

## Sea Strange

Elizabeth Rimmer

between the salt water and the sea strand  
the ground under your feet quivers wetly  
and there are curls of wet sand sliding  
into the dip of the ribbed shore.

Your heels and instep leave shallow indents  
that smooth themselves level. You pick up  
cockles full of wet sand, mussels scoured  
to shining sharps of nacre, and the long  
scribbled wrecks of razors, broken and empty.

The sky seems far away and empty.

The sea ripples, and says nothing.