

Strata

Wild sweet peas roll up the cliff, undulant
flowers, and waves of real water close in
behind, in the particulate light.

The logs on them settle ashore.

For a while longer, the limestone and sand
do not fall in on themselves

Further along, the earth is held together
by broom, those who stop to admire it,
by something else entirely,
its blossoms without name or colour.

Those branches grow ever closer to and into
the head, thicker a whole lifetime.

The ramifications are nothing if not considered.

If it buzzes, it's likely a bee, and no one here
to hang onto his bonnet.

Knots of kelp toss in the surf, the green cut
from the brown and reduced to nothing
but order.

Behind it: waves the eye can never quite follow
to the end, atmospheric layers that could pass
for a horizon, all of it

held firmly in place by some witness
who finds the construction good.

—*Derk Wynand*