VERY LIKELY ITS HIGH TIDE NOW

I lived beneath the sea
But was expelled
By subtle fish who would not give their names.

(Cool lugubrious soothing waters flow around my memory's anemones)

And still in dreadful dreams
They circle me
Polite but firm, secure in anonymity.

(The very least that they could do was tell me why I had to leave)

Official fish with empty smiles
Who did not hide their faces
For they had none.

(Admittedly I always knew that they would find me in the end)

I stand between the trees
And try to cry, but cannot.
I think I loved their empty sea.
But, hating their superior subtle smiles
I'll learn to love the golden
glistening grandeur of the sun.

PETER BELL.

SALT ON YOUR WRIST

On the back of your wrist
I can taste you
Taste the salt of life
Breathing
feeling
listening
To the gossiping tide

Noddies wheel
and dive
The wide sky bends
expands

Time seeks to hide
As sand runs through your hands

C. B. CHRISTESEN