

IN FATHOMLESS SILENCE

Late nights, I wake
 with a phrase sounding
in my head like a harbor bell,
 a warning that I am approaching
something. Cold dark lapping
at my side, I navigate without incident,
 marking the chair, the desk, the exact
reach for the light. Then in fathomless
 silence, I tack to the edge of the world,
logging the words, coming back through
dawn, a phrase or two still winging
in my head, like friendly terns
off the starboard bow.

- Trecia R. Greene

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