

Martin Jensen / SEA VIEW

Out the window down the hill
where flats of mud ebb tides
expose glisten in the afternoon
sun

a continuous clamour, strident,
of laden freight trains lumbering
past, hot iron
grinds hot iron, wheels, rails, dust
gulls overhead

with a pass of his sleeve's cuff
a young man wiping his
hot, moist brow

and the weight of the heat
hangs on his back

as he pauses

to pick from among a thick bramble
selecting those blackest, those so soft
they fall apart in his fingers stained
with their juice, sweet wild berries

A sea breeze rolls up the slope of the hill,
ruffling leaves, leaves flutter,

wrapping, moving round the houses
raising tufts of
grass or of hair