

High Places

I love high places
- the top of the hill
where the wind races
and birds come to fill
their hearts with delight
at the blue distance
their songs must aim at.
All round, the immense
sky reaches and spins;
cloud shifts and dissolves
as it imagines
shapes for cloud puzzles,
while my heart resolves
its grief and desires
in the perspectives
of the hill's pleasures.
Then let me climb high
to where I belong;
this hill-top, where I
am cloud, space, birdsong.

John Gohorry

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The Tide Rises, the Tide Falls

The tide rises, the tide falls,
The twilight darkens, the curlew calls;
Along the sea-sands damp and brown
The traveller hastens to the town,
And the tide rises, the tide falls.
Darkness settles on roofs and walls,
But the sea, the sea in the darkness calls;
The little waves with soft, white hands,
Efface the footprints in the sands,
And the tide rises, the tide falls.
The morning breaks; the steeds in their stalls
Stamp and neigh, as the hostler calls;
The day returns, but nevermore
Returns the traveller to the shore,
And the tide rises, the tide falls.

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow

The Beach

The beach is a quarter of golden fruit,
a soft ripe melon
sliced to a half-moon curve,
Having a thick green rind
of jungle growth;
and the sea devours it
with its sharp white teeth

W. Hart-Smith



The Sea

The sea is a hungry dog,
Giant and grey.
He rolls on the beach all day,
With his clashing teeth and shaggy jaws
Hour upon hour he gnaws
The rumbling, tumbling stones,
And 'Bones, bones, bones, bones!'
The giant sea-dog moans,
Licking his greasy paws.
And when the night wind roars
And the moon rocks in the stormy cloud,
He bounds to his feet and snuffs and sniffs,
Shaking his wet sides over the cliffs,
And howls and hollos long and loud.
But on quiet days in May and June,
When even the grasses on the dune
Play no more their reedy tunes,
With his head between his paws
He lies on the sandy shores
So quiet, so quiet, he scarcely snores.

James Reeves