplight spins
in the stomach, bloodred,
casting rings around the roses, rotting.

III.

Night has fallen...
Three white cranes in her spleen
gleam in the dark air, aloft.
Which is the magic that feeds them?

Cause is a cauldron
of the mountain, the stone,
the lilac pillar pastured in the
thick and simple strength of the night.

When spoken to, the body
contracts, then yields.

IV.

Annabel Lee sleeps in swells. The night drifts along in a shroud of ruby smoke.
She dreams of a pair of dove hearts, charmed by the full moon.

Tonight, she swims in the windwave
between hogweed and hemlock,
her skin roiling with the memory of the simmering sea.

Nine angel choirs
cast gold around the morning's mold,
not above or along the wave,
but beneath, cresting backwards.

Suddenly, the mountain heaves,
moans, its broiling rocks crack
and heave towards the water.

V.

stars shine
the fires are still

low hum

wooden crossbeams

where once was

the pull of rock to dust

the ocean's maw

swings open

she comes up for air

white shroud gleaming

the howling blow

black sea blue sea glass sea gold sea green sea bright sea slow sea black sea spilled sea mouth sea ring sea
sing sea glow sea spool sea soft sea red sea sick sea lost sea still sea braid sea gone sea bone sea old sea sung
sea wind sea white sea blood sea rose sea drape sea cusp sea slung sea

VI.

Drink sister,
drink now

of the endless
frothy
deep blue brine.

Grow stronger, sturdier,
bloom in the moon-tide.
You will pass like night,
from land to ghost land.

This Annabel Lee hears.
The earth lurches again.

She begs the slope of the shore
to slide her into the sea.