

At Harbour

by Iain James Robb

Lulls, and the gulls, amid the tides and their tears
(And I join their voices and my heart is run),
Though each or neither takes no part in my fears,
I join no hands with the beach or the years
(And the ships slip near plus yon).

Held handfast, lying in the dead month's route
(The way is wayward past the shelven shore),
I can hear the calling of a live man's flute,
In the deadwind sailing though its cause is naught
(And the ships slip yon plus near).

It's for you that the sands and their sheers have stayed
(And they have no way beyond their river's run),
Though your choice in duty was my loss betrayed
To the Moonlight's mercy, when Her day has strayed
(And the ships slip near plus yon).

Yet the star-sleight's empty and the cliffs are dumb
(And the gulls that circled pass their way from shore),
And I have no leave to find the paths that plumb,
Below the birds unloved once but no further come
(And the ships slip yon plus near).

Lulls, and the gulls, amid the tides and their tears
(And I join their voices and my heart is run),
Both each is neither: take no part in my fears,
Though our path be severed by your moondrawn years

(And the ships slip near plus yon).

For DGR

