

Returning

To us, this estuary tendered its wide peace,
and the solitude you embraced as
"almost an escape."

I went back to Wales,
to escape everything
but you.

Today, some lingering echo
brings me here,
seeking reflections.

The seathrift is lush just now,
driftwood, warm to the touch,
and larks still burst from the sedge.

But why set all this
as lures
to an image of you?

Is having known you
reason enough
to implicate you in nostalgia?

I have come here, as the sea comes:
covering old ground,
knowing I must go back.