

The Dip

Hours riding waves
a young body
in its prime
all but naked

Body surfing
diving deep underneath
taking her well below
the tossing of even
violent torrents

Her freedom and engagement
with this powerful habitat
as natural as breathing
contained and attuned
in relentless rhythm

Utterly present is
this land creature
of the sea

A concert of
laughter and swimming
splashing and shrieking
mounting waves and crashing
into squeals of joy

Years have passed

An adult life of travelling
into and with human wreckage
unfathomable pain

Consummate professionalism
defying all but
mild flirtations
with spontaneity and freedom

Radical attention
has coaxed and drawn her
to blustery and howling winds
Relaxing into dancing sea breezes

Cliff tops of majestic raptor
Pulsating tastes, smells and sounds
of spacious contemplation

This woman walks resolute now
Allowing for the waves and clinging sand
To wet her appetite
For a shaking
And tentative

Dip!

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