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White Fish Point

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WHITETUR SOUP

Through the woods, through the woods,
Round through gentle meat as yrs of genetic chance.
In misapprehension, shards.
Smashed and scattered
Down upon
Smashed and scattered

The tide
In cold rifled holes

Paul Alan Overeiner

WHITE FISH POINT

To make love
To life
To White Fish Point I went
To see the smoothed stones locked
To the longshore current

To hear the chant of the waves
To be beckoned by the waters' courtship gestures
To unfurl my clothing
To watch them sail down the windy beach

To dive down
To dreams
To the depths of the water I went
To plunge naked into the blue

To become lost and found beneath the surface
To feel its wetness gush again and again
To feel it go through
To all my secret hide a ways

To feel it flow
To my spirit
To my flesh
To make insatiable love
To the sea
To life

Kris Jordan