

Demarcations

The morning is calm and patient.
The sky joins the waveless sea,
and the sea subsides into the shingle,
with silent invisible shufflings.
Its expanses smoothly accommodate
the deserted straggling Pier.

Only a mirage of the Island
rises seamlessly from the clinging sea.
No shouts of colour ground us
in the infinite merging of
pale blue mist and grey washed clouds.

Expectant silence is shattered
By the hectic sputter
Of a small tug's engine.
The sea, insulted, quivers ,
rent by the speeding white streak.

The seagulls are strangely silent,
but in the bushes along the promenade
a conceited blackbird glories
in his da capo aria, silhouetted
against the pink tamarisk tree.

Jolted back from enchantment into
this new world of demarcations,
We sadly smile at passers by,
observing our requisite
six-foot distance.

Diana Swann