

Dimitris Tsaloumas

**THE HOUSE
ON MOOLOOLABA BEACH**

for Maureen Freer

Out of grim landscapes never charted
in the tender minds of the elect
I travelled North to your sea-house
for I suspect that happiness is in
the promise of oceans

on clear days. I never crossed such waters
in my youth beyond the day's horizons,
nor is it proper that I should expect
to do so now in time's lenten dusk.
Nevertheless I haunt

impenitent the shores of the world,
and out of all the days in creation
I picked the brightest to bring me
to this ship-poised house on the threshold
of mother vastness

questing for neither gift nor confirmation.
I stood where it splits the wind
that rushes past the screaming windows
above the heaving palm-tree tops
and breathed again

the lifelong day through myriad pores
like a sponge, like a reef-bound shell at
turn of tide I rejoiced, and felt an island

throb in the blood, pain retreat behind years
more boisterous,

dwarfed in the breakers' roar. So farewell.
A haven lies to starboard, sail-populous.
But may your days beat by the pulse
of vastness, bask in the glow of promise,
the breadth that heals.