

Marsden Quartet

i.

He hears
Waves retreat on shingle
Hiss of frying bacon

Sees the political uncertainty of
Razorbills as they turn and
Turn about,

Light
Striking phallic stack
Golden, proud limestone erection

Tidal turn, a call to arms
A season unfolds, relinquishes it's
Grip, unfurls

Tender fingers
Colder now as tides unfrock
Marsden's moonlit equinox.

ii.

say to me you have no notion
say to me you have no time
say to me your salt promotion
stirs emotion, plots the rime.

iii.

lime-kiln streaks of white through sweat
mirror arcing wave tip
precariously balancing its commuting passenger
of bubble and fizz,
eternal deposit,
constant visitor.

iv.

The night brings rest, brief before the morning
Silence dragged away as tides wrest themselves
Backwards, streaks of crackling meringue
Dissipation in rising orange, faces blushed by it all...

From lime kilns and quarries come
Screams of coast to inhabit lost village
Quarry girls skirts billowed and frayed
Faded banners of a life lived in ghostly retreat