

Friends, Neighbours, Roommates

The craggy visage,
ravaged by time and tide conceals
the million memories and endearments
which compete for
rock face space.

The fissures yawning
into cavernous caves
reveal all twice daily
as the whispering, beckoning, shushing sea
deems fit.

Often serene, oft welcoming
the fathomless, voluminous morass
will move from tantrum to raging temper
at a whim prompted
by the wind.

The cool, immobile granite faces,
tattooed with tokens of love, dreams of the future
and the calendars of years
watch impassively as the constantly changing train
of events unfold.

And with each battering
from each new acidic, scorching wave
they house, cherish and nurture
fewer and fewer of the world's living species
and weep foam laden tears and wonder
if we will ever learn to understand
our friends, neighbours and roommates
in the basement tenement block called Earth.

Geof Richmond, written in the Golden Lion, Port Isaac