



T / B / R

TIDAL BASIN REVIEW

Summer 2010

NIGHT VOYAGE

James O'Brien

Only much later remembered,
her fingers, softly, plate's edge, discreet,

plucking one fry from the tangle
slender hedge, salt-tuber transgression ...

... boundaries also crossed neatly
on(e) some evening hour at sea

everyone safe-stowed, forgotten,
sliding leviathan blackness,

neptune's swell; shoulders swift monstrous
while icebergs split sleep-frozen eyes.

Excerpt, from the Eves' Narrative, 2008

