

MEETING THE SEA

It came quietly one night
and was singing that morning outside my window.
I went down to the new shoreline,
the ocean's edge, my doorstep,
and passed a pleasant, sun-filled afternoon
dabbling toes in the water and dreaming.

By evening the sky
was looking cloudy and the tide
was out at the bottom of the garden, swirling
with a soft-lipped turbulence among the cabbages.
There would be time enough
tomorrow to worry about
newspapers, food, fresh water,
and fetch out the sandbags.

The next day was dull and very still.
The sea was calm outside my window but rose
a little higher with the tide I think, and
like me, a little later. So I stayed inside,
admired my new view
and looked at the waves.

I missed low tide
the next morning as well.
And when it came in again
the sea was in the house, it was cool and lovely
around my ankles. Another day
and I could go swimming in the kitchen.
I moved upstairs,
picked up the phone but
it was dead. When the tide went out
I didn't like to go downstairs to see
how it was soggy and tide-wracked.

In fact, since I came up here
I haven't even wanted to
get up before the ocean is back in the house.
There is something comforting about

knowing it's down there: I am utterly safe,

I live in this room now, visiting
the bathroom (the only other room
on this level) is
a feeble ritual when you consider
how much water I can see from this window,
so I never go there. I sit
and watch the green, lapping sea, and know
that I am lucky to have this horizon for my own.

Tonight the sky is red and exciting and
we could be in for some bad weather

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