

## **Salt Meadow**

Janne Sophie Borgaes

Stretched between the pines and levelling waves  
You lie in wait for me one last time.  
Leggy birds stilt through your shallows,  
Flutter from the tough weeds that cover you.  
Despite the calm, this is no place for peace,  
And when you seep into my boots,  
I realise where this has always been going.  
So make me bite earth and sharp herbs,  
Force pools of you between my teeth,  
Grind them down with sand dragged from the tide  
And cut me with whetted cordgrass blades.  
Give me your touch that maps our flooded bodies,  
Among caraway and sea aster and samphire,  
Don't stop until you reach the waterfront.  
So swallow me like the dark turf,  
And drown me while the golden plover mourns.