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grey beaches

by Katie Winny & Robin Mitchell

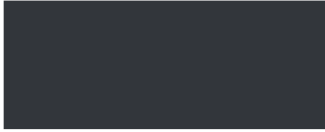


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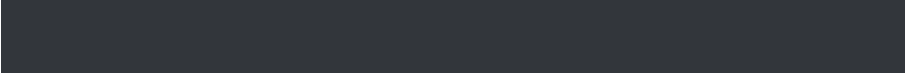
ABOUT THE AUTHORS

ROBIN

Robin lives in England, and is nearing the end of three years spent studying in a little town beside the sea. He writes and makes music and, at the moment, is very happy to be alive. You can click on things at his website, flavors.me/rmitchell or even email him at rmitchell.etc@gmail.com

KATIE

Katie lives in New Zealand, and is nearing the end of five years spent at secondary school in a big city by the sea. She writes and dabbles in fine arts, and is making the most of moments. Find her poetry at kathartie.deviantart.com or email her at sneakyandzip@gmail.com



trebarwith strand

stings with cold
slap of hand, turns to leave me

lonely, and blue
face to the rain,
soaked through.

a duvet of sand
and sky wrapped close, serves to hide
the refuse left by the ebb of the aching tide.

farewell point

The song that
does not escape

when the light is
soft and blue
plays with my dress
too good for sleeping

when rain starts to
hotcat it
across the roof -

I used to love the sound,

the floating song
of my little daughter,

the convulsing surface,
miscarrying waves at our feet.

port gaverne

the sun is breaking,
spilling over clouds,
when we thought night had shushed him
he will say one more thing.

put your hands on my shoulders,
whisper against my neck,
the wind is picking up
but these day's it's warmer, so sit
beside me if you wish,

and when it's too dark to see,
lie down and listen to the wild wind,
shrieking and wailing and dancing,
waving her hands like you would if you
thought
that I wasn't watching.

tenby

The jelly-studded,
the caverned,
the blown-still.

We make deep prints
ever closer, creature;
smell of winter on
sealy flesh,

Do you find the cancerous
city disappears?
The lights close, the pound coin's
spent from your pocket
in the afternoon

like childhood,
a wet fleet of stingers
embedded in
the slick land -
(don't go barefoot)

and the cave opens up,
flooded like a funeral,
to wait for you.

pica

The keeling audience
and you, dropping

sad keys into
a song: haunted, murder noises
and spirit-groaning,

sounds of hunger in
wet air, the pencil eyes
of gulls

and time will not stay;
it has no need,

foams at the mouth,
sea-lips, no

time does not stay,
but I do.

daymer bay

the world was almost at its end,
evening settled fast and sure
with a glow on the lips of the horizon.

do you remember how the winds changed?
clumsy roof of sky brought down,
brought low to menace the sand, but we did not heed it.

threw ourselves from the dunes,
the rough mat of grass pulled
from under our feet and shaken, and then

we swam out into the river's mouth,
and I made it halfway before I turned back.

bethell's

Shorter days, a more distant sky:
the world is introverting
but I like it,
white noise and
sparkling cold on the shore. . .

the sore, warming coastline
we embody, and
patience, patience outlasting.

Then the sigh,
swilled in a winter bath
of alabaster skylight,

give me no more bad dreams
because they are rehearsals.

The hem of my skirt
is soaked with blood -
I wake and it is salty water.

trevone

summer got the best of me
when I dared not take you flowers.

put to rest in you
a hundred simple dreams,
a wound I could not stitch
that pleaded with me.

I, the coward, could not fight
the darkness that crept in,
settled on unwashed clothes.

we drifted away and left
our weatherworn tents
forgotten in the aftermath.

point chevalier

It is all too surreal
to survive.

I feel it in my bed, the blanched ocean
or my dipped bones, coursing along like the
dead weight of her legs,

forward-back, purpling,
pinholes, insights,
the whole deal.

We learn something new:
melted and muted
dexterity,

a dripping washcloth
slapped over the edge of the bath
makes the sound of waste,
and history.

polzeath

a cold day brings us here
and God alone may choose
to spare us from the deepening ghost,
the lurking thing.

a cold death would be welcome, but Poseidon!,
today is not your day.

I tread tip-toe on shells,

I will have my moment, while you go hungry.

porthtowan

sucked in by the abandonment,
running fingers along walls of rock
and earth,
she tells him it's okay

to surrender,
caresses him to his knees,
kills him quick
so he doesn't feel a thing.

murderer's bay

Who was the captain,
who saw the ghosts first
waiting on the pier with
babies and hounds?

We have a job to do
we have a while to go, miles
we have
miraculous tongues
and they will say it all

we have a father
we have wordless things
we have all the time,
all the time –

-

I wake three times in the night,
to find the moon has slit her
throat on my blankets

I am shivering hard
and the rain breathes heavily.
I take it as a sign.