

A Sea of Tears

written on Wadi Wadi land

What is this wash of emotion?

runs in

like the tide

Sentimental old sun

these days I'll cry at anything

listening to *This Mortal Coil*

eighties tea and forget-me-nots

echoey and unrequited

the point in a film

when the orchestra swells

despite myself

or meeting the Italian guy this morning

for years our walks intersect

now he can't make it up the hill.

(never asked names)

coming | going

He gestures a long slice down

his sternum

opened like a book.

I ask my doctor, he says.

How long I have to live? Doc says

No-one knows.

We walk to the foot of the slope

where he stops, turns back.

No-one knows, I repeat

as if it were a promise

I walk on.

The ocean is steel grey, the horizon

like a scythe

and there a humpback, or where she just was

whitewater bomb

a huge displacement.

Among the oohs and aahs...

I'm awash
