

Jill Jones

COAST RETREAT

back to the sound, the everdancing sea outside,
the lights go on staggering up the valley,
the birds go somewhere until morning,
screeching tawdry lorikeets have torn apart
the afternoon and finished feeding,
one lighted phone booth stands above the beach,
a few late commuters grind down Friday's hill,
one tiny carpark, one general store,
tiny submerged village growing suburban, flat
tone over the never ending breathing of the Pacific,
a subsiding time, a breathing out
of nuisance, old senses, politics,
the wind becomes a dream lover, a subtle penetration
of thought and of that other further world
that hears an echo sometimes
of this sea.