

Flight

*It's one of those late flights
from the west coast out of San Francisco.
Sunrise in the mid-Pacific. Daylight slides
under the half-closed cabin blinds.
There's no horizons here, or coasts. Only the reefed
and coral-coloured air.*

*And when they get there? What if it's
no longer their city? What if the streets are narrower,
gardens overgrown with a tangle of blackberries?
These things they've kept: those flawless mornings
at the end of winter. Roof-lines clear against the sky.
Frosts dissolving over grass.*

Sunlight flashes off the Bay.

*It's too hard here living with such images;
cobalt, gold, vermilion.*

*And in another hemisphere, December's
grey-ridged light
gathering into windrifts while they sleep.*

Rosemary Blake

Promontory

*All through July currents of warm air
from the Gulf of Mexico drift north and north
stifling the boulevards till we can barely
breathe, until after a little sleep there's
that creak of light along the edges of the lakeshore.*

Too hot to lie close.

*I think of what that weekend by the sea at
Wilson's Promontory. Winter,
when we slept on groundsheets in July's cold.
The winds above the surf beach, ti-tree
almost horizontal.*

*You take the boys to Georgian Bay for one
last weekend in September.
Warmth's too short here.*

*Sometimes when you wake in winter
even in this overheated room you grumble
the blankets round you. Fists of cold rain.*

Rosemary Blake

