Synapse and the Sea

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Cover Page Footnote

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I
Drunk with thoughts
I put my third sheet
To the wind, sienna sands
Far behind, the ponderance
Of sandpipers remains—
Funny, they are
Scrawling bird legs yet casual
Stalking the muscles
Left behind on the shore
And the crest flows in
Chasing upward
And I wonder if they ever tire
Of all this switching, darting
And stealing.

II
The synchronicity of pulse
And boat both, a swish a sway
I realize I've slowed
With silence, but wonder
Still, is society the object
Or the landscape? Is it possible
To place saxes with strings
While I write this overture? Of
Sodom and Gomorrah I list
Ten people worthy to be
Spared, but to no avail
Like Sisyphean labor I keep rounding
The wonder with no sure thing,
Deciding that I shall die trying.

III
After sewing the sonnet
Some metaphors unfounded
And stale, I stop
To string the sail—
The third sheet has been
Wrung sober so that I may see
Around it now, pulling
My eyes to the setting sun
On the beaches of Sarasota...
I wait
For the sapphire night,
As it sneaks down
Surrendering the day to
Me and my thoughts.