

THE WATER-WEAVER

Nigel Holt

I string pearls in the hair of my love
twenty years under the sea,
she and we for eternity
in the pools of deep far and wide.

I comb cockles from the hair of my love
ten years under the sea,
she and we the weed in the lee
of the afternoon's whirl-turning tide.

I sift shells from the hair of my love
five years under the sea,
she and we in the wild and the free
of the roar and wave-rolling ride.

I sieve sand from the hair of my love
thirty minutes under the sea,
she and we - it has to be -
ne'er-do-well and my late bride.

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