

Requiem at Torbay

for G.W.M., exploration geologist

The bay's diving platform's
flung by the three day storm
to the length of its chain
beached with the kelp
a dog sea yelped up
on the sand
I now pace

sea waves race in sluice out
cars swish by beyond
the grassy bank & pines
& I know you're gone
"to the big gold mine
in the sky"
old mad gorilla mate

I hope in your boots
& jacket of pockets
carrying your pick
you, who first
showed me the world
in your palm
& I drank your kava

you are gone
flung so hard out
by your own storm you
broke your chain & kept
on flying no rock could hold you
no peninsula keep you hanging on
no island rescue no safe harbour.

JAN KEMP