FROM THE LIGHTHOUSE

In the nearness of end
As the tide of night-time sleeps
I hold a picture of your face
There watching, there winking
In the colour of my dreams

In the nearness of end
As the tide of night-time sleeps
I hold a picture of your face
Still staring, still smiling
In the fade watch of my dreams

In the nearness of end
As the tide of night-time sleeps
You curl in the drift of dry darkness
Shimmering the flight of light
You shadow the eve of my dreams

In the nearness of end
As the tide of night-time sleeps
You ghost in the float of pure present
You wash in the glow of grow
I sink in the hollow of my dreams

In the nearness of end
As the tide of night-time sleeps
A quiver, a flap of the familiar
Muzzy in the muffle of illusion
I'm landed in lost dreams

In the nearness of end
As the tide of night-time sleeps
I wake drenched in the wet of wave's loss
Shored in the forgotten, the abyss of pitched past
You sail outside my dreams...

By Christina Reihill