

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

The bitter waters
also brought a raft
aground

in your overcast eyes

wrecked like promises
lying quietly at the bottom
of some Black Sea
— pristine and haunting

yet better off than broken up

you heard the wind
moaning in search
of a faraway sail