Landscapes: perpetual motion

Lawrence Upton

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Coming down into Peraskin, I found each westward rocky wave scintillating between the expected blue -- the story book, the picture card, library illustrations -- and a potent green, as if liquidised woodland were being squirted into the porth quite fast; and framed off from pale sky overhead by a thick gold band of reflected light clouded over from land; horizontal; refusing to be horizon; chance-made artificiality, uncanniness too shiny for real; yet clearly so.

Looking east, on the left, at Beady Pool and out into the sea beyond close land blue had been poured to a deepening sapphire, was being, and was aggressive in colour beside the patchy growth between the bays, the porth reddening strongly towards the shore, what had been momentarily bluest ocean energetically overflowing purple, a reasserted line between west sky and sea, breaking before quite established, wind roughly lifting thin vegetation! Askin west green, the hue of summer ponds and the ocean eastward rolling a bright squashed plum.

Scilly, September 2010

Note: Peraskin is the local name for Porth Askin, St Agnes, Scilly

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