



Laura Jones

How I Came Ashore

When I fell
I broke into pebbles
and the sea covered my bones.
My skull grew green ringlets.
A man from the world arrived
with a hook in his hand
and once again
the sea swept over my bones.
Many storms passed
before I could pull myself together.
Each time I tried
a hand clamped over
my fishy mouth. And I began to think
so much for the sea, it's time
to inherit the land.

Donna Dunlop

Beach Song

Brisk October, fluttering water
And Canada geese
veeing and vying
skyward, southward

Only one lone fellow
parading the stones
picking for food
with a covey of gulls

Wounded? Or lost?
why is he earthbound
when his mates
are calling, flying?

“To be alone is bliss”
wave-kissed
or sundrenched on sand
or drifting on the wind
with summer going
gone—
a whole world in his head
untouched, unknown.

Dorothy Livesay, 1978

