

**Running**

I am running into the shrouded future  
Over me are the small gulls crying  
I have seen them before, rising and diving  
in fresh water somewhere, high-swimming  
tails up, then taking straight off again  
lifting like ash or paper flying  
I do not look at them, nor at the curtains  
of shadflies battering at me  
soft bodies reeling away from impact  
crackling disgustingly, spiralling down  
loose and empty and dying  
I know only of them through ears  
that cannot close themselves, my eyes  
blinded not just by the wind's clutch  
but by the dry salt of knowing  
though my feet propel me like an arrow  
I am only circling, blundering and falling  
like bird, like insect, flying only  
to find again the shrouded future calling

*Frances Davis*