

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