

Big Yellow Watchdog Sun Go Down

Five stars rise above the sea
wash lyrically.
What, doctor, can you tell me?
Shipbuilders'
vast ghosts are floating away.

But christly sun
I need a magnifying glass
to make me see miracle.
Only civilian beauties

& the silence
telescoped of this room.
One, two, three.
Frying-mackerel-sea,
the white room folds, refolds its linen.

Surfsides rocking
goodbye.

Nightly
your ghost floats toward me.
Precision of a physician, miracle of clarity
darked over
by briny ocean.

BIG YELLOW WATCHDOG SUN GO DOWN.

The saltflats
glisten.
Rock-salt the crystals,
but our earthly homes
darken over in the fire of affection:
For the duration. For the duration.