

## **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.

© viv fogel 2013 All Rights Reserved