

D.S. Marriott / THE DREAM, CALLED LUBEK

Now blacks, in the hold, working.
The harbours, overhung by mist. The canvas,
overseen by frost and rain.
The freest sea rides in to port. The air
refreshes ladies out on afternoon strolls, out for gain.

Perhaps the snow cleaves them,
their tongues passwords or gifts
concealed in dreams or memory of stars, else handed names
like coughs to sweeten the white acid-salt.
I am one of them like a glass in the sun.

As on a dark sea where no other is,
desolate in the screen never landing in desire;
wishes in with the tide, washed-up and tiered,
turning the sails on to dark horizons, on to dark rock;
seas of submergence
in which there is no place, no access,
cast out upon forgetfulness with no vessel,
pursued in the breakage of the wake.

To be myself inside the witness
where memory falls in remembrance
like a deluge; neither tribunal, nor excuses,
as I floated on the mirroring and a sail drew near,
nor withdrawal as the days and years become air and salt.

To be myself inside the witness,
witnessing the lost one never coming back,
all the recriminations and betrayals and disappointed lists,
as if in my thoughts there was a darkness,
without finitude or fascination,

which exists, has no burial, it resumes
neatly inside myself like an open grave.

To be adrift inside the reigning green,
deep in the midst and unfathomable seas,
overboard in the depths of each shining reflection
so false they return unnamed; a past never present,
down below a cloudless dark on the edges of waves.

On a road that is no road, the air dark with persistence:
the never-found names, appear. We receive
their iridescence in the form of human sewers and ashes.
We ensure their kenning through loss and sacrifice.

Knowing that the sacred cannot be housed here
after the silences of so many years, after the weaknesses of our disunity.
We return to what is lived in the barrenness
of what is desecrated, for tragedy is never enough
for what remains of us, nor what is lost the greener.

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In the morning a heavy rain and wind came on.
Free as air
that scours from across the sea.
The last sheared tides as the lash speaks through
what occurs, what cannot, what remains.