

JOHN WATSON

After Heavy Seas

Here's a half-tree washed up on a stellated beach,
A sandstone rift line running its entire length,

And double waves like the double rainbow –
Alike only in respect of their rarity,

With the sea, unable to recall its recent violence,
Falling across the beach in a widening fan.

Here I am, amazed at the flooding image,
Imagining my parents conceiving me,

My father a stranger after the war, naked
And showering with me in the holiday beach camp.

Here with the persistence of this memory
The cabbage palms crowd the streaming escarpment.

Here's the rock shelf where I slipped yesterday
As a silence of pelicans roared overhead.

Here's the pomegranate sun through sea mist
And here's variousness gathering like the past.