

Return to Certainty

Perhaps one day I'll go back to the shore,
scene of the imagination's triumphs:
castles made of sand; men of straw, mounted
on camels, mistaking oceans for oases.

It was where I first fancied life in the raw:
limbless crustaceans, shellfish, prey to gulls;
starfish spreadeagled on the floor; seaweed
wet and dry, subject to the whim of turning tide.

Better the hazards weather has in store,
better sun burn and seasoning by salt,
by wind and rain, than rabbit run from door
to door, trying to save white city skin from wet.
One thing is sure among uncertainty:
the sea, its breaking waves defining what is shore.

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