



T h e S o u n d i n g L i n e
S t e p h e n T o f t

H a l f D a y M o o n P r e s s | N o . 4

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the deep blue eyes
of the man
washed ashore

grey sea mist softening gulls

ocean wind —
the wings of an albatross
become a flute

jumping the whale ejects a prayer into the stars

dropping anchor
in the bluest part
of the dream

woodsmoke enters through the skull dead whale

dusk light
painting the stars
on a manta ray

the drowning child becomes the song of an orca

gathering storm
when I close my eyes
a mermaid

the old sailor carving songs from the wind

dawn departure
chill of sea mist
on her face

final breath now faintly the shipping forecast



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