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Tides

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T I D E S

Tides,
Pitch and sway here,
Where no tides are.
Ear and eye whorl into
A singular vision;
The inland sea grows still,
And still the long lake currents
Running in from four cold lakes away
Round and round an old, old
Umbilical. . .
Roll, buoy, you
Chaste articulations of rise and fall,
Your old dong and dong, dong,
Tongueing home your neat notions,
Measured out in one stately equation
That insinuates a whole-
Slipping. Thrusting like a fin,
Your rusty tongue into
An old black hole.
Lift and fall,
In and out of tide,
And ring your bell-tongue echoes. Song,
From surface ripple down to rock bottom.
A half-heard shout, monotonous,
Rhythmic, heard, unheard,
From lake to lake,
Rock to rock wall,
Harbor to headland,
Echoing still. . .

/Susan Pulick/