

thin
snow falling
in an empty bell
lighting that chair
could I turn at all
now should I kneel
and no door anywhere

SURF - CASTING

It has to be the end of the day
the hour of one star
the beach has to be a naked slab
and you have to have practised a long time
with the last moments of fish
sending them to look for the middle of the sea
until your fingers
can play back whole voyages
then you send out one
of your toes for bait
hoping it's the right evening
you have ten chances
the moon rises from the surf
your hands listen
if only the great Foot is running
if only it will strike
and you can bring it to shore
in two strides it will take you
to the emperor's palace
stamp stamp the gates will open
he will present you with half of his kingdom
and his only daughter
and the next night you will come back
to fish for the Hand