

Some Nights

Some nights in a small cove
sea and shore talk endlessly
(of dapples shallows hollows)
seeking sun despite the polar
breath from dark's yawning throat

Some nights we hear crickets
(never sleep never sleep
beneath warm moonwashed trees)
composing old impromptu music
with silent mouths and singing limbs

Impossibly other nights
crickets sing in that crack
where sea answers shore
violining melodies pitched
between the currents of our speech