

Daydreams

Drunk in the curving hollow of the sea
where grey threads of spume, like confetti, fall,
we drowse in the spray while the shouting sky
fills up the distance with a wide white wall.

What wild dream of birds must come tomorrow
to beat about our ears and hold the hopeful day in?
Thousands of curlew sounds diminishing.
No one knows which waves we waste away in.

Recovery

Up the sprit, foaming at the front, and breaking
into scattered spray, as everywhere sunlight
straightens into fingers, flashing beads of glory
upon the prow, raised amidst falling water.

Galleons, like breathing, heave upon the seas,
and though their wood be sogged and water-swelled,
they rinse sharply in the hazeless water
old cuts, old hearts, humming as they move on.