

View, The Battery, Lundy

It's like looking out at a concept.
As I stare, the more unreal it gets.
So much silent life within it kept.
Its innards a riddle of secrets.

Thick as tar. Present. Immovable.
Left and right. Existing on and on.
Oneness that is unimprovable.
The solid sea. The sole horizon.

All one hundred and eighty degrees.
Nothing but water. Still. Regardless.
So sure of its strength. Power at ease.
So heavy in relentless calmness.

Familiar,
yet strangely other.
Safe while distant,
this blue smotherer.

The Washing Machine

Around it swooshed, the swirling wash,
The muddy jeans and frilly bras,
The soapy mixture, like some mosh,
Tumbling with joyful hurrahs
And tender embraces
And giddy flashes of colour.

As the life's sweat streams out en masse,
It forms one Earth-enriched liquid,
Releasing warm and heady gas.
The senseless steel is quick to rid
Any human traces.
So each is blank as another.

These fabric conspirators who've shared your
spaces,
Whose evidence of all your life fast erases.