

# Night

Louise Bogan

The cold remote islands  
And the blue estuaries  
Where what breathes, breathes  
The restless wind of the inlets,  
And what drinks, drinks  
The incoming tide;

Where shell and weed  
Wait upon the salt wash of the sea,  
And the clear nights of stars  
Swing their lights westward  
To set behind the land;

Where the pulse clinging to the rocks  
Renews itself forever;  
Where, again on cloudless nights,  
The water reflects  
The firmament's partial setting;

-O remember  
In your narrowing dark hours  
That more things move  
Than blood in the heart.

DH-AX K-OW-L-D R-IH-M-OW-T AY-L-AX-N-D-Z  
AE-N-D DH-AX B-L-UW EH-S-CH-UW-EH-R-IY-Z  
W-EH-R W-AH-T B-R-IY-DH-Z B-R-IY-DH-Z  
DH-AX R-EH-S-T-L-AX-S W-AY-N-D AH-V DH-AX IH-N-L-EH-T-S  
AE-N-D W-AH-T D-R-IH-NG-K-S D-R-IH-NG-K-S  
DH-AX IH-N-K-AH-M-IH-NG T-AY-D

W-EH-R SH-EH-L AE-N-D W-IY-D  
W-EY-T AX-P-AA-N DH-AX S-AO-L-T W-AA-SH AH-V DH-AX S-IY  
AE-N-D DH-AX K-L-IH-R N-AY-T-S AH-V S-T-AA-R-Z  
S-W-IH-NG DH-EH-R L-AY-T-S W-EH-S-T-W-ER-D  
T-UW S-EH-T B-IH-HH-AY-N-D DH-AX L-AE-N-D

W-EH-R DH-AX P-AH-L-S K-L-IH-NG-IH-NG T-UW DH-AX R-AA-K-S  
R-IH-N-UW-Z IH-T-S-EH-L-F F-ER-EH-V-ER  
W-EH-R AX-G-EH-N AA-N K-L-AW-D-L-AX-S N-AY-T-S  
DH-AX W-AO-T-ER R-IH-F-L-EH-K-T-S  
DH-AX F-ER-M-AX-M-AX-N-T-S P-AA-R-SH-AX-L S-EH-T-IH-NG

OW R-IH-M-EH-M-B-ER  
IH-N Y-AO-R N-EH-R-OW-IH-NG D-AA-R-K AW-ER-Z  
DH-AE-T M-AO-R TH-IH-NG-Z M-UW-V  
DH-AE-N B-L-AH-D IH-N DH-AX HH-AA-R-T