

## Night surfers

wake to be still  
drifting again along the eye's sea  
coast; chance, the randy surfer  
guzzler of continents  
and girled grit arrivings, head  
blown soft above the  
headlands, slide and drown  
of belly wave, muscle  
knocked trapped boomed  
darkening down  
dives  
under groundfoam nothing  
slipping above, below  
between the shrilling  
laugh of the land breathers  
surging under drumming  
eared oceans.  
Dreaming again:  
a taste of salt veins  
naked around night  
rings, the splayed girl  
strapped to the spinning chair  
whirling with the glistening  
of the silver whore  
fate, white through  
the mango bushes  
under the headland  
then soft lipped  
into wave groaned  
shivering to the breath of moons'  
tide  
her sea-hair  
falling to a blind star's  
cold dancing.

— *John Stokes*