

[dispersion—here, i say]

Eupheme Konstantinou

dispersion—here, i say,
the solution left to itself; three days
applied and harboured, kept half-wild
in salinity, brineborn whims to angle
our tongues beneath the wet grave,
to suck the heat straight off the day, until
a sea among—around us, myths
count out miraculous things,
count out the tired warp of contact,
the sagging expanse undisturbed
by anything except the force of expectation
rallied by the shore—a hundred bodies or more,
unmoored, taut yet wild with the thin whip of
repulsion, nourished by the very edge of it,
the space between; one speaks, and opposite
the channel something gathers—blacken the hull,
run claim against the propagations that shelter
the sleepers, the odd, indecisive shapes that
bear themselves back to plan, to measurement

grey—the sky simple with charge. midnight made
and quiver to leaden tip—grey, grey,
the heap of shifting vectors, forgotten blue.