

ADRIFT AT MIDNIGHT

The tide's arriving now. I'm half asleep,
sliding my legs with liquid indolence,
and like Ophelia on a crazy sheet
I wear my water with a difference.

Tossed against your shoulder, I attempt
a glancing easy kiss, and then I dive,
no longer drowned Ophelia but a nymph,
or finny mermaid flapping in the waves.

I've washed my soul away. I roll again,
and drifting from my pillow, I pursue
the oddest fish. It seems that I've begun
a plunging into fathoms far from you,

and why I'll never know, but still I swim
lured by all oceans. And your face grows dim.