

## JOHN BLIGHT

### SHELBURNE BAY — BRIDE OF TIME

I have gathered these sands that wait  
whiter than snow. I fashioned these  
Antarctic-white dunes in the warm  
tropics, trusting their beautiful  
mantle on land would be treasured  
as a virginal young bride's veil  
and gown — white, white and pure — proof that  
no venal hand debased and ruined  
their Bride of Time, polluting as  
the melting snow. Trusting that the  
groom who courted her would worship  
at a shrine of purity. I  
shall defy the miscreants who  
seek rape and plunder here. Death to  
violators of this, Time's Bride.

## JOHN BLIGHT

### THE MAN OVERBOARD

'Damned wide circle drawn around me —  
the horizon — as I float lost  
at sea!' Clouds in the sky are in  
the waters around me, mirrored  
as are seabirds and a clockwork  
sun. I am a cork in my jacket —  
the sole object with one image  
in this dual world. Had I faith  
in gods, would I see my likeness  
in the sky? Heaven is too high  
for a drowning man to ascend.  
I see fish leap and gunards fly,  
a porpoise dive in grace to breach  
this circle's weary manacle.