

REVISITED

St Juliot is where it all began.
Not only did she take me unto her,
she ennobled me; opened up a world
uniquely hers; valleys, heights, towering
cliffs; secret places time forgot.

I trudge up the path to Beeny's heights
where once we ran before. To my delight
I find our favourite grassy spot, from where
I hear the din, as screeching gulls fly in
and out of shaley stacks. Disembodied

laughter rings around a theatre of cliffs.
My already pumping heart falters, skips
as I recall, we watched those very same
and prehistoric waves come rolling in.
I found her then, and now do so again.

No lock of hair, no dress of hers to press
up to my face, and yet the wind blown sprays
are tresses of her hair. Tumbling surf,
fabled womb of love and beauty's birth,
aspires to shape her shoulders, white and bare.
Alone I stand, yet feel her presence there.