

Robert James Berry

ON NARROW NECK

light is like bullion
the seaboard spangles and

even a coal freighter is beautiful,
immaculate rust bucket, a passing vision.

I could dream myself child again
breast to the island in two neat strokes

to where a buoy bobs for joy
in the reach. To stare out like

the cormorants, still as artist's nudes,
and watch Great Barrier grow broody

so that means rain. But
boys don't care about rain.

