The Coast Road

Julie Watts
JULIE WATTS

The coast road

The coast road
where seagulls dip
and surfers wait
inky shapes on bobbing jade

where day and dusk
shake hands
and the sun lies down
upon a strip of sea

where runners skirt
the boardwalk in rhythmic
meditation

and cars scuttle
home hearth-hooked
and hypnotised

where distant ships
paint horizon toys

and the jade darkens
and the strip of sun
dissolves

where the sky opens up its
colour box and smears
itself in oranges and reds
and the surfers bob
and the waves are teal

and the hush of dusk
approaches – approaches
its finger on its lip.