

## **At Sandwood Bay**

*Gareth Alun Roberts*

I

There is drift and wrack  
at Sandwood. There are  
footprints  
lost in the dunes;

and scraps for gulls and mussels  
in the rotting spume  
on worn-down stacks.

II

A wild Atlantic music blew;  
there were guillemots daft in the wind  
when you let go.

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