

The Name

JOHN GREY

There should be a name for people
who sit on a rock for hours
and just stare at the sea.
Land's end becomes worries' end.
Lives are nothing more
than horizon shimmer,
seagull uproar,
the flop of wave on sand.
And forget conversing with people.
Conversation flaps its sails,
glides through the laughing foam.

There should be name for people
whose brown eyes
succumb to blue reflection,
whose feet dangle
the heaviest weight they know,
nothing but light between them
and the sun.

There should be a name for people
seduced by brightness,
the rollicking ebb and flow,
who construct all that there need be
from a sea-breeze,
who really do believe
that, even with eyes closed,
the sound is vision enough,
the world breathes water.

There should be a name for such people.
But if there's not,
give them my name.