

3 sample poems from

moonseanight

by Caeia March

Shock Waves

These feelings are real.
In the night, waking
reaching out to nothing
no one.
So I will stand here
on the reality bridge,
calm myself,
tend my tub garden alone
listen to the city sounds,
watch the cycles of the moon
changing herself.

I will observe urban trees withstanding
smoky summers, windy autumns,
city fumes, vehicle noise,
trundling traffic, lunging lorries.
These enormous trees, broad-leafed,
are changing themselves
holding me safely.

If they can, I can
change from within,
acknowledging my anniversaries,
staying true to myself,
welcoming my transformations,
getting on with my northern days,
talking with friends,
writing, writing, writing,
pages of words from
urban waysides, city night-times.

It is the only way I know to
live this new location,
calmly, quietly, hopefully,
wording it forwards.

Night Journey to Holywell Bay

Hundreds of miles from here
on some distant shore
in the dark of the moon
a sandy-floored cave
shimmers with a ring of candles.
Dancing hands shadow the walls
where rock-water runs from a
natural stone bowl
in a high-thighed crevice
while on the white black
waterline, low slow
waves murmur and retreat.

This night in a northern city
it is eerily quiet.
No sound of traffic.
No footsteps.
No voices.
Only the felt-footed tabby cats
and wide-winged owls
witness a west wind sweeping
clean this urban valley
invoking tidal memories
of its sea-sound familiars.

November 1998

Memory

Late night just falling asleep
warm, snug, relaxed.
Radio Four's worded comfort
gently cornering this inland attic
and anyway I like this room,
high eaves, sloping ceiling, roof lights,
soft terracotta carpet, a haven.

A wave of sound : ocean : I snap
awake and listen, trembling.
New series, four radio plays:
Earth Air Water Fire.

Tonight, story from Mousehole,
winter's wild seas, fishing fleets grounded,
boiling breakers beyond harbour's mouth,
a Cornish community starving, until
one skipper puts to sea, facing
force nine's full fury.

A hero returning, his nets heavy,
he feeds everyone, his bravery
never to be forgotten,
celebrated nowadays on
Tom Babcock's Eve, when
women bake fishes in Stargazey Pie.

My defenses breached, unable to resist
the ocean's power, I listen wet-faced
as peaks of memory, troughs of longing,
flow northwards, engulfing my bed.

Winter 1998-9