



Fathomless

Sean Arthur Joyce

—*Surf Motel, Victoria, BC*

Cream cloud horizon. Ocean's
titanium heave and thrust.
Gulls wind-skate, wheel
and screech on a tight corner
of wind—spirits so eerie,
we never see them.

And the sea. The sea draws a breath
and slams its turquoise hide
to froth. The beach a boy's
bag of marbles slipping
into a fathomless dream,
desperate to rejoin
the disembodied world.

And all it can leave behind
are baubles of kelp—
aqua-green eyes gone blind.
Corpses of the stunning
urge to become.

Phalanx of crows one
exploded body on stop-motion
updraft—pausing hungry
above our decay.