

**Christopher Kuhl**

**Nocturne**

*(For Barbara Gavin in memory of Tom Gavin)*

I heard the sea pounding  
pounding the sea pounding on the rocks  
dashing against them:  
I heard it and my ears were filled with the pounding  
and the rocks and the sea

and in the morning  
I arose and went down to the sea's rough edge  
and I touched that edge where the night had touched it  
and I remembered the sea dashing  
dashing against the rocks.