

With awkward eyes

The herring gulls dig at a wriggling seal
That suffocates within its punctured membrane.
The mother looks on with awkward eyes.
The gulls warm their eggs among the violets
And primroses that cling tightly to the cliff.
A rabbit flashes its buttocks beneath the furze.
Nearer the farm, I hear the patter
Of rats caressing a dead chicken.

Wandering over the headlands,
We notice a humble-bee crawl inside
The cool peppermint cavern of a sea campion.
A startled ant runs out to the weak petals.
At your hand's touch, I watch a buzzard's
Cold drop through the gulls to the sand:
It takes its isolated meal as unaware of their squeals
As a snake of its victim's breathless scream.

When you cry your brown eyes turn to green:
Streaked with yellow from the gorse's flower,
The blue of the hyacinth, the thistle's smarting pink.
Your tears leave a snail's track
Glistening over the down on your cheek.
Close by, a thrush reveals its calling song:
The brown chest heaves, and with beak open wide
Its articulate tongue curls in the empty air.

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