

# Shell

by James Knight

a wing  
over a dark sea

looking up from what you're doing  
what you're not doing  
looking up  
seeing  
what I don't see  
or the same thing  
altered

when I was eight  
I cut my foot on a sea shell

blood is red sea water

put a shell to your ear  
you'll hear your own blood  
howling in the night of your body

but you've heard that before

let me tell you another

when I was twelve I had my first wank  
afterwards I felt anxious and guilty  
as if everyone knew  
as if they could hear the blood  
still surging through me  
dragged by a mad moon

neither of us are looking now

maybe we weren't looking in the first place

the light is changing

a sea mist Photoshops out

the sea

the sky

the beach

you

