

The Water Net

The wave slaps the wall,
Hoarse, it recoils
Over the pebbles.
Slaps the wall again
Leaving a caul of thready foam,
A net of water.

Mother shaped our faggots in caul, pig's caul
Her fingers smelling of onions and blood
Cupping parcels of liver for our food.

Babies born with a caul as hair
Will never drown, they say,
And sailors hold it as a charm,
A web, to cheat the waves
From dragging them down
To mute and breathless harm

But the water net
Has no hands , no charm,
Only the sound of words
Plashing, splashing,
Whining ,wheezing,
Whimpering,

Whispering

Dissolving

Vanishing

It cannot hold.

The wave slaps the wall again.