

Western Pier

Offshore, rusting, the skeleton remains -
art form, twisted, out of my depth.
They used to promenade, showboat,
slot coins and helter-skelter
or smooch in striped, rickety deckchairs.
For a few unguarded minutes
I drifted back on wet shingle
with a child's laughter and oversize gulls.
Now this storm lashed, broken plank memory
moons and rots in the greedy tide -
disconnected, mocking, pleasure free.