

AWAY

Dear Mary – Here I am again, sitting
on the beach, looking out at the blue sea,
remembering the many times that we
have mused upon this view. It's comforting
to see that dreamy white lighthouse gleaming
brightly with September sun. It warms me.
The tide's just on the turn. The waves gently
willing, coaxing ... Soon I'll be in swimming.
Not quite the dolphin leaping or the sleek
pulse of seal, but a woman alive in
water. I've been in every day this week.
My last tomorrow, then back on the train.
I have loved every minute Mary dear.
No need for me to say 'wish you were here'.

Shirley Jones