

Sabaoth

"Vigils"

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The lamps and the rugs
Of the vigil make the noise
Of waves in the night
Along the hull and around the steerage...
The lamps and the rugs...
The sea of the vigil, like Emily's breasts
The hangings, halfway up...
Where dart the vigil doves
The plaque of the black hearth
Real suns of seashores
Ah Magic wells!
Only sight of dawn, this time.
The sea of the vigil
Where dart the vigil doves

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