

Bridges on Granville Island

Today the swallows were flying high
and now the invisible sun
behind the thick gouache of the hills
paints a vast apricot sky.

The oiled sheen of the sea
dark and vaguely restless
ripples its muscles along the curve
of its broad back. On the quay

we sit, and California's fragrant wine
gleams in our glasses, and I see
golden light fall and spill across the faces
of younger men and laughing girls
and your dear face. Your lips shine

and your hair is fine spun steel
in the larger glory of the dusk;
the sudden image of chimney sweepers' dust
amid the cry of gulls goads me to feel

more than the satisfaction of the day,
this tender salmon and the mellow wine,
your hand as fingers intertwine,
and the great fire that fades across the bay.

ANDREW PARKIN