

Triptych: In the Marine Light

1

Caught here in sea-wrack
on the drying strandline,
this weedy seadragon
is a subtle speckled-white
and burnt orange,
its underside from its head
to its tail is a scimitar
of brilliant yellow pigment;
sand and rags of weed
cling to its wafer-thin fins
and ribboned appendages.
Where the morning sun
illuminates its long, pipe-like
snout and mouth
it takes on an ethereal glow,
its lacquer-black eyes,
like china beads,
glinting as if still alive.

2

At low tide,
we crouch over sheened stones,
whittled and sculpted,
ground down for eons
upon the sea's lathe,
drawn up and spat out
into this tidal pool,
an underwater intaglio
of polished cobbles –
copper-reds, coal-blacks,
ivory-blues –
a glittering mosaic,
an illuminated storehouse
whose sole window
we look through.

3

After the dusk's slow
inhalation of light

the reticent moon appears
from behind the trees.

Soundlessly, she climbs
the blank staircase of sky

her sequined gown trailing
over the black skin of the bay.

See how she moves
like mercury through the water

the stars her un-stringed pearls
spilling on the floor of the world.