

SEA BARDOES. POLYPTICH.

Upon blue stone
Brown stylus
of a prow.
A name
of pure
impermanence.

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On a field of fracturing
blue, wind-scarred and starred
with sun,
the vast red-rusty
ocean-going hull
gashed
by a white
wind-blown
isosceles.

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The burnished silver table,
a street café in autumn,
a windy swell, a squall of leaves
and I hear the threshing sea
on a city pavement.

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Out of a sullen black-backed surface
the fast fuse
of a breaking wave

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Passenger boats in the bay of Vesuvius
leave behind them
of furrowed shadows
flinted with light.

John Nijjem