

Porthgwarra

Sit with me here at Porthgwarra
let's listen to the bell in the buoy
and notice the way whatever we hadn't noticed
is coming to rest in a greeny-blue interval
between the strike of one sour sea-note and the next.
And even if it's true that the voice in the buoy
is the cry of a drowning man,
after a while the sun will warm these stones
and the day swing round by itself
on the right heading. So let's sit quietly here
as everything settles into place –
and then when we speak, let's speak
at the same time and state the obvious:
This is the life we'll say – and yes, it will be.