

## Seaside Fairground

Fishing from a stone pier,  
these shell and rubbish catches  
satisfy our sense of happening,  
bright glints in the shabby sun  
that flame, rust and disappear.  
Asleep, your lips remain open,  
and your body sweats in the heat,  
stretched like an emptying wave.  
The gulls echo silence.  
And whether it is love or not,  
the stars give the same feeling,  
of a colouring nobody arranges,  
horizons, sealing the sky.  
Glittering, distant eyes watch:  
wooden horses, facing the sea.

WILLIAM BEDFORD