

Corposant

Where the wind comes and the weed comes;
where the wrack and drift and wrecks come,
your boots stumble
on empty mussels
to bruise dull purples
on the storm's edge. A ragged man:

again you come to disturb silts
that once were mountains. In your fists
is the grasp of grit
to unthread holes in pockets
and lose things more precious
to the sand. You stand

your sodden, unlit beacon that does not beckon
and does not burn away the rime
on your boots: salted epithets,
lost and writ again
while the ship-wrecks come and go.
The sea has cured you: a dried branch

that will not bend and will not sink but is tossed,
forever, to this naked stretch. Your eyes,
like broken mussels,
wait for crabs.
And all about is the ragged edge
of close and closed horizons.

Here
breakers are sighing in the weed;

here
winds run whistling through dune-grass.

If you close your battened eyes you can hear the
music
of faraway songs by faraway, smothered lamps
where peat fires tempt toes to tingle and knit
the thread of old flames. And somewhere,

beyond the sea, the herring are still singing;
somewhere, behind the clouds, St. Elmo's fire is
wringing ichor
from the storm; somewhere, beneath the waves,
the selkie waits.

Gareth Alun Roberts