

Landscapes

Landscapes like these
mizzle through the random mind,
like the landscapes
you pin
to hardboard,
inventing the sun's glare.

Modal, your thoughts
combine, selecting the best angle
to sample
brown and green,
to measure
the estuary's horizon.

I scan, widening stare:
samphire and the urgent sanderlings;
the shores, drizzling
to seaweed;
the perfection
you calculate by line.

No figures,
anywhere. No voices, leaving,
through the rain;
no voices
in the cold
rain. Your eyes pick and sample:

landscapes like these,
tidal, in the sun's glare,
white,
like a sand
encastling,
imagining you are being kind.

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