

Shoring

I see a lit window sunk into the slope of the far hill.
One warm step across this field, I'd reach it easily.
And only just beyond, a dash of light arrows across the bay.
How close it seems now, the dotted distance blazing clear.

Street-glass, to loop in like lanterns on a rattling string
I'd wear them on my back, a glittering sack and swim
a few long strokes to the other reach of the bay
away away away

And there, I'd wear the dunes like a draped stole
the chill breeze in the seams of my sleeves
each stiff-grassed bay, a collared cloak
I'd wear the rain in my hair, the clouds at my throat

wear every weave of the sea, swim back, strip off my waterweeds.
I'd watch them whip past the bricked, deep-lit house
step back into my woman's skin, close doors to the wind.
Cut potatoes, fold clothes. Watch storm begin.