

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