

ON STANTON HILL

J.A.H. Wright

In a pause amid a lesson's ferment,
While the lads were quietly reading at their desks,
I glanced through an open classroom window
And saw at noon
Down the broad path of reflex light
The sea between the Island and the coast.

On a velvet foil of misty blue
Lay spread a myriad field of ever-moving flashes.
Each tiny wave had caught again
The image of the sun, and flung it
Back into the air in ceaseless movement.

My eye was held and dazzled with
The scintillating turmoil of the sea.
A surge of happiness welled up till -
"Tom Jones! Get down to work!"
Shattered my splendid reverie.