

2.3 Last night I lay (2010)

Last night I lay by a strange sea
whose inland billows
spoke to me
all through the night:
more urgent in the dark,
then gentler, as the north wind
quietened into dawn.

They spoke to me of buried lives,
of endless cities of the dead,
an Empire they had witnessed in decline;
they answered long-locked questions
riddled in the bones of marshy graves;
a lethal plague arising slowly
from the south
which weakened men's resistance
to the Vandals at the gate.

All banished now,
these anguished voices,
respectful of the new-born day,
as I rise up from dungeons of the mind
to consciousness;
the sun plays opal on
the crispy waves which
beat upon the cheerful shore.

Bracciano - September 2010.