

'A Writer's Beach'

Alice Kavounas

An exultation of larks . . . murmuration
of starlings . . . a garrulousness of gulls?
As I follow the lip of froth, sea birds
by the dozen lift off, only to resettle
further down the beach, nestling in the sand
like warm-blooded stones: an artist's installation.
Amidst their screaming conviviality,
I note the feathers that mark their passage:
a long curving grey, a dainty white comma,
and this – a downy, chocolate brown – each find
a perfect quill. Clearly, what brings me here
isn't simply the white-lipped waves beneath
ink-splattered skies, but these birds, oceanic
birds on the wing – each lending me a pen.