

THE DREAMERS

. . . come l'uom s'eterna

So, in Mettalia's
edition.

After a night of dreams, I am looking away,
southward over the Gulf, and glad of my waking
freed of those versions of confusion,
trammels woven of ravel of memory and surmise,
I am reading
a measureless dawn,
the cat's-paws laid on the sea,
black birds crossing,
over the place of the catch,
dark men standing upright,
leaning, low in their boats
on the dawnlight,
lifting the gift of the waters,
fishermen, reading the nets.