

THE DROWNING

Fishermen come here
to drown I'm told
digest the waves
narrow your eyes
carry out memories behind the water haze

float away
floating.
Sensations
a dream state wipes out palms on shore
stranger people

moving near seagulls, the seagull
— was he my brother fed off fish

has she gone can she tell me —
she's gone
dear stranger.
I'm here
soaking up the ocean
hunters
who would strip back
your skin to the bone reach
over my limbs
seaplants irritate my skin

eat the mollusc off the sea's back
fishermen's avalanche

half a face smiling.
Newlyweds offshore
immortalise new love with
snapshots — amateurs
a widow walks on tight sand, see —
sky fits awkward on
the clifftop etchings

picnickers indecent
have left behind food scraps for
the fresh grown mice
fat grey bulges
panicking from grass seed to grass stalk

cool semi coma sprays
of wave wrap me up.
I'm the fugitive atlantis
coming home
crashing my bones
smooth ripe
against the land

doing what's required
of any decent body
tangling the fishermen's line
you panic at your first catch.