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Two Poems

Carlyle MacPhail

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Sea Water

Is now there a rhythm beneath?
A lapping blue beneath the earth?
A flow of people: a steady ebb of
dreams
desires
desire for desires
that might be collected
in a red plastic pail like
so many grains of sand
so many fragile coloured shells
that end up in grandmother's rock garden
or on a special shelf
and, years later,
found crushed and crusted
in the far back corner of a desk drawer
still kissing the damp soil

Electricity

musical steps:

water rolling down down down
faster than the *ad fontes* cheers above;
what is the place of water?

the ocean and its salt form castles of water
bubbling up little windows and drying clear
waiting for the stones to return
and wash it away bit by bit

never changing waves
loud in their attempt
their crests pointing upwards
white wave after white wave

beautiful and supple
the small perfection
of evaporation
and decay

but music alone cannot leave
the sticky sublime
of ocean borne undried
kelp on human tongues

CARLYLE MACPHAIL grew up on the shores of the Atlantic Ocean and now lives with his wife and a cat on the shores of Lake Superior where he works as an educator and plays as a competitive sailor. He gladly owes his love of poetry and story to his grandparents.