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Sailor

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Sailor

No matter how strange the country
one grows accustomed. Evenings long after sunset
he puts out to sea on my bed of stars, bed of nails.
He passes a moon where the sea foam settled as dust.
He goes places Utopia's a girl: the woman
not there. Heart of language, center of love.
Some climates, green in the midst of fire
and the rain-bearded cloud, he looks into her eyes
as you were before you existed. Wherever she walks
he follows your step. It comes down into sunrise,
vanishing just as I step ashore, an island
whose sole living creature lies down to sleep,
to love, to die; yet one grows accustomed
no matter how strange the country.