

## Meditation

Wrapped in your blanket,  
back against the sea-wall:  
the silent witness.

Cloud-dimmed stars above.  
Across the bay  
Morecambe's summer constellation.

The rising moon,  
still and spinning  
like a bobbin  
in the silvered channel.

The mud creaks dry.  
Curlews also question  
the returning tide.

The moon whitens,  
drawing up the tide.  
Your shoes on shingle  
break outer quiet.

Alan McLean