

## The Harbor of Illusion

At midnight's scrawl, the fog has  
lost its bone and puffs of  
pall are loamed at  
tidal edge. No more to count  
than density arrows its  
petulance at crevice laced  
with dock, not hour's  
solstice nor brimmed detour—  
over the haunch of lock and  
tress the vein pours sweetly  
and Devil's door knows no  
more than pester and undone—  
the seering moors where I  
refrain of lot and camphor.  
Only this, a ripple  
against a blind of shore that sands  
us smooth and mistless: let  
he who has not stunned make  
sound, cacophany of  
nearing, having fell, of  
pouring, having stalled. Though  
free to bore and load, let  
rail retail conclusion, finicky jejubes  
at waste of moor, or lord these  
tower, tour the template, thoroughfare  
of noon's atoll.