

BAREFOOT

On the gulf strand beyond Moisie at *l'heure dorée*
sun hazed behind long travelled smoke and evening
white crash of waves and desolate wind
and coarse-grained sand stretching on and on
straining vision after so many months close-quartered
facing out towards a vertigo of restless horizon
the plovers dart and flicker over driftwood lines
strong-necked gulls fly low over the water
one raptor beak bringing a writhing crab
for a tawny downed youngster breaking open
the carapace in some act of savage familial love
long-abandoned tendons flicker, a calf muscle
twitches, soles scoured with rough spheres and salt
wake as after a long sleep, screaming out, alive.