

Emma Lew

BROKEN COAST

We make our home
Where light like silt spills
Among ruined arches,
Over small farms of shadow.

Our scent's too cold now
For dogs to trace us:
We will not be discovered
On the broken coast.

Here dark shapes tell a story;
We love without torment,
And old complaints never
Flame up overnight.

We hear perfectly well
The insolence of crows,
The retreat of an eavesdropper.
These are audible as lichen.

We're already burned
And can be burned no more.
We're prepared to dive
And not rise again.

A haunt of the copperhead
Where there's no weather
We live heirless
On playthings, collectibles.

