

VIII.

Brian Waniewski

The bus abridges seamless night heeling
Over switchbacks into station briefly
Before stars tessellate the dark, a piece
More intricate than unlit cities. Lapping
Sea, you whisper, turning sound, cupped hands
That sweep stones outward in the polished calm:
We should have come sooner, the shutters' seal
Waxing sleep in blue. White-washed Cadaqués
Rolls over, belly-down the town lends us
Dreaming alleys that incline from the shore.
Pensions calando, we crescendo senses
Bright as knives before the susurrus
Of motorbikes swarming off hills mosquito
Thieves who refuse all we hand over.