

Leaving Spurn Point

Miles from the shore an oil-rig squats,
bleary in the dusk.
We turn,
scramble up dunes
along the skinny digit of land
that hooks south,
a silted half-gate that man can't shift.

Estuary-side,
in the dingy crook of the evening,
tremors of movement -
a stretch of wave-worn stones
seems
to surge from
the sand -
snow bunting
cloud-height in seconds,
beat white
against charcoal sky.

As the land bears west,
redshank
stencilled black
on mudflats lacquered gold
come and go,
the circle of setting sun ahead of us
their compass.

Etched on the last liquid rays,
a freighter waits
patient as the moon,
the wake of the pilot boat laps at her feet.