

## dusk at the shore

Lucy Crispin

Beyond the ridge the sky is full of embers.  
The waters swirl, poised between ebb and flood,  
and out across the bay the great grey houses peer,  
full of sleep and sighs and muffled moans;  
gardens made over into car parks  
and tasteful signs about specialist care.  
Teenagers flex skateboards along the prom.

Heading inland through the dimming light  
on lanes lapped by paper-whisper leaves,  
I know, suddenly, that this is my go:  
that this is who I am, and where, and with whom, and when.  
The vertigo of it: how we're each balanced always  
on the moving point of a life, the sharp tip:  
far below, those things which seem to tether us  
being nothing really, just shallow forms  
to crouch in, depressions in the dry, wind-worried sand  
so that in one breath you could fall out of life  
up into that frictionless, fathomless air  
where the clinkers now are settled behind dark hills.