

Triffids

"Seabirds"

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No foreign pair of dark sunglasses,
will ever shield you from the light
that pierces your eyelids,
the screaming of the gulls.
Feeding off the bodies of the fish,
thrashing up the bay till it was red,
turning the sky a cold dark colour
as they circled overhead

He swam out to the edge of the reef,
there were cuts across his skin,
saltwater on his eyes and arms,
but he could not feel the sting
There was no one left to hold him back,
no one to call out his name,
dress him, feed him, drive him home,
say: "Little boy, it doesn't have to end this way!"
He announced their trial separation,
and spent the night in a Park Beach Motel bed,
a total stranger lying next to him,
rain hitting the roof hard over his head
She said: "What's the matter now lover boy,
has the cat run off with your tongue?
Are you drinking to get maudlin,
or drinking to get numb?"

He called out to the seabirds:
"Take me now, I'm no longer afraid to die",
but they pretended not to hear him,
and just watched him,
with their hard and bright black eyes
They could pick the eye from any dying thing
that lay within their reach,
but they would not touch the solitary figure
lying tossed up on the beach.

So, where were you?

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