

SHANE McCAULEY

SEACLIFF

Horse and rider one breathing wave
Among the many, emerging sea-creature:
Life in unison, not the strangest
Of miracles. Only the beach-combing
Greyhounds look a little surprised
As they pad past the hoof-prints
Vanishing into the soft tides,
Threatening at any moment to return.
Life here is cavorting mammals
Flirting with the quiescent sea,
The urgings of gulls and waves a simple will
To be, the air clear as a child's memory.

ANDREW LANSDOWN

WHILE WATERING VEGETABLES

In the silence of twilight
suddenly there is
a stuttering of white

Cabbage moths,
flushed from hiding,
fluster in the fading light

Of a million things
wonder is also
a winking of wings

They settle again,
havened in my harvest,
until only one remains

Scintillating
above the broad beans

Like the evening star
above the quiet earth