

STELLA TURNER

THE DRIFTWOOD HORSE'S HEAD

By dunes
along the lonely sea-washed shore
I found a driftwood horse's head
rubbed smooth by shifting sands,
and with a single sightless eye
that gazed at the tossing waves —
wild white horses of the sea.

I brought him home.
Now from my terrace in the hills
his eye stares out across the garden . . .
cheeky wrens perch upon his head
a little flock of firetails
collect the seeds from grasses
frilling round his neck.
That sightless eye sees far beyond
not needing sea or earth
or day or night;
he has weathered many storms.

He has vision
so, what need has he for sight?

