

Bourne
toWrite...
creative writing
workshops

Divebombing

by Saffron Swansborough

The sea is expanding into corners,
Filling cove-shaped mouths with brine.
At the top of the frame, a chimney
Supports the gabby sun, which is yelling,
“Today is waxed with whatever you fancy,”
But I know this to be a lie.

Gulls pound clams against groynes,
Saline meat is pierced and hooked by beaks;
Dignity waits another trillenium to evolve here.
Shells rain down on me. No wonder.
My thoughts are going off like clusterbombs

I march to the shore,
Scarlet boots crushing pebbles
Somehow, all atoms have been leading up to this.

Yet, standing on your own two feet is difficult enough
On sliding shingle
When you long to pirouette on one leg
Like the strident razorbill.

I press my cheek to the sand
And listen for towns in conch shells.

Slipstreams appear overhead like a racetrack woven in lace
The sky is a stadium and I am at the Start
Limp wings become alert.
My head is up there looking down at myself.

I take aim.