

Sea Glass

Wearied by your caustic words,
I head for the coast. Whenever you drag
me down, I long for ionised sea air. I trudge
for miles on fresh-sluiced shorelines as my feet
feel lighter with each squelched footfall. My eyes
scan around among pebbles, seaweed and dead gulls
for treasure: sea glass, sharp edges softened, blasted
by relentless currents, sand-roughened into rounded
gems, charms that enthrall me. I bend, select and gather,
stoop and straighten up, utterly absorbed. Hours later,
as high tide laps my gritted, leaking trainers, I head back,
go home. My mind is unresentful, cleared of silt, my pockets
full of jewels, of scraps of rainbow. Back inside the house,
I place my latest finds with others, on my kitchen windowsill.

You sense my calm, and together we try once more to do better,
be gentle and move on; for now rebalanced, no longer frit to love.