

Learning to Swim

The exhilaration of surveying
From the advantage of a hill fort
A newly minted, expansive horizon
In a bracing dawn breeze is irrevocably
Transformed, by the erosion of years,
Into heart stopping panic in the face
Of flattening horizons viewed from a gravel spit,
Receding at the whim of storm, tide, salt –
As each sweep of hands inevitably
Reduces that small but precious foothold
Of dependable land. The key is
Learning to swim before the swell of the ocean
Renders the medium of existence
Entirely marine.