

Muriwai

The taut grey sand
slips its skins of blue and green
in the half-light.
The motorbikes gouge their black trails,
vicious, rhythmical,
answering the tangled, noisy surf
with a reciprocal violence,
answering the seagulls' wheeling and circling,
spraying black sand round each careless, exact curve,
carving the pliant sand
with hieroglyphs of rubber and steel,
a divulging, a matching
as they angle to the earth,
sand drifts banking on one side
the rash sea on the other,
a measured, even space for opening up
the unmeasured, the riven, the exposed.
They take off their helmets slowly, a startled look
in each gulled, brilliant eye.