

From *Whitianga Testament*

Two

“Je suis l’espace où je suis.”

NOËL ARNAUD

Shells, pools, holes in the mudflat,
edges, ledges, shelves and hollow places;
homes; so utterly these
are homes for each particular inhabitant,
each creature is its habitat
its space the locus of its movement.

I walk the waterline at dusk, the mud
at low tide sucking at my feet,
these little brown and olive crabs
scuttling from me. Look.
They scud across a broken image of the moon
scattered over saturated sand.

I’ve been away from here too long, so long
required to live another life,
so long an actor in a play, but somehow
got the stage-directions wrong.
Now I just want to head for home,
a home just where I am.

JOHN ALLISON