

A DICE THROW

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AT ANY TIME

EVEN WHEN CAST IN
EVERLASTING CIRCUMSTANCES

FROM THE DEPTH OF A SHIPWRECK

WHETHER

the

Chasm

whitish

fulltide

frenzied

down a declivity

desperately glides

on a wing

its own

in

advance fallen back from a failure to guide its flight
and covering all the outspurts
cutting off all the surges

far far within recalls

the shadow buried in the deep veiled by this variant sail

to the point of matching
the span

with its gaping trough like the shell

of a ship

listing to this side or that

THE MASTER

risen
inferring

from this conflagration

that there

as you threaten

the one and only Number that cannot

hesitates
a corpse cut off

rather
than play
the game
like a hoary maniac
in the name of the waves

one

direct shipwreck

gone beyond the old reckonings
helmsmanship now forgotten with age

he used to grip the helm

at his feet
of the united horizon

is in preparation
tossed and blended
in the fist that seeks to grasp it
some destiny and also the winds

be any other

Spirit
in order to cast it
into the blast
closing the division and passing proudly on

by its arm from the secret it withholds

surges over his head
spills down as a submissive beard

of man this

with no vessel
no matter
where vain

ancestrally not to open his hand
 which is clenched
 far beyond his useless head

a bequest on his disappearance

 to someone
 ambiguous

 the ulterior immemorial demon

having
 from non-lands
 led
 the old man toward this ultimate conjunction with probability

 he
 his puerile shadow
 caressed and polished and restored and washed
 softened by the waves and set free
 from the hard bones lost amid the timbers

 born
 from a frolic
 the sea attempting via the old man or the latter versus the sea
 an idle chance

Nuptials

whose
 veil of illusion being splashed back their obsession
 along with the wraith of a gesture

 will falter
 and fall

 sheer folly

NEVER WILL ABOLISH

AS IF

*A simple
in the silence*

in some imminent

hovers

insinuation

inrolled ironically

or

the mystery

hurled down

howled out

swirl of hilarity and horror

on the brink of the abyss

without sprinkling it

or escaping

and draws from it the soothing virgin sign

AS IF

an utterly lost and lonely quill

except

*that a cap of midnight abuts it or grazes it
 and fixes
 on the velvet crumpled by a dark burst of laughter*

this rigid whiteness

ridiculous

*opposed to the sky
 too vividly
 not to mark
 in miniature detail
 whoever*

a bitter prince of the reef

*caps himself with it heroically
 irresistible but restrained
 by his limited reason manly*

in a flash of lightning

anxious

expiatory and pubescent

mule

*The lucid and lordly plume
on the invisible brow
shimmers
then overshadows
a dim and dainty form
in her siren sinuosity*

with forked and impatient terminal

laughter

that

IF

of vertigo

erect

long enough

to slap

scales

some rock

a false mansion

suddenly

dispelled in mists

which laid

a limit on the infinite

IT WAS

a product of the stars

IT WOULD BE

no

worse

neither more nor less

but as much indifferently as

THE NUMBER

MIGHT HAVE EXISTED

except as the fragmentary hallucination of some death throe

MIGHT HAVE BEGUN AND ENDED

sceping out though denied and enclosed when manifest

eventually

outspread with a certain profusion in a rare state

MIGHT HAVE BEEN RECKONED

evidence of the total sum however scant

MIGHT HAVE ENLIGHTENED

CHANCE

Down falls

the quill

a rhythmic suspension of disaster

to bury itself

in the primordial spray

whose frenzy formerly leapt from there to a peak

that is blasted

in the constant neutrality of the abyss

NOTHING

of the unforgettable crisis
or else
the deed

might have been achieved keeping in view every result that is non
 human

WILL HAVE TAKEN PLACE
 a commonplace upsurge is shedding absence

OTHER THAN THE PLACE
 a lowly splashing of some kind as if to scatter the vacuous action
 at once which otherwise
 by its deceit
 would have established
 the loss

in these indefinite regions
 of the swell
 where all reality is dissolved

EXCEPT

on high

PERHAPS

as far away as a place

merges with the beyond

outside any interest
 assigned to it
 in a general way
 by a certain obliquity in a certain declivity
 of flames

toward
 what must be
 Septentrion as well as North

A CONSTELLATION

cold with neglect and disuse
 not so much
 that it fails to number
 on some vacant and higher surface
 the successive impact
 starrily
 of a full reckoning in the making

keeping watch
 wondering
 rolling on
 shining and pondering

before finally halting
 at some last point that sanctifies it

Every Thought emits a Dice Throw

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ELIZABETH McCOMBIE

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