

Raft of words

Sitting on the dark sand, waiting for sunrise.
Finished writing this book. For an hour, a dull white seeps through the sky till
there's enough to see with, enough to get by.
So that's all it is, I think: a cloudy, gradual withdrawal

of the dark, and you just get on with the day.
I'm standing to go when a crimson burn pricks the horizon from below
like a shriek.
A red blade-tip pierces its horizontal silk.

Slowly a round orange furnace oozes up out of the water.
Levitating. Erotic. Open-armed.
It pulses out a million-watt smile
that won't stop intensifying.

It lights a slim path of gold waves
from itself to
the edge of the sea
at my feet.

Oh little book - my fragile raft of words - I'm going to push you
out onto this unknown type of water.
These wet-gold waves will pull you to places
I won't know about.

Hands will meet you and
peel shreds of their own stories
off your salty page.
Sea breezes will whisper your lines,

pushing you in and out of ports.
You'll pass between new lips sometimes,
feel yourself muttered underbreath
where two sides of paper touch.

So now I'm left here without you,
just with this disc of fire, this silk sea, this dazzling.
I'm confronted with all this
flaming, geometric absence of lack.

And at last it dawns on me:
I can't pretend this heaven is for anyone else.
I can't claim the world isn't good to me.
this sun could scorch my eyes out,
this rising sea could drown me
but they won't. They're holding me like a pet thing,
a delicate bird they're looking after.
Reflecting warm lights onto my back,

the warm waves gently push me
to get up and go about my business,
to walk back up the beach towards the village,
into the day.