

You may think there is something poetic about the seaside and,
Knowing how I dig my thumbs into the clay of words,
In one way or another, ask me to sit at my pottery table once more
And shape a pot to put a piece of your heart in,

So in my mind I build a desk and pull the chord on a lamp
And tear apart a dictionary only to stitch it back together
With threads of memories I hope for you to dig your fingernails under
And tug them loose out of the seams.

I fold and cut and reshape the scenery I wish to mould, deciding;
*No, the way the rocks protrude from the cliffside and threaten to fall
Must come after the part about the pier's wooden planks with gaps
Just wide enough that I can melt into water and slip between.*

The eye of the lighthouse is welded shut by a blanket of cobwebs and
The tide creeps in; mother nature drawing a blanket over her sleeping child;
I dig my foot between the pier's wooden planks, pretending I am water
Whilst rocks protrude from the cliffside and threaten to fall.

Put a piece of your heart into my misshapen clay pot, grandma,
And watch the cliffside crumble with me.