

SURFING by A.M Cousins

Mother likes to slumber in the car,
head back in the passenger seat, eyes shut –
still in the first year of her widowhood,
she listens to hear Tommy's voice again.

I walk quickly towards the Burrow, twenty minutes
of respite to stretch my legs and take the air
before we drive back to the parlour –
an evening of quizzes and soap operas.

A seal surfs near the Forlorn Point –
pale, dappled belly up, it rolls and falls
on the tide towards the shore, then dives beneath
and surfaces out at sea.

I scramble through gravel and wear, stand
on the shore and call the seal, yodel
a tune to lure it in. I want one sign.
The seal rides the waves again.

The ice-cream shop is closed today –
I bring her back the story of a seal.
She sings with the radio on the short drive home –
Angles Guard Thee, sweet love till morn.