

October

Morning
at the beach

a dull
pigeon-feathered day

among the stifled
sounds of water

the hard
chipped flint of waves.

Coast Line

It had seemed
out of place

that fist-sized
swell of flint

among the rock pools
& the waves.

One side
a cloud of stone

the other
a cold threat.

Yesterday

Thinking
about our conversation,
drinking tea,
you said that life
was lived
out of context
& talked
about the rarity
of a clear thought.
I guess you were right.
This morning
I drink coffee
& notice
that the fruit tree
is dying
in the back garden.