

Harbour

From creel-pots' crochet, dumped networks of nets,
staggered crates, a trailer, bales of twine,
bits and knots and art and old sea stench
under the nightly floodlight's yellow halo,

saints' wrack, livings, rot, planking, buoys,
fraying serpents of ropes, oarlock, airlock,
aquapac and VHF and luck,
light, weather, balance, ebb, flow,

something draws us out beyond the jetty's
throw, its sea-sliced steps and stop, its checked
look, systoles of dulse, litter, scum,
to falls of sea-room, falling wide as we come.

The Diver

The unbreathable space will take him in,
sea, pocket his body quickly out of the sun.
He will not disturb its perfect coherence,
tooled surface,
classical, protean, wind-worked hair—
the blue fluting's optical illusion
of going, always, somewhere.

He will not break the way sea breaks
up, anyhow, in the ears of caves,
runs itself out in waves
over sand and shale.
He will not change its whispering way
of saying nothing: *shh, shh*—
suspiria, something (listen) thrown away.

It is colder than he is,
and suddenly slow, slower than heartbeats, tightens.
He will assume
its dress, address of lost constellations:
pisces, aquarius. It makes room in its roomlessness.
Free, lightened guests will go down
curiously flowering, still restless.

Is it a blessing? The heavy element
shuts mouth and ears. He will not hear
himself speak, only the sea's interminable volumes.
Those, wherever they unfold ashore, encounter brakes—
will not record,
except by the tiniest, risen margin,
the difference he makes.