

Journey

In a village by the sea, with painted beach huts
I stood and waited, not knowing who would come, or why.
The village was my childhood, and the sun rose high
over the marshes. Harriers hunted, a bittern boomed,
fishing nets and glass floats decked the church
where the future unfurled its misty wings.
I left the sea behind and travelled overland;
libraries bestowed degrees, and marriage children
the passing of the years, maturity
but as I return to walk along the pebbled shore
a carnelian glows amongst the other stones
never previously noticed, but gathered now as mine.
The sea ebbs and flows, unfolds my life's design.

