Abandoned house on tidal island

Brine inlets
will always encroach
on primed territories –

sand soundings
ochre contours
green bleed.

The seepage
makes its own maps
of tide and pressure.

Our attempts fall apart
like our dictionaries
before you can proof them.

*Ian Stephen*
It goes on down

It’s a particular three
individual spears
dipping and trimming in nearly
mutual response to airs

and in prevailing light
two islands of a known group
are bare to
their midriff rock

but you know they possess
summits
in the drizzle
and a whole neighbour
is still concealed

Visible faults
nested white
on the climb and fall
of one volcano.

It goes on down.
Clear to deep
but wind shifts fast.
The lee becomes the weather side.

'It goes on down'. Ian Stephen.
Transnational Literature Vol. 7 no. 1, November 2014.
The glass top breaks.
In the turmoil
you have no idea
of depth.

This is a place
where you know that
everything we know
can snap.

*Ian Stephen*

from *St Kilda lyrics* with the music of David P Graham,