

So I take of the salt  
when the sea overwhelms us  
and go back  
and put it on the doorstep  
and go inside the house.

We share a loaf with the rain,  
a loaf, a debt and a house.

## II

### IN THE STORM OF ROSES

Wherever we turn in the storm of roses  
the night is lit by thorns, and the thunder  
of the leaves that was so gentle in the bushes  
now follows hard on our heels.

## JUDY CLUSS

### SEA RIDER

She must have secreted  
A calceous shell.  
No dents show  
Though the slow tides  
Have swept her  
Across grazing sands.  
The rush and ebb,  
The swell, toss and tumble down,  
Sweet vicissitudes,  
Quick flush of pain.

The long green swell  
Lifts her high  
Draws her near  
Then turns away  
From sun filtered  
Through the green lens  
Of the sea.