

NOCTURNE

(For Barbara Gavin in memory of Tom Gavin)

I heard the sea pounding
pounding the sea pounding on the rocks
dashing against them:
I heard it and my ears were filled with the pounding
and the rocks and the sea

and in the morning
I arose and went down to the sea's rough edge
and I touched that edge where the night had touched it
and I remembered the sea dashing
dashing against the rocks.