

Easter Monday: The North Side

This Atlantic: bluer than sacrament, brighter than pain,
supplier of buoy-pots, candlewax, quilt-scraps, wrecks,
ballastbricks for chimneystoves, old tyres for shoes,
string and winecasks and even, maybe, bones —
the things ships cast off when passing by
or sinking down.

The resurrection side.

A blue hole swallows the unwary, offers up
its perfect mystery. A thousand feet from shore
a shelf dives undersea a thousand fathoms deep.
The North Side ridge looks down. The water's stripes
bleed turquoise, blue, and indigo.

You stare into the risen sun until you know.

Nicolette Bethel