

MELVILLE AT THE CUSTOMS HOUSE

The sea's face wavers
between crone and virgin—
speckle, spangle, powder,
scroll, spindle, spine, prism,
scale, husk, altar, dandelion-
dragonings, skeinspring

all-dwindle, lord, the sea
lord the sea your seeing
the bight gathers gathers
its lashings and glasses—
wind your hearing holds,
primes, to your bourdon—

tuft, beak, this blur your fondle,
flushes flesh, feels, is—
I sing me—only I sing
only me. Groan, me, pustule,
molder, me, me, I bound
with, between things,
dandering long in this pit
of tendon, wringing words from

sparrow, bow, o my jade
tremolo, trill touching farthest
shores, we are overtone—