

Approaching Rain

It is raining again, mildly

The few people in view retreat slowly from the beach,

I move back slightly on the verandah

The horizon darkens

As the poets say, the surf is pounding

- No, they wouldn't say it is so plain -

Whatever, the steady noise isolates me

Protects and transports me

Often I have dreamed of diving

Through the horizon; through the crack

And passing through the mist, beyond.

It is my sensation of another world

My symbol of escape

And here as the rain quickens

And the sound of thunder

Mixes with the surf and now the rain

This horizon advances upon me

Slowly gloomy & blue, slowly grey,

Coming to me close enough to touch

Moving down the beach

What would happen if I spread the misty curtain

And slipped behind, backstage?

What is there?

Stand here quiet at the mouth

And let me think

Between one world and the next

Is this the only link?

Which way am I pulled? On which shore?

Perhaps I could just rest here evermore.

Never choose and never know

Whether chosen or where to go.

JULY 7 1976

NAG'S HEAD