

## Fireflies

The first moment of the shoreside year,  
rung in with lobster, mushrooms, beer.  
Twelve locals stomp through,  
brush off the freezing fog,  
grab us and kiss us.  
Innocents, we embrace, dance, gorge.

Headlights disperse back into the dark like a  
star-burst. Ours too pierce the night in blunt stabs  
along the small, twisting road home to the beach.  
Distant cars creep up the black face of the mountain,  
fire-flies wandering on a wall.  
What will this new year bring us all?

Shy as night sparrows, shore-dwellers roost  
behind shutters. Thin columns of light leak out.  
A heel disappears round a door.  
Like wildlife, we hardly stir. We are lashed by wind,  
licked by a year-long salty sun here at the  
edge of the dry world, where there is no-one.

Ours is this perimeter where the alien sea  
creeps onto sand, where the wet universe  
blurs over human land. Someone must watch it.  
No-one lives at this extremity by accident.  
We have each carved our days to be here,  
all year.

We breathe in, breathe out with the vast  
curve of the waters. Watch the tide rise  
against five miles of shore each morning, then recede.  
Today the north wind sliced at our ears like a  
surgical blade. But who knows? Maybe tomorrow a  
warm onshore breeze will whisper our worries away.