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Photic

Cavernous and transient, the deepest point
is close enough to dark. In dreams I've laid
beside a thousand wishes. Shadows fall in
rings like pillow lava, gyroscopes, & liquid
fog beneath sandy troughs, a blue dawn.

Upended in the sheerness of the layer
separating light & dark, threaded skeins
bind the sea; photosynthesis defines
articulation. The boundaries couldn't be
any clearer. Her Sun fails to penetrate
with progressive depths.