

Malcolm Lowry

Not much to remember
 going to see the soused writer and
 bursting from dull green wood
 out to the live green water
with introductions and awkward handshakes
on a shore full of driftwood and stones with blue
boats on a blue horizon
not seeming to move but moving anyway and
ourselves unacquainted with one another
unnoticed by the sea
And in the nature of things I shouldn't
have been surprised if there hadn't
been any gin that day
 and getting drunk on tea