

Dear By-the-Wind Sailors,

You will bleach and dissolve on this beach
before wind can catch your hoisted sail,
carry you to warm water.
Knee-deep in my cold sea, I will take you for a poem.
Forget you have a history of your own,
counting baby teeth before you fall asleep.

White peaks of incoming waves
fold against October foam huddled on the shore,
red-billed oystercatchers probe cockleshells
for salt-washed flesh,
black flanks of roving cattle
settle at the edge of marigold kelp.

They will not warn you
the tide will turn some hours from now.
For they do not speak of immigrants.

Morag Anderson