

Looking Down Through Water

Elizabeth Bazeley



*CheckPoint
Press*

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“Looking through the branches of a weeping willow”
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To the memory of
Margaret Carpenter

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. . . it was she
who vainly tried to pull
pieces of fuselage from the silt
as though to reconstruct her world

but they only sank deeper . . .

PAINTING THE BEACH

A wash of sunlight too dazzling for
wide-open eyes
Whiteness
which slowly streaks and drifts
subtle pastel
and separates into hues
Amorphous
vistas elongating luminous
mauve-teal parquetry
taupe
saffron
sage green
brushed through
palest flaxen
Chance figurines (the rovers and paddlers
the children the dogs)
imposing minute perspective
a near impossibility
in such far distances
Airy ambiguous blue
condensing with nacreous nuance
to caverns and castles
of purple and rose . . .

Too evanescent even for the fluidity of colour,
never mind for the honesty of a dream maker.

Be still. Surely
the hidden cry
- ringing -
to haunt you it echoes from
further beyond.
Hushen the wavening water and still
the back and forth swings
of the white frilly froth.

Who knows if it's empty
that sky
or inhabited.

The birds peck their prey
while the shellpicker pauses
mystified wondering
what calls beyond.
Surely the emptiness echoes a secret . . .

What appears vaporous
here meeting there
shimmery fearsomeness surely
- just listen -

The shorebirds rise as one wing
wheel away
out somewhere beyond
palely . . .