

I see them in the cemetery sway fenced,  
unwelcome yard,  
where only curlew speak:  
Without hats or pleasantries  
and awkward feet.  
They will pray like dumb cattle,  
that nudge their dead calves and call in the unkempt voice of emptiness.  
They will have no answer, but they will call.  
(even in their dreams they will call.)  
They will take earth in their hands,  
letting it drop in anger at senselessness;  
hope bewildered, commonsense.  
They will come in the morning.  
Yearning will draw them, an old fence keep.  
As lovers ache their arms fold grief,  
each to each.  
Misshapen animals suckling warmth,  
from life, from fear, from black continuance.

## ANNIE SHAW

On the beach of my mind you run,  
skirts rolled,  
and dent the wash  
and kick the squeal—full child delighting sea.