



Crested by Jo Brooks

I took to water one dark morning
Dawn lit, slowly wakening eye
Alone

You were all asleep
Put my wetsuit on
Took the shape of an intruder
Absent-minded
Crept out

Down toward the black – sand – sound
Followed the oyster-shell smell
Breath stinging – ice shards
Vapour – giving exhalation

And stirring – the overflowing pot, ahead
Fish stew gone cold

Bowing introduction
Took off my boots
Let my bare feet accept the first wave glass pour
Gasp —
Another glass
Then another glass—
Half full

Arrested

All at once submerged – a black ink baptism
Afloat
Heavenward chin and guillemot cries.

Retreating – skin shiver, silver screen
Sand stepping
Imprinting
The freshly painted wet canvas
I was here this December dawn

The sea granting a private dance
And I had swayed and clung to learn the moves before the world awoke.

Back to the path – advancing
Still no one else to be seen

Inside
Door locked – kettle on
Soft towel face
Duvet, puffed – wrapped
With the tea-sipped sea view
The black, now blue.