

DREAMING

Windswept
As the sea
At whose ebb
I fell asleep,
Dreams collect
In the shell
That is left,
Perfecting it

THESE STONE STEPS

These stone steps
Bevelled by feet
Endear the dead
To me as I climb
Them every night

THE MOMENT OF YOUR DEATH

My head bounces away
In the trough of a wave
You are unbound on your bed
Like water far from a shore
Nothing can reach you now
Not my kiss, not a sound
You are out of hearing
And I have run aground
Where gravel grinds
The face it blinds