

Venus, Dante, Crow

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Over the disorganized streets of Oistins
Spiderwebs broken by the evening wind
Venus hangs a thumb-width above the sea
Bright enough to put shadows on the sand
Without the help of the moon

Christ Church Parish Church washed to sea in 1669
Only four tombs held onto the land
The rest reach up from the mottled ocean floor
In conspiracy
Venus absorbed its moon
Long before Dante's expanding eternal pearl
Absorbed us completely, like
Light left uncleft by water

Everything is still the same
As ten years ago
When I waited to go to war
I'm not myself without my desires
Love remains an occult activity

Venus disappears behind ambient

Trails of gathering moisture

A crow on the beach guards an empty chair

An omen announcing only itself