

FROM MY BED IN HYTHE

As I lie in my bed tonight
The wind drives the waves onto the dark beach
Where they sprawl at their climax
Into foamy midnight surf

Icy pebbles sparkle phosphorous
Saturated by storm and sea
Licking my body into the swell
Over and under, sucking me out
To the depths of the horizon
Where a fishing trawler slaps her thighs
Against the salty heave of her master
Then drops, exhausted
Onto the mattress of mid ocean
To sail until dawn in drunken madness
In pursuit of those cold blooded creatures

Tonight I already miss your love
I am jealous of the wind
She has her trees on which to fall
Black night waves have their beach to drown
And the boats have their seas to ride on