

Hartland Quay Cliffs

I arrive and the arms of the cliffs encircle me.
Night stars netted in strata,
a million bell-like waves sunk
in their fabric of stone.

I swim out to sea and they watch me.
Hidden eyes blinking through faults,
hidden hearts beating an avalanche
of rocks to the beach.

I sleep on sand and they dream me.
Cast fossils in my feet,
carve gills in my neck,
chisel fins from my spine.

I sing and they orchestrate me.
Language deserts the word
and we revert to howl, croak, hiss.
Cliffs kiss and adore me with their old stone lips.

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