I haven't told you that even on the beaches of Capri
the stones are the same round weight as the ones we throw
at home and at the top you can see plastic bottles
float in the cavities of the shore on foam
they could have poured out themselves. Homemade
vineyards hung with small grapes
just visible over the walls, and then
the sea, the browner part which I think means
coral, and the lighter part, maybe
less coral. Here's another thing—that wind
and waves and breathing sound the same at this height,
each a practice in release, and that there are no birds
and that it falls sea mountain sea mountain
sea until horizon.