English Bay Song

The cobbled bay is blue
on blue
on green
green hills
on a blue green cobbled bay
above a bone cold floor
where old bones lay
in the cold deep

the green deep
beneath a blue green bay
where cobbles refuse sun
flicking light away
with wet disdain
when the sun warms water
that will not warm.
At night the bay is black
the black of blood
of sailors swallowed whole
sent to the bone bottom.
The blue black
night dark
night bay reaches
for the sun it shunned
reaches for slick yellow lights
that burn in the streets
that puddle the cobbles

the night black
blue black
night bay
pulls yellow funnels
beneath the bloodied bay
and drinks them.

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