

2.8 Thunder off Palermo (1997)

Deep I saw the sea
in dream realms
and struggled with the thunder in my bed.
Great clouts mounting high in heaven
which cracked the roof of mind –
from bank to bank of cloud, they passed like whit-fire
rolling far away from land,
to places where the sea-face will not sleep
nor the dark debate will die,
where great lights leap and flash,
and silent run the compass round.
They witness wars we cannot fight:
it isn't cities burning there,
no Carthage no Jerusalem with turrets falling,
flames arising high behind the sea:
it's an anger fit to sink Atlantis,
and there it is I've watched these hours,
breathing through the needle's eye,
and echoed that debate.

And still I cannot rest
though dawn's glint came up upon the sea
and the thunder grumbling died away.

Palermo – 1997