

**Stephen Robertson**

**Covehithe, Suffolk**

South wind today. So the breakers  
come at an angle, sweep  
along the beach. Each  
finds its own reach up the foreshore,  
the banked sand and shingle, perhaps  
(when the tide is high enough)  
as far the cliff. The wind  
whips the spume  
into irregular clots, picks them up,  
and strews them downwind.

The cliff  
is of course ephemeral, built  
not only on, but of,  
sand. All along the foreshore,  
the remains of trees  
that once grew on the hill above,  
and bits of buildings, human artifacts.

Geological time  
is foreshortened. This is now, here,  
real human time.