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Abstract
We three women walked to the cove. Silver, the long light, swans drifting, pied cormorants on guard

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We three women walked to the cove.
    Silver, the long light, swans drifting, pied
cormorants on guard
and three gulls, restless
    as we tipped over the yellow rowboat
stranded on the sea grass
its gathered leaves and rain
    water spilling in thin air.
Shoes under one arm and trousers rolled
we made our way back
we three, planting each foot
    on clear dry sandstone
    studded with sharp winkles -
look, here's a starfish! — and a flowering
    here red, here gold
    of lichen
here a fan, here a broad
    charcoal heap and fire blister of rock
and here a crinkling of white comb
fine as an abalone mushroom
and sinking to our knees on to deep rocks
    the clearer for being immersed
    in that pure density and weight
more like the lees of the afternoon
    light, grey and leaf yellow
    and autumn cold, than
water. By then the hull
was a lemon shell among shells
on the edge of trees glassed
in shadow, and still
one or other of the gulls was lifting
off in a hush of feathers and red
feet, to settle back
down, fold and flourish of wing spray
close by another who
lifting, swept past, and so on
in slow sequences of approach
and veer, those same three
keeping the space of water and air
between them constant.