

On pinnacle hill, cliff-wind  
shouts the ears pink  
and who could not be a child  
up here in the wild-eyed blue, tracing  
far below bitemark-bays, the sea  
mouthing forever  
the beloved coast  
and you knowing her curves now like a bird

And it's loud in your head, alone at the top  
of the world, remembering what it was to scream  
taunts at the weather-gods, to challenge the sky to rain  
harder

*is that all you've got, is that really all?*  
to know you controlled everything just by being  
alive  
kids believe in themselves like that

Today this coast boasted  
the biggest seas in twenty years -  
roads closed, I climbed  
to where cannonshot hail smashed the wild daisies  
around the old gun-turret placements  
crushed petals like an offering

Sometimes the gods just take their time  
to answer you back