

Full stop

That weekend I was mindful,
allowed the air to carry me,
gave in to all kinds of possibilities.

That weekend I let myself breathe,
my toes wriggled their way into soft
limestone holes and wore them like rings.

The sun bounced off the cliffs,
and dazzling white heat drove us
into the shade, as the sea rolled,

as we walked at low tide,
ate simply and well, surrounded
by yellow and red poppies

Last weekend there were no full stops
and fishes flew into the clouds, as I danced
with a giraffe who hadn't made the ark.

We walked the Chinese Wall,
passed ornate red-gold roofs
under a peach evening sky, I humming,

giving myself treats, stopping along the path,
noticing how our beach hut glowed
from between the succulent ferns.