

Dawn breaks on Ballywalter

A silvery gold laces the horizon as dawn breaks on the empty beach.
A heron perches on a distant rock, the terns chatter noisily.

Worm-coils pattern the damp mud between my toes,
and around the lichen-covered Whale's Back, rivulets swirl.

Wild grasses stretch like dancers towards the sea
and a pair of cabbage whites hover above the ferns.

Time here is slow and spacious.
A speckled sky spreads itself across the sea.

Gulls swoop and call. The dawn is pierced
by the mournful cries of repeating curlews.

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