

Girls' Holiday, Nearly

The sea eats our legs, then the light, then our feet
so that briefly, we are all just heads without a body.
Suspended, we turn our puffed eyes from the beach
to the dividing line which, between blues, sits foggy.

The shore doesn't exist, nor the umbrella on its side,
nor the hole that we dug, hungover, trying to set it up.
There we pushed out laughter, sand in nails and tired,
trying to work against the wind with never any luck.

So, we lay in the sun, pooled in ourselves for too long,
trying to think our way out of all of our sadness at once.
Hazy, the sheath of sand is whipped up and already gone
and the grains brush our backs as we lie on our fronts.

Only the sea could shock us into this sudden sameness,
as beneath us our skin refracts so that it does not speak
of what we stomach. Instinctive smiles, almost weightless,
still, together treading through our new and watery grief.

Baby-faced and wrinkled, we let out sudden ugly-cackles
which skip surface between us and push sea from my ears
so that I realise the quiet of here. The waves barely crackle
as the horizon, in the uneasy space between faces, clears

to cautiously imply that it's okay to have an empty mind –
these moments don't make you any more or less unkind.