Survival

a stalker boat on the inflamed sea
was sinking slowly, then exploding
blood into the sky.

on a driftwood atrocity
I've survived
the shipwreck of mind and ego.

II

floating alone upon an ooze, a sun, a dark cloud
in a liquid sky to the eye of earth below,
who like birds fly between seagoing trees
flowing in the breeze of sea current.

drifting

drifting... below me.

seagulls scream from above, "where is the sun?
where is the sun?" while peering at landed
of wounded flesh, stained with the blood of sun.

III

blood blackens into a scab.
black, all around, is all I see.
I must close my eyes and sleep, colorful dreams.

IV

I awaken: the dream of silver wind
below a hot, bronze sun fades slowly into day.

I am moist, and land is on my back,
while beside me the driftwood sleeps on behalf
a woman alive in memory...