

Tidelands

It is time for us to walk the tidelands
while the shallow sky still holds the light

and reconstruct all our castles that might
or might not hold, that might or might not crumble

to ruins, to dust and the narrow breeze that picks it up
and shifts us in strange passages across the fallen walls.

Such rocks as these that we shape our hand to
are stones only and better shaped for waves:

for wave-skipping and the counting off of seas receding
from our naked toes in naked pools

where the fallen evening pools itself.
The wet sand sucks us in

as if we were surprised crabs
clinging to the feet of the seas' cliff,

rising claw-by-claw-by-claw-by-claw and up
until high we are, high and giddy like morning,

like clouds unravelling and then the sun...
and then almost the sun.

But that small light alone out there,
still on the dark-far sea,
will not give up
on what the tides brought.

Gareth Alun Roberts