

The hinterland  
suddenly  
met a rising tide

In my brimming eyes  
a painting by Turner

of ripped curtains of mist  
behind an old boat  
tugged to her last berth  
to be broken up

In your overcast eyes  
a raft aground

shipwrecked from promises  
lying quietly at the bottom  
of the Black Sea  
pristine and haunting

better off than broken up