

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